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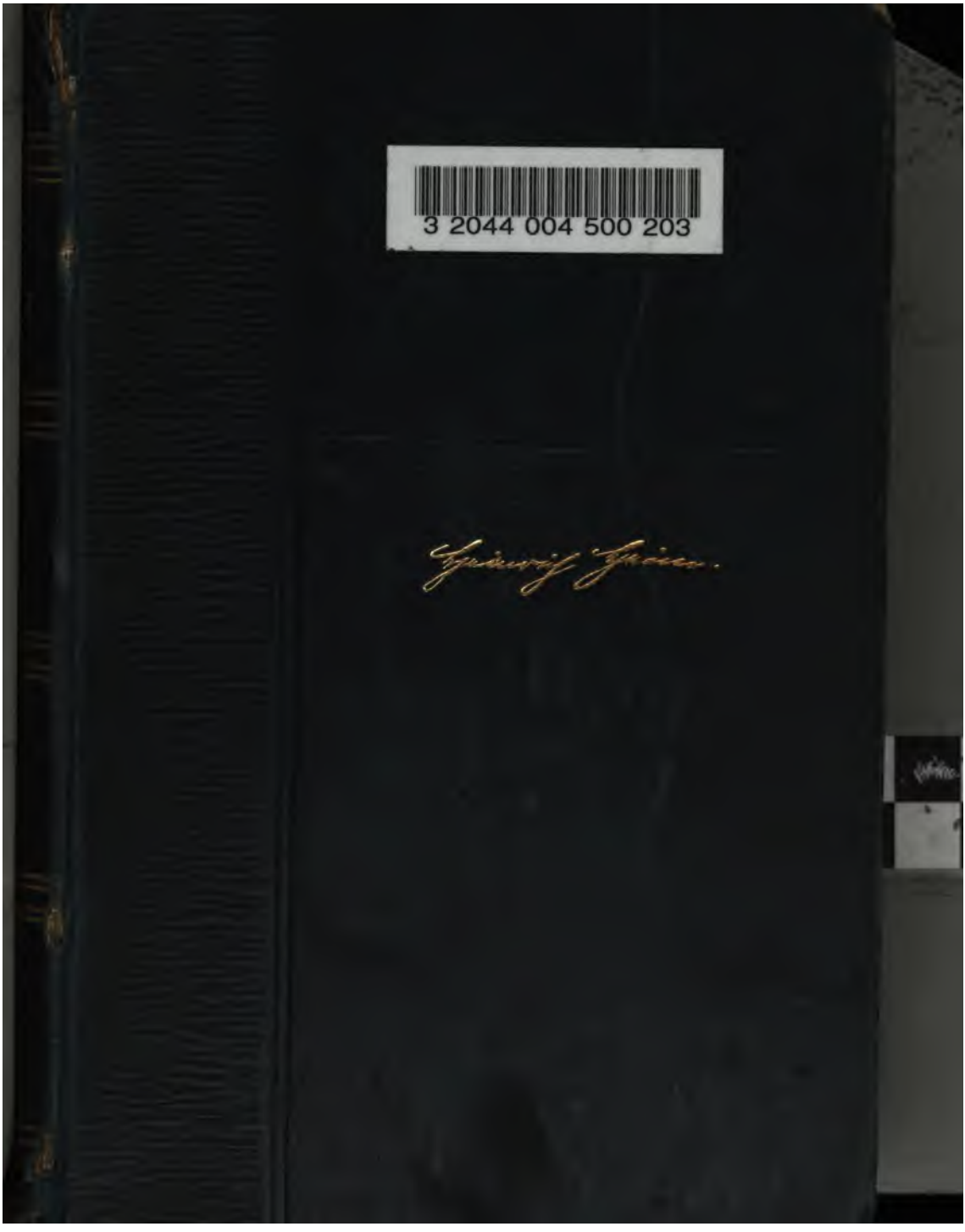
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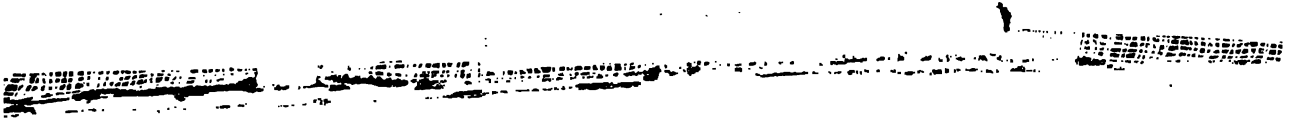

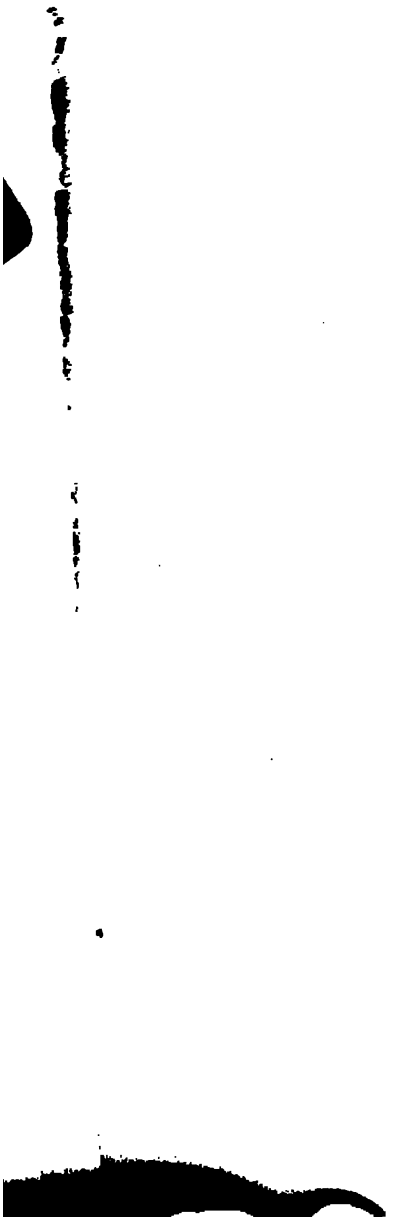

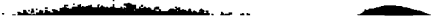

THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

III.

THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEIN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

(HANS BREITMANN)

VOLUME III.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1891

PICTURES OF TRAVE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

1828

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PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

ITALY.

(1828.)

"Hafiz and Ulrich Hütten, too,
Must don their arms, and get to blows,
Against the cowls, both brown and blue,
—My fate like other Christians' goes."—GOETHE.

I.

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH TO GENOA.

"A noble soul never comes into your reckoning; and it is that which to-day has foundered your wisdom. (He opens his desk, and takes out two pistols, of which he loads one and lays the other on the table.")—ROBERT'S *Power of Circumstances.*

CHAPTER I.

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many in-

tolerable scamps, who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of *ennui* and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I, for a whole day, taken my stand, and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "Commercial Councillor" or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, eve by his left side, when he is exactly the very m who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in

which he is merrily dividing among the many. If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver, and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil—perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine, who has prepared this evil, now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather to-day!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt, at last, come to lie in some churchyard next to that same Philistine, and when, on the Day of Judgment, thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbour, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!"—then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

"FOINE wey-ther to-day!"

Oh, reader, if you could only have heard the tone—the incomparable treble-base—in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself—the arch-prosaic, widow's-saving-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose—you would have at once said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself."

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the son of the Spree heard that, grappled boldly on me, and I could not esc from his endless questions, to which he hims answered; nor, above all, from his comparis between Berlin and Munich, which latter he would not admit had a single good growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens und

protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be for ever at an end among them ; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green ; he even praises *us!*" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. On the other hand, as little notice is taken when some bastard rhymer lets fly in *parabasa*[1] directly at Berlin. But let any one dare to write anything against Polknitz, Innsbruck, Schilda, Posen, Krähwinkel, or other capital cities ! How the patriotism of the said places would bristle up ! The reason of which is: Berlin is no real town, but simply a place where many men, and among them men of intelligence, assemble who are utterly

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[1] *Parabasen—παράβασις.* In the ancient comedy, a passage addressed directly to the audience. SCHOLA. ARISTOPH., Nub. 514.—*Note by Translator.*

indifferent as to the place, and these persons form the intelligent world of Berlin. The stranger who passes through sees but the far-stretching, uniform-looking houses, the long, broad streets, built by the line and level, and, very generally, by the will of some particular person, but which afford no clue to the manner of thinking of the multitude. Only Sunday children [1] can ever guess at the private state of mind of the dwellers therein when they behold the long rows of houses, which, like the men themselves, seem striving to get as far apart as possible, as if they were staring at each other with mutual vindictiveness. Only once—one moonlight night—as I returned home late from Luther and Wegener, I observed that the harsh, hard mood had melted into mild sorrow, and that, in reconciliation, they would fain leap into each other's arms; so that I, poor mortal, who was walking through the middle of the street, feared to be squeezed to death. Many would have found this fear laughable, and I myself laughed at it when I, the next mornin wandered soberly through the same scene, a found the houses yawning as prosaically at ea other as before. It is true that it requires seve

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1 *Sunday children.* Those who are born on Sunday ar posed, in Germany, to be better able so see ghosts, and a greater insight into spiritual mysteries than other pe

bottles of poetry, if a man wishes to see anything more in Berlin than dead houses and Berliners. Here it is hard to see ghosts. The town contains so few antiquities and is so new; and yet all this "new" is already so old, so withered, and dead. For, as I said, it has grown, in a great degree, not from the intellect of the people, but from that of individuals. Frederick the Great is of course the most eminent among these. What he discovered was the firm foundation, and had nothing been built in Berlin since his death, we should have had a historic monument of the soul of that prosaic, wondrous hero, who, with downright German bravery, set forth in himself the refined insipidity and flourishing freedom of intelligence, the shallowness and the excellence of his age. Potsdam, for instance, seems to be such a monument; amid its deserted streets we wander among the writings of the philosopher of *Sans Souci;* it belongs to his *œuvres posthumes,* and though it is now but petrified waste paper, and looks ridiculous enough, we still regard it with earnest interest, and suppress an occasional smile when it rises, as if we feared a sudden blow across our backs from the Malacca cane of "old Fritz." But such feelings never assail us in Berlin; we there feel that old Fritz and his Malacca cane have lost their power, or else there would not peep so many sickly, stupid countenances from the old enlight-

ened windows of the healthy town of reason, nor would so many stupid, superstitious houses have settled down among the old sceptical, philosophical dwellings. I would not be misunderstood, and expressly remark that I am not here in any wise snapping at the new Werder Church—that Gothic temple in revived proportions—which has been put, out of pure irony, between modern buildings, in order to allegorically indicate how childish and stupid it would appear if any one were desirous of reviving the long obsolete institutions of the Middle Ages among the new formations of a modern day.

The above remarks are applicable only to the exterior of Berlin, and if any one wishes to compare Munich, in this relation, to Berlin, he may safely assert that it forms its very opposite. For Munich is a town built by the people in person, and by one generation after another, whose peculiar spirit is still visible in their architectural works; so that we behold there, as in the witch scene in "Macbeth," a chronological array of ghosts, from the dark red spectre of the Middle Ages, who, in full armour, steps forth from some ecclesiastical Gothic doorway, down to the accomplished and light-footed sprite of our own age, who holds out to us a mirror in which every one complacently beholds himself reflected. In all these scenes there is something which reconciles

our feelings; that which is barbaric does not disturb us, and the old-fashioned does not seem repugnant when we are brought to regard it as a beginning to that which comes after, and as a necessary transition state. We are cast into an earnest but not unpleasant state of mind when we gaze upon that barbaric cathedral,[1] which rises like a colossal boot-jack over the entire city, and hides in its bosom the shadows and ghosts of the Middle Ages. With as little impatience—yes, with quizzical ease—we regard the brick-in-their-hat-looking castles of a later period, those plump German imitations of polished French unnaturalness, the stately dwellings of tastelessness, madly ornamental and flourishing from without, and still more filagreeishly decorated within with screamingly variegated allegories, gilt arabesques, stuccoes, and odd paintings wherein the late nobility, of happy memory, are represented—the cavaliers with red, tipsy-sober faces, over which the long wigs fall down like powdered lion's manes—the ladies with stiff toupees, steel corsets, which pressed their hearts together, and immense travelling jackets, which give them an all the

[1] This vast structure, "The Church of Our Lady," is built entirely of large brick, and was erected in 1488. It is remarkable for its two domed-capped towers, 333 feet in height. Within this church is the vast bronze tomb of the Emperor Lewis the Bavarian.—*Note by Translator.*

more prosaic continuation. As remarked, this view does not untune us; it contributes all the more to make us rightly appreciate the present, and, when we behold the new works near the old, we feel as if a heavy wig had been lifted from our heads, and steel links unbound from about our hearts. I here speak only of the genial temples of art and noble palaces which in bold splendour have bloomed forth from the spirit of the great master, Klenze.

CHAPTER III.

BUT, after all, between you and I, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd, and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is

wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony."[1]

"No, we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin, and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise:—"Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people—the wisest folks in the world—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The Government took hold of the matter vigorously; only the greater blunders were allowed to be

[1] An unintelligible passage. Berlin, not Munich, has always been famous for white (or wheat) beer.—*Note by Translator.*

printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private; but all of these regulations were of no avail; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means, whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world, stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humour, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after point-

ing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop-nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

The remarks which he availed himself of this opportunity to shove in fairly vexed me, as I must confess that at heart I cherish not a little love for our modern Athens, and I accordingly improved the occasion to intimate to my head-strong fault-finder that the idea had only recently occurred to us that we were as yet raw hands at modern Athens-making, and that our great minds, as well as the better educated public, are not yet so far advanced that it will bear looking at too closely. All as yet is in the beginning, and far from completion. Only the lower lines of business have as yet been taken up, "and it can scarcely have escaped your observation that we have plenty of owls, sycophants, and Phrynes." True, the higher characters are wanting, and therefore many a man must assume different parts; for instance, our poet who sings the delicate Greek boy-love has also taken on him Aristophanic coarseness; but he is capable of anything, and possesses everything which a great poet should, except a few trifles, such as wit or imagination, and if he had much money he would be a rich man. But what we lack in quantity is assuredly made up to us in quality. We have but one great sculptor, but he is a "lion." We have but

one great orator, but I believe from my soul that Demosthenes could not thunder so loudly over a malt tax in Attica. And if we have never poisoned a Socrates, it was not because we lack poison. And if we have as yet no actual Demos, no entire populace of demagogues, at least we could supply a show sample of the article in a demagogue by profession, who in himself outweighs a whole pile of twaddlers, muzzlers, poltroons, and similar blackguards; and here he is in person!

I cannot resist the temptation to describe the figure which here presented itself. I leave the question open to discussion whether this figure could with justice assert that its head had anything human in it, and whether it could on that account legally claim to be considered as human. I should myself have taken this head for that of an ape, only out of courtesy I will let it pass for a man's. Its cover was a cloth cap, shaped like Mambrino's helmet, below which hung down long, stiff, black hair, which was parted in front *à l'enfant*. On that side of this head which gave itself out for a face, the Goddess of Vulgarity had set her seal, and that with so much force that the nose had been mashed flat; the depressed eyes seemed to be seeking this nose in vain, and to feel grieved because they could no find it; an unpleasantly smelling smile playe around the mouth, which was altogether enchan

ing, and might have inspired our Greek bastard poet to the most delicate "Gazelles." The clothes were, firstly, an old German coat, somewhat modified, it is true, by the most pressing requisitions of modern European civilisation, but still in its cut recalling that worn by Arminius in the Teutobergian forests, the primitive form of which has been as mysteriously and traditionally preserved by a patriotic tailor's union, as was once Gothic architecture by a mystical Freemason's guild. A white-washed collar which deeply and significantly contrasted with the bare old German neck, covered the collar of this famous coat; from the long sleeves hung long dirty hands, and between these appeared a long, slow body, beneath which waddled two short, lively legs—the entire form was a drunken-sick-dizzy parody of the Apollo Belvidere.

"And that is the Demagogue of the Modern Athens!" cried the Berliner, with a mocking laugh. "Good Lard! can that be a countryman of mine! I can hardly believe mee own eyes! that is the one who—no, that is the fact!"

"Yea, ye deluded Berliners," I exclaimed, not without excitement, "ye recognise not your own geniuses and stone your prophets. But *we* can make use of all!"

"And what will you do with this unlucky insect?"

"He can be used for anything where jumping, creeping, sentiment, gormandising, piety, much old German, a little Latin, and no Greek at all is needed. He can really jump very well over a cane; makes tables of all sorts of all possible leaps, and lists of all possible ways of reading old German poetry. Withal he represents a Fatherland's love without being in the least dangerous. For every one knows that he left the old German demagogues, among whom he accidentally once found himself very suddenly, when he found that there was danger afoot, which by no means agreed with the Christian-like feelings of his soft heart. But since the danger has passed away, the martyrs suffered for their opinions, and even our most desperate barbers have doffed their old German coats, the blooming season of our prudent rescuer of the Fatherland has really begun. He alone has still retained the demagogue costume and the phrases belonging to it; he still exalts Arminius the Cheruscan and Thusnelda as though they were blood relations; he still preserves his German patriotic hatred for the Latin Babeldom, against the invention of soap, against Thiersch's heathen Greek grammar, against Quintilius Varus, against gloves, and against all men who have decent noses; and so he stands there, the wandering monument of r passed away time, and, like the last of th

Mohicans, so too does he remain the last of the Demagogues, of all that mighty horde. You therefore see how we in our Modern Athens, where demagogues are entirely wanting, can use this man. We have in him a very good demagogue, who is so tame as to lick any boot, and eat from the hand hazelnuts, chestnuts, cheese, sausages, in short, will eat anything given to him; and as he is the only one of his sort, we have the further advantage that when he has kicked the bucket we can stuff him and keep him, hide and hair, for posterity as a specimen of the Last Demagogue. But, I pray you, say nothing of all this to Professor Lichtenstein in Berlin, or he will reclaim him for the Zoological Museum, which might occasion a war between Prussia and Bavaria, as nothing would ever induce us to give him up. Already the English are on the *qui vive* and bid two thousand seven hundred and seventy guineas for him; already the Austrians have offered a giraffe for him; but our ministry has expressly declared that the Last of the Demagogues shall not be sold at any price —he will one day be the pride of our cabinet of natural history and the ornament of our town."

The Berliner appeared to listen somewhat distractedly—more attractive objects had drawn his attention, and he finally interrupted me with the words, "Excuse me, if you please, if I interrupt

you, but will you be so kind as to tell me what sort of a dog that is which runs there?"

"That is another puppy."

"Ah! you don't understand me. I refer to the great white shaggy dog without a tail."

"My dear sir, that is the dog of the modern Alcibiades."

"But," exclaimed the Berliner, "where is then the modern Alcibiades himself?"

"To tell the plain truth," I replied, "the office is not as yet occupied, and we have, so far, only his dog."

CHAPTER IV.

THE place where this conversation occurred is called Bogenhausen, or Neuburghausen, or Villa Hompesch, or the Montgelas Garden, or the Little Castle; but there is no need of mentioning its name, for if any one undertakes to ride out of Munich, the coachman understands us by a certain thirsty twinkle of the eyes, by well-known noddings of the head, anticipatory of enjoyment, and by grimaces of the same family. The Arab has a thousand expressions for a sword, the Frenchman for love, the Englishman for hanging, the German for drinking, and the modern Athenian for the place where he drinks. The

beer is in the place aforesaid really very good, even in the Prytanœum, *vulgo* "Bokskeller," it is no better, and it tastes admirably, especially on that stair-terrace where we have the Tyrolese Alps before our eyes. I often sat there during the past winter, gazing on the snow-covered mountains, which, gleaming in the sun-rays seemed like molten silver.

In those days it was also winter in my soul. Thoughts and feelings seemed as it were snowed in, and my soul was dried up and dead. To this was added political vexations, grief for a dearly loved lost child, and an old source of grief with a bad cold. Moreover, I drank much beer, having been assured that it made light blood. But the best Attic *Breihahn*[1] profited not by me, who had previously in England accustomed myself to porter.

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[1] *Breihahn*, literally "brew-cock." A few centuries ago the term *Breihahn* was applied only to a sort of Hanoverian beer. But it is now of more general application. In the treatise *De Jure Potandi*, which forms a part of the *Facetiæ Facetiarum*, edit. 1645, p. 61, I find the following list of the then fashionable beers:—"*Meo palatui magis ad blanditur cerevisia Rostochiensis, Dantziger Dubbelt Bier, Preussingk, Braunschweigische, Mumme, Knisenack, Hannoversch Breyhan, Englischs Bier, Zerbster, Torger* (*quam Kuskuck*) *Bueffel, Hastrum, Klatsche.* "Bock," supposed by the French to mean a glass of beer, is literally "goat," and the name of a "cellar" in Munich where a peculiar and strong beer known as *Bockbier* was sold only during the month of May. It was succeeded by the *Salvator* beer.

At last came the day when all changed. The sun burst forth from the heaven and suckled the earth, that ancient child, with her gleaming milk, the hills trembled with joy, and their snow-tears ran down mighty in their power. The ice on the lakes cracked and broke, the earth opened her blue eyes, the dear flowers and the ringing woods ran forth from her bosom, the green palaces of the nightingales and all nature laughed, and this laughter was spring. In my soul there began also a new spring; new flowers sprouted from my heart, feelings of freedom like roses shot up, and therewith secret longings, like young violets, amid which were many useless nettles. Hope again drew her cheerful green covering over the graves of my desires, even the melodies of poetry came again to me like birds of passage who have gone with winter to the warm South, and who now again seek their abandoned nests in the North, and the neglected Northern heart rang and bloomed as of old—only I knew not how all this happened. Was it a brown or a blonde sun which awoke spring once more in my heart, and kissed awak all the sleeping flowers in my bosom, and laughe up the nightingales? Was it elective Natur herself which sought its echo in my breast, a gladly mirrored herself therein with her fr spring gleam? I know not, but I believe the terrace at Bogenhausen, in view of the T

lese Alps, gave my heart a new enchantment. When I sat there deeply buried in thought, it often seemed to me as though I saw the countenance of a wondrous lovely youth peeping over the mountains, and I longed for wings that I might hasten to his home-land, Italy. Often did I feel myself surrounded by the perfumes of orange and lemon groves, which blew from the hills, enticing and calling me to Italy. Once even in the golden twilight I saw the young Spring God, large as life, standing on the summit of an Alp. Flowers and laurels surrounded his joyful head and with smiling eyes and merry mouth he cried, "I love thee—seek me in Italy!"

CHAPTER V.

My glance may have quivered somewhat longingly, as I, in doubt over the immeasurable dialogue of the Philistines, gazed at the lovely Tyrolese Alps, and sighed deeply. My Berlin Philister, however, saw in this glance and sigh fresh subject for conversation, and sighed with me. "Ah! yes; I too would now be so glad to be in Constantinople! Ah! to see Constantinople was always the one wish of my life; and now, certain sure by this

time, the Russians have got in there. Ah! Constantinople! Have you visited St. Petersburg?" I admitted that I had not, and begged him to narrate something of it. But it was not he himself, but his brother-in-law, the Court Chamber Councillor, who had been there, and it was an altogether peculiar sort of a town. "Have you seen Copenhagen though?" Having replied in the negative, I also requested some sketch of the latter place, when he laughed very significantly, nodding his head here and there right pleasantly, assuring me upon his honour that I could form no sort of idea of the town if I had not been there. "That," I replied, "cannot just at present be the case. I am now thinking over another journey, which first came into my head this spring—I intend travelling in Italy."

As the man heard these words, he suddenly leaped from his chair, pirouetted three times on one foot, and trilled, *Tirili! Tirili! Tirili!*

That was the last spur. "To-morrow I start!" was my determination on the spot. I will delay no longer. I will at once see that land, the mere mention of which so inspires the driest and most commonplace of mortals, that he at once, in ecstasy, trills like a quail. While I at home packed my trunk, that *Tirili* rang constantly in my ears; and my brother, Maximilian Heine, who the next day accompanied me as far as the Tyrol,

could not comprehend why it was that, on the whole way, I did not speak a single sensible word, and constantly *tiril-eed.*

CHAPTER VI.

TIRILI! *Tirili!* I live! I feel the sweet pain of existence! I feel all the joys and sorrows of life! I suffer for the salvation of the whole human race! I atone for their sins—but I also enjoy them.

And I also feel not only with humanity, but with the world of plants. Their thousand green tongues narrate the sweetest, gentlest tales to me; they know that I have not selfish human pride, and that I converse as willingly with the lowliest meadow floweret as with the loftiest pines. Ah! I know how it is with those pines! They shoot heaven-high from the depth of the valley, and well nigh range over the boldest mountain rocks. But how long does their glory last? At the utmost a few miserable centuries, when, weary with age, they break down and rot on the ground. Then, by night, the treacherous cat [1] comes steal-

[1] In one edition *Kätzelein;* in the last, *Käuzelein* or owlet.

ing quickly from clefts in the rocks, and mocks them: "Ha, ye strong pines—ye who hoped to vie with the rocks—now ye lie broken adown there, and the rocks stand unshaken as before."

The eagle, who sits on his favourite lonely rocks and listens to this scorn, must feel pity in his soul, for he then thinks on his own destiny. For even he knows not how deeply he may some day be bedded. But the stars twinkle so soothingly, the forest streams ripple so consolingly, and his own soul leaps so proudly over all petty thoughts, that he soon forgets them. When the sun comes forth he feels as before as he flies upwards to it, and when near it, sings his joy and his pain. His fellow-creatures, especially men, believe that the eagle cannot sing, and know not that he only lifts his voice in music when far from the realm which they inhabit, and that in his pride he will only be heard by the sun. And he is right, for it might occur to some of the feathered mob down below there to criticise his song. I myself have heard such critics. The hen stands on one leg and clucks that the singer has no "soul;" the turkey gobbles that he needs "earnest feeling;" the dove coos that he cannot feel "true love;" the goose quacks that he is "ignorant of science;" the capon chuckles ou that he is "immoral;" the martin twitters th he is "irreligious;" the sparrow pipes that "he

not sufficiently prolific;" *hoopoos*,[1] popinjays, and screech-owls, all cackling, and gabbling, and yelling;—only the nightingale joins not in the noise of these critics. Caring naught for her contemporaries, the red rose is her only thought and her only song; deep lost in desire, she flutters around that red rose, and wild with inspiration she leaps among the loved thorns, and sings and bleeds.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is an eagle in the German Fatherland whose sun-song rings so powerfully that it may also be heard here below, and even the nightingales cease to sing, in spite of all their melodious pains. Thou art that eagle, Karl Immermann, and I often think of thee in that land of which thou hast sung so sweetly. How could I travel through the Tyrol without thinking of the "Tragedy"?

Now, of course, I have seen things in another light; but I wonder that the poet, who created from the fulness of his soul, should have ap-

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1 *Wiedehoepchen.* Perhaps this word might be also rendered "pooh-pooh." It is always used contemptuously, from the asserted filthy habits of the bird.—*Note by Translator.*

proached so near the reality, which he had never seen. I was most pleased with the reflection that "The Tragedy in Tyrol" was *prohibited*. I thought of the words which my friend Moser wrote me, when he said that the second volume of the "Pictures of Travel" was forbidden: "It was needless for Government to put the book under the ban—people would have read it without that."

In Innsbruck, in the Golden Eagle, where Andreas Hofer had lodged, and where every corner is still filled with his portraits and mementoes, I asked the landlord, Herr Niederkirchner, if he knew anything of the "Sandwirth." Then the old gentleman boiled over with eloquence, and confidentially informed me, with divers winks, that the whole story had at last come out in a book, which was, however, altogether prohibited; and having led me to a dark chamber, where he carefully preserved his relics of the Tyrolese war, unrolled from a dirty blue paper a well-thumbed green-looking book, which I found, to my astonishment, was Immermann's "Tragedy in the Tyrol." I told the landlord, not without pride, that the man who had written it was my friend. Herr Niederkirchner would fain know as much as possible of him. I said that he was one who had seen service, a man of good stature, very honourable, and very gifted in writing, so

that he seldom found his like. But Herr Niederkirchner would not believe that he was a Prussian, and exclaimed, with a compassionate smile, "Oh, get out!"[1] He insisted on believing that Immermann was a Tyroler, and that he had fought in the war—"How else could he have known all about it?"

Strange fancies these of the multitude! They seek their histories from the poet, and not from the historian. They ask not for bare facts, but those facts again dissolved in the original poetry from which they sprung. This the poets well know, and it is not without a certain mischievous pleasure that they mould at will popular memories, perhaps in mockery of pride-baked historians and parchment-minded keepers of State documents. Greatly was I delighted when, amid the stalls of the last fair, I saw the history of Belisarius hanging up in the form of coarsely coloured engravings, and those not according to Procopius, but exactly as described in Schenk's tragedy. "So history is falsified!" exclaimed a pedantic friend who accompanied me; "it knows nothing of a slandered wife, an imprisoned son, a loving daughter, and the like modern fictions of the

[1] *Warum nicht gar?* One should have lived in Bavaria or the Tyrol to appreciate the full force of this non-assenting sentence. Literally it means, "Why not entirely so!"

heart!" But is this really an error? Must suit be at once brought against the forger? No, I deny the accusation! For they give the *sense* in all its truthfulness, though it be clothed in inverted form and circumstance. There are races whose whole history has only been handed down in this poetic wise, such as the Hindoos. For such lays as the *Mahabarata* give the sense and spirit of Indian history far more accurately than any writer of compendiums could with all his chronology. From the same point of view I would assert that Walter Scott's romances give, occasionally, the spirit of English history far more truthfully than Hume has done; at least, Sartorius was very much in the right when he, in his supplement to Spittler, places those romances among English historical works.[1]

It is with poets as with dreamers, who in sleep disguise those internal feelings which their souls experience from real external causes, since they at once assign on the spot by dreaming, to the latter, altogether different causes from the real, which, however, in one respect, amount to the same thing, in that they bring forth the same feelings. So, in Immermann's "Tragedy,"

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[1] In like manner a distinguished jurist had Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" bound in calf and placed among his law books.—*Note by Translator.*

many dramatic attributes are rather arbitrarily added, but the hero himself, the central point of feeling, is accurately dreamed, and if this dream-form seems visionary, it is still truthful. Baron Hormayr, who is the most competent judge of this matter, turned my attention to this circumstance when I, on a recent occasion, had the pleasure of conversing with him. Immermann has very accurately set forth the mystical individual life, the superstitious piety, and the epic character of the man. He symbolised to the life that true-hearted dove, who with a glittering sword in the bill swept so heroically like martial love true over the hills of Tyrol, until the bullets of Mantua penetrated her heart.

But what is most honourable to the poet is the equally accurate description of the opponent, whom he has not described as a raging Gessler merely to exalt his adversary. If the one be a dove with the sword, the latter is not less an eagle with the olive branch.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the public room of the inn of Herr Niederkirchner at Innsbruck hang side by side in peaceful unison the portraits of Andreas Hofer, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Louis of Bavaria.

Innsbruck itself is an uninhabitable, stupid town. It may, perhaps, appear more intelligent and agreeable in winter, when the high mountains with which it is surrounded are covered with snow, and the avalanches thunder and ice cracks and glitters all around.

I found the summits of those mountains covered with clouds as with grey turbans. There we see the *Martinswand*, the theatre of the pleasantest imperial legends, since it is especially in the Tyrol that the memories of the knightly Max flourish and ring.

In the *Hofkirche*—royal church—stand the celebrated full-length statues of the princes and the princesses of the House of Austria with their ancestors, among whom are many who doubtless wonder even at the present day how they came by the honour. They stand in mighty life-size, cast in iron, around the tomb of Maximilian. But as the church is small and roof low, they

put one in mind of figures of black wax in a booth in a fair. On the pedestal of most we can also read the names of those whom they represent. As I looked at these statues, an English party entered, the leader being a lean man with a gaping countenance, his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his white vest, and holding between his teeth a leathern *Guide des Voyageurs*. Behind him came his tall companion for life, a lady no longer young, and who had apparently both lived and loved herself out, but still quite good-looking. Behind them came a red porter-face in powder-white trimmings, treading stiffly along in a ditto coat, his wooden hands fully freighted with my lady's gloves, Alpine flowers, and a poodle.

The trinity[1] walked straight as a plumb-line to the upper end of the church, where the son of Albion explained the statues to his wife, and that

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[1] In the original Heine uses the word *Kleeblatt*, or clover leaf, which (like *trifolium* in Mediæval Latin) signifies in German a company of three. It was doubtless an association with the Trinity which caused the clover leaf company of three to be regarded as peculiarly correct. *Compagnie de trois, compagnie de roys*, says an old French proverb. In the drinking language of the knights of the Middle Ages a clover leaf meant the draining of three large goblets of wine, each one at a draught. In modern German-student phrase it is applied to a *quantum* of drinking utensils for three persons, or a *Saufgesellsschaft* or club of that number.—*Note by Translator.*

from his guide-book, in which he read at full length the descriptions. The first statue is that of King Clodevig of France, the next that of King Arthur of England, the third Rudolph of Hapsburg, and so forth. But as the poor Englishman began by mistake the row from above instead of from below, as his guide-book directed, he fell into the most exquisite blunders, which were still more comic when he came to some lady's statue, which he mistook for that of a man, and *vice versâ*, so that he could not comprehend why Rudolph of Hapsburg wore petticoats, or why Queen Maria had donned steel breeches, and had a much too long beard. I, who was willing to help him out with my learning, casually remarked that that was probably the fashion in those days, and it might have also been a peculiar freak of those dignitaries, so that people dared not for their lives cast them otherwise. So if it came into the head of the then emperor to have himself "run" in petticoats or swaddling bands, who dared object to his fancy?

The poodle barked critically, the lackey stared, the gentleman rubbed his face with his handkerchief, and my lady said, "*A fine exhibition; very fine, indeed!*"

CHAPTER IX.

BRIXEN was the second great town of the Tyrol which I entered. It lies in a valley, and as I arrived there it was covered over with mist and the shadows of evening. Twilight, silence, melancholy ding-donging of bells, sheep trotting to their sheds, human beings to churches, everywhere an oppressive smell of ugly saint's images and dry hay.

"The Jesuits are in Brixen." So I had read not long before in *Hesperus*. I looked everywhere about the streets to find them, but saw nobody who looked like a Jesuit, unless it were a fat man in a clerical three-cornered hat and a priestly-cut black coat, rather old and worn out, which contrasted strangely with his shining new black breeches.

"That can be no Jesuit," I said, finally to myself, for I have always pictured Jesuits to myself as rather lean. But are there really any Jesuits? It often seems to me that their existence is only a chimera, as though it were only a fear of them which still goes ghosting[1] about in

[1] *Spuken*, to appear as a ghost—to ghost it. In plain Pennsylvania English, to *spook*.

our heads long after the peril is over; and all the zeal still manifested against Jesuits put me in mind of people who, after it has ceased to rain, go walking about with opened and lifted umbrellas. Yes, I often think that the Devil, Nobility, and Jesuits exist only so long as we believe in them. We know it in truth of the Devil, for only the believers have ever seen him. Also as regards the nobility, we shall soon experience that the *bonne société* has ceased to exist so soon as the good citizen takes it into his head not to regard them any longer as the *bonne société*. But the Jesuits! At least they no longer wear the old breeches. The old Jesuits lie in their graves with their old breeches, their longings, their world plans, their tricks, distinctions, reservations, and poisons, and what we now see slipping through the world in new shining breeches, is not as much their *spirit* as their spectre,—an awkward, silly, weak-minded spectre, which daily seems striving by word and deed to convince us how little there is terrible in it; and indeed it reminds us of a similar ghost in the Thuringian forest, which obligingly freed those who were terrified at it from all terror by taking its skull from its shoulders and showing all the world that it was hollow and empty.

I cannot refrain from mentioning by the way that I accidentally learned more of the man in

the shining new breeches, and ascertained that he was no Jesuit, but only one of the common sort of the Lord's cattle. For I met him in the public room of my inn, where he was taking supper in company with a long, lean man, entitled "Excellency," who resembled the old bachelorly country squire described by Shakespeare as closely as if Nature had plagiarised him from the great author. Both enjoyed their meals, while they persecuted the girl who waited on them with caresses, which seemed to disgust to the last degree the charming, beautiful creature, until she finally broke from them by main force, when the one clapped her smartly behind, while the other sought to embrace her in front. Then they began with the most vulgar jests, which the maiden, as they well knew, could not help hearing, as she was obliged to remain in the room and wait on the company and spread my table. But when, finally, their language became literally intolerable, she at once left everything standing and disappeared through the door. When she returned, which was not for some minutes, it was with *a little child* on her arm, which she continued to hold during the time that she remained in the room, though it greatly impeded her movements. But the two companions—the clerical as well as the noble gentleman—did not venture any more to insult the girl, who now, without manifesting

any ill-feeling, but still with singular seriousness, waited on them until the end. Their language took another direction; both conversed on the usual subjects of conspiracies against the throne and the altar; they agreed on the necessity of strong measures, and often clasped in turn the hand of holy alliance.

CHAPTER X.

THE works of Joseph von Hormayr are indispensable to him who would study the history of the Tyrol, while for its more recent records he himself is the best, and in many respects the only source. He is for the Tyrol what John von Müller is for Switzerland; a comparison which frequently suggests itself. They are like next neighbours; both were inspired in early youth with love for the Alps of their birth; both are industrious, searching minds, of historical feeling and training. John von Müller, of an epic turn cradling his soul in histories of the past. Joseph von Hormayr, quick and earnest in his feeling is, on the other hand, impelled more energetically into the future, unselfishly venturing his life for that which was dear to him.

Bartholdy's "War of the Tyrolese Peasa

in the Year 1809" is an intelligent and well-written work, and if it has its defects, it is because its writer, as is natural for a noble soul, was prejudiced in favour of the weaker party, and because he still had gunpowder smoke in his eyes when he wrote.

Many remarkable events of that time have never been written down, and exist as yet only in the memory of the people, who do not willingly speak of them, because they awaken hopes which were deceived. The poor Tyrolese were obliged to go through many harsh experiences, and if you ask them now if they obtained as a reward for their fidelity all which was promised them, they good-naturedly shrug their shoulders and answer naïvely, that perhaps things were not meant quite so much in earnest as they thought; that the Emperor has a great deal to think of, and that much passes unnoticed through his head.

Console yourselves, poor rogues! Ye are not the only ones to whom something was *promised.* It often happens on board great slave-ships, in terrible storms and amid dangers, that they break the chains of the blacks, and promise them their freedom if they save the vessel. The silly negroes rejoice at the light of day; they hurry to the pumps, they stamp in their strength, aid where they can, leap, haul, coil the cables, and work until the peril is past. Then, of course, as any

one might suppose, they are put again into the hold, chained nicely down, and left in their darkness to make demagogical reflections on the promises of slave-dealers, whose only care is, the danger being over, to swindle some more souls into their power.

> "—— O navis referent in mare te novi.
> Fluctus?"

When my old teacher used to explain this ode of Horace, in which the Senate is compared to a ship, he was in the habit of making all sorts of political reflections, which he abruptly suspended after the battle of Leipzig had been fought, and the whole class was suddenly broken up.

My old teacher knew it all beforehand. When we first heard of the battle, he shook his grey head. Now I know what that shaking meant. Soon we had more accurate intelligence, and in secret people showed one another pictures, in which we saw, in varied and instructive form, how the higher leaders of the armies knelt on the field of battle and thanked God.

"Yes, they might thank God," said my teacher, and smiled as he was accustomed to do when he commented on Sallust; "the Emperor Napoleon has rapped them so often on the head that they must eventually learn something."

Then came the Allies, and the miserable poems

of the Liberation, "Hermann and Thusnelda," "Hurrah" and the "Female Union," and the "Fatherland's Acorns," and the everlasting boasting of the battle of Leipzig, and once again the battle of Leipzig, and no end thereof.

"It is with these people," remarked my teacher, "as with the Thebans, when they finally, at Leuctra, overcame the mighty Spartans, and continually boasted of it, so that Antisthenes compared them to boys who can, having once beaten their master, never cease their rejoicings. My dear youths, it would have been better for us had we ourselves got the whipping."

Soon after the old man died. Prussian grass now grows over his grave, and there also are pastured the horses of our renewed nobility.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honourable, brave, and of inscrutable narrowness of mind. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be ill. I would also call them a noble race, because they evince much discrimination in their food, and keep their houses very clean; only they entirely lack the feeling of personal dignity. The Tyrolese has a sort of laugh-

ing, humorous servilism, which wears an almost ironical air, but which is intended to be thoroughly honourable. The girls in the Tyrol greet you so amiably, and the men press your hand so severely, and behave themselves with such ornamental earnestness, that you can almost believe that they treat you like a near relation, or at least like one of themselves: but you are wide of the mark: they never forget that they are but common people, and that you are a gentleman who likes to see common people speak to him without shyness. And in this their instincts are true to nature, for the stiffest aristocrats are pleased when they can find an opportunity of laying aside their dignity, for it is by the descent that they realise how high they are placed. At home, the Tyrolese exercise this servility gratis; when abroad, they use it to enrich themselves. They set a price on their personality and nationality. These dealers in variegated table-covers, these jolly Tyrolese fellows (*Tyroler Bua*), whom we see travelling about in their national costume, willingly let you crack a joke on them—but you must buy something of them. The Rainer family who were in England understood the business, and had a good adviser into the bargain, who well understood the spirit of the English nobility. This was the cause of their gracious reception in that *foyer* of European aristocracy, the *West End of the town.*

When I stood, last summer, in the brilliant concert-halls of the London fashionable world, and saw those Tyrolese singers, in their national costume, mount the stage, and listened to those lays which are *jodeled* with such good and naïve expression, and which ring so pleasantly in our Northern German heart, it all ate with bitter discontent into my soul; the gratified laughter of aristocratic lips stung me like serpents; it seemed as though I saw the purity of the German tongue profaned and the sweetest mysteries of German spirit-life degraded before a foreign mob. I could not applaud this shameless trafficking in the most reserved feelings, and a Swiss, who, inspired with the same feelings, left with me the hall, very truly remarked, "We Swiss trade for money the best things we have—our cheese and our best blood—but we cannot hear the Alpine horn blown in foreign lands, much less play on it ourselves, for money." [1]

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[1] Those who have been taxed many times in Switzerland for having mountain-horns blown for them will be of a different opinion, and many of their players have been heard in all countries. Those who know the Tyrolese will, however, declare that this description of them is much too unfavorable. What Heine calls *servilism*, might be better called an Italian like politeness. There are no people in the world who will so promptly resent an insult. Even the Gypsies of the Tyrol have caught the spirit of their neighbours, and are the manliest and freest-spoken Romanys, while perfectly respectful and polite,

CHAPTER XII.

TYROL is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscapes cannot enchant us when darkened by gloomy weather and similar causes of mental excitement. This is always the case with me, and when there is bad weather without, I invariably find bad weather within. I only occasionally dared put my head out of the waggon, and then I beheld mountains high as the heaven, which looked earnestly down on me, and nodded to me, with their monstrous heads and cloud-beards, a pleasant journey. Here and there I beheld a far-blue hill, which seemed travelling along on foot, and to peep inquisitively over the head of other hills, as if to look at me. Everywhere crashed the forest streams, which leaped as if mad from the mountains, and met in the whirlpools of the valleys. The inhabitants sat snug in their neat, clean little cottages, which for the greater part lie scattered on the steepest cliffs, and on the very

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whom I have ever known. As for the Rainers being base because they sang their songs in England for money, one might as well blame a distinguished German poet because his works were written for and sold to Frenchmen !—*Note by Translator.*

edge of precipices; and these neat, clean little cottages are generally ornamented with long balcony-like galleries, which in turn are bedecked with linen, images of saints, flower-pots, and pretty girls. These cottages are also prettily painted, mostly with white and green, as if they too had a fancy to wear the national costume of green suspenders over a white shirt. When I beheld these houses far away amid the lonely rain, my heart would fain climb up to them and to their inhabitants, who beyond doubt sat dry and jolly enough within. "In these," thought I, "they must live very pleasantly and domestically, and I dare say the old grandmother tells them the most confidential tales." While the coach went on without mercy, I often looked back to see the little blue pillars of smoke climbing from the chimneys, and then it rained harder than ever, both without and within, until the tear-drops ran out of my eyes.

But my heart often rose and climbed in spite of the weather to the men who dwell high up on the mountains, and perhaps hardly come down once in a lifetime, and learn but little of what is passing here below. Yet they are not on that account less good or happy. They know nothing of politics, save that they have an Emperor who wears a white coat and red breeches, as they have learned from an old uncle, who had learned

it himself in Innsbruck from Black Joe, who had been in Vienna. And when the patriots climbed up to them, and told them with oratory that they now had a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches, they grasped their rifles, and kissed wife and child, and went down the mountain and offered up their lives in defence of the white coat and the dear old red breeches.

After all, it amounts to about one and the same thing for what we die, if we only die for something we love; and a warm true-hearted death like this is better than a cold false life. The very songs of such a death warm our hearts with their sweet rhymes and bright words, when damp clouds and pressing sorrows would fain render it dark and gloomy.

Many such songs rang in my heart as I crossed the Tyrolese mountains. The confiding fir-trees rustled many forgotten love-words back into my memory. Particularly when the great blue mountain lakes gazed on me, with such endless longing did I recall "the two king's children" who loved so dearly and died together. It is an old, old story, which nobody believes now, and of which I myself only remember a few rhymes.

"They both were monarch's children,
And loved right well, I ween,
But never could come together,
For water was rolling between

Dear heart! canst thou swim hither?
Dear heart, so swim to me;
I'll light thee from my window,
It shall thy beacon be!"

These words began to ring in my heart as I, on an opposite lake, beheld on one side a little boy and on the other a little girl, both prettily dressed in their variegated national costume with little ribboned green taper hats on their heads, wafting greetings to one another—

"But never could come together,
For water was rolling between."[1]

CHAPTER XIII.

In Southern Tyrol the weather cleared up, the sun of Italy made itself felt even at a distance, the hills became warmer and brighter; I saw vines rising on them, and I could lean oftener out of the carriage windows. But when I thus leaned out there leaned with me my heart, and with my heart all its love, sorrow, and folly. And it often happened that the poor heart was

[1] A Lower-Rhenish old ballad, also common in Platt-Deutsch, Flemish, Dutch, and Frisian. It is given in Uhland's *Volkslieder* and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.*

torn by the thorns when it leaned towards the rose-bushes by the wayside—and the roses of Tyrol are not ugly. When I rode through Steinach and saw the market-place where Immermann represents the "Sand-landlord," Hofer, as coming boldly forth with his companions, I found that the spot was too small for an insurgent meeting, but large enough to fall in love in. There are only a few white houses there, and from a small window there peeped out a little Sand-landlady, aiming and shooting from great eyes; if the coach had not travelled by so quickly, and had she had time to load again, I should have been shot dead for certain. I called out, "Go ahead, coachman; there is no joking with such a 'fair Elsie;' such eyes would set fire to the house over one's head!" As an experienced traveller, I must confess that the landlady in Sterzing is really an old woman, but she has two young daughters, whose eyes warm the heart of the traveller as he steps out of the coach, in a most beneficial manner. But I cannot forget *thee*, thou fairest of all, thou lovely spinner on the marches of Italy! Oh, hadst thou given to me, as Ariadne gave to Theseus, the thread of thy spinning to lead me through the labyrinth of life, I had long since conquered the Minotaur, and I would love thee, and kiss thee, and never leave thee!

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says

a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain at whose base, on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging around the bloody body and crucified limbs.[1] On the other side of the cottage was a round dovecote, whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span, not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span kings' daughters in Greece; so at the present day spin the Fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all

[1] It has been observed, not without reason, that this constant familiarity with blood, pain, and instruments of torture, as set forth in pictures of the crucifixion, martyrdoms, and hell, has been a great cause of the fondness for cruelty, as seen in the treatment of animals, stabbing, &c., in Italy and Spain.—*Note by Translator.*

rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I believe that she spun my heart fast, as the coach went along somewhat more slowly on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory; everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breath-like delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had, while young, dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes! ah! no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the helmet warriors, before her rolled along more stormily the brook, the vine-branches climbed in wilder haste, the crucified wooden image quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened and the wounds bled, but—she sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE the sun gleamed ever lordlier and lovelier from heaven, clothing mountain and castle with golden veils, it became still hotter and livelier in my heart; once more my whole bosom was full of flowers, which shot forth sprouting mightily over my head, and through the flowers from my heart smiled heavenly fair the face of the lovely spinner. Imprisoned in such dreams—myself a dream—I came to Italy, and as I during the journey had entirely forgotten that I was travelling thither, I was well nigh terrified when all at once all the great Italian eyes opened on me, and the variegated, tangled life of Italy came leaping towards me, real, warm, and humming.

All of this happened to me, however, in the city of Trent one fine Sunday afternoon, at the hour when the heat goes to sleep, and the Italians wake up and go walking about the streets. This town lies, old and broken, amid a broad circle of blooming green hills, which, like eternal young gods, look down on the ancient broken works of man. Broken and brittle, too, near the latter lies the high castle which once ruled the town, a daring building of a daring time, with spires, pinnacles,

battlements, and a broad, round tower, inhabited by owls and Austrian invalids. Even the town itself is wildly and boldly built, and at the first glance it produces a wonderful effect, with its awfully old houses, with their faded frescoes and cracked saints' images, towers, porticoes, barred windows, and those projecting roofs which rest like balconies on old grey pillars, which seem themselves to require support. Such a sight would have been all too sorrowful had not Nature refreshed the dead stones with new life, had not sweet vine leaves lovingly and tenderly embraced the broken old pillars, as youth embraces age, and still sweeter maidens' faces had not peeped from the melancholy old arched windows, and smiled on the German stranger, who, like a sleep-wandering dreamer, walked strangely here and there among the blooming ruins.

I was really as in a dream, and one of those dreams, too, wherein we strive to recall something we have dreamed long ago. I looked in turn at the houses and at the people, and I was inclined to think that I had been acquainted with those houses in their better days, when they wore bran new paintings, when the gilt ornaments on their window friezes were not as yet so black, and when the marble Madonna bearing the child on her arm still had her beautiful head, which those iconoclasts, age and wind, had broken away in such a

vulgar, Jacobinical manner. The faces of the elderly dames seemed familiar to me, as though they had been cut from the old Italian pictures I had seen in the Düsseldorf Gallery when a boy. In like manner the old men seemed well known and long forgotten, and gazed at me as though from the depth of a millennium. Even the brisk young girls had in their faces something of that which had been dead a thousand years, and yet of revived bloom, so that almost a terror stole over me, a sweet, gentle terror, such as I once felt when in the lonely midnight my lips pressed those of Maria, a wondrous lovely lady, whose only fault was that she was dead. But then again I laughed as the idea came into my head that the whole town was nothing but a beautiful novel, which I had once read—yes, which I myself had written, and that I now was enchanted by my own work, and was terrified by sprites of my own raising. "Perhaps, too," thought I, "all is but a dream," and I would gladly have given a dollar for a few boxes on the ear, just to learn whether I was asleep or awake.[1]

They were at hand, and I might have got them at a cheaper rate, as I stumbled over an old fruit-

[1] *Ohrfeige*, a box on the ear, means also literally *ear-figs*. *Dachtel* or *Dattel*, a date-fruit, has the same meaning.—*Note by Translator.*

woman. She contented herself with throwing a real box (of figs) at my ears, and I thus came suddenly to the conviction that I was, in the most actual of realities, in the middle of the market-place of Trent, near the great fountain, from whose copper Tritons and dolphins the silver-clear waters welled out pleasant and reviving. To the left stood an old palace, whose walls were painted with many coloured allegorical figures, and on whose terrace several grey Austrian soldiers were being drilled into heroism; to the right stood a Gothic-Lombard, capricious-looking house, from which a sweet, fluttering maiden's voice came trilling so dashingly and merrily, that the widowed old walls trembled either with pleasure or from decay, while above there looked from the pointed window a black labyrinthine-curled, comedian-looking wig, under which projected a sharply cut thin face, which was rouged, but only on the left cheek, and which consequently looked like a pancake baked only on one side. But before me, in the midst, stood the ancient cathedral, not great, not gloomy, but like a cheerful old man, confiding and inviting by his age.

CHAPTER XV.

As I drew aside the green silk curtain which covered the entrance to the cathedral, and entered the house of the Lord, I was agreeably refreshed in body and soul by the pleasant perfume which greeted me, by the tranquillising magic light which flowed through the many-coloured windows on the praying assembly within. They were mostly women, kneeling in long rows on the low prayer-benches, they prayed only with a light movement of their lips, fanning themselves constantly meanwhile with great green fans, so that nothing could be heard save an incessant mysterious whispering, and nothing seen but moving fans and waving veils. The creaking tread of my boots disturbed many a fine prayer, and great catholic eyes stared at me half inquisitively, half willingly, as if they would fain advise me to stretch myself at ease and enjoy with them a siesta of the soul.

Truly such a cathedral, with its subdued light and its coolness, is an agreeable resting-place when we have out of doors flaring sunshine and oppressive heat. We have no idea of this in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not built so comfortably, and where the light

comes shooting so saucily through the uncoloured, common-sense window panes, which do not protect even the cold, harsh sermon from the heat. People may say what they will: Catholicism is a good religion—for summer. There is such good lying round on the benches of this old cathedral, we enjoy on them such a cool piety, such a holy *dolce far niente;* one can pray, and dream, and sin together in thought; the Madonnas wink so forgivingly from their niches; woman-like, they forgive us even when we have entangled their lovely features in the sinful current of our wanton imaginations; while as a superfluity there stands in every corner a brown, pierced chair of conscience, where we can ease ourselves of our sins.

In such a chair sat a young monk of earnest mien, but the face of the lady who confessed to him her sins was concealed from me, partly by her white veil and partly by the side of the confessional; yet there came to view a hand, which at once held me fast. I could not help looking at it; its blue veins and the aristocratic gleam of its white fingers were so strangely familiar to me, and all the power of dreams in my soul was stirred into life to shape a face to match this hand. It was a lovely hand, not that of a young girl, who, half lamb and half rose, has only thoughtless, vegetable-animal hands—this hand, on the contrary, had something spiritual in it,

something exciting past associations like the hands of handsome human beings who are highly refined and accomplished, or who have greatly suffered; and there was something so touchingly innocent in this hand, that it seemed as if it had no occasion to confess with the rest of the lady, and would not even hear what its fair proprietress said, and therefore waited without till she was ready. But this lasted a long time; the lady must have had a terrible amount of sin to narrate. I could not wait any longer; my soul pressed an invisible parting kiss on the fair hand, which closed convulsively at the same instant, and that in the same peculiar manner in which the hand of the dead Maria was accustomed to close when I touched it. "In God's name," thought I, what is the dead Maria doing in Trent?"—and I hastened from the cathedral.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I again crossed the market-place, the fruit-woman of whom I have spoken greeted me right amiably and confidently, as though we were old friends. "It is all one," thought I, "how we make an acquaintance, provided that it be but made." A box on the ear, or a box of figs

hurled at one, or 'a fig for you,' is not in faith a first-class introduction, but then the fruit-woman and I looked at one another in as friendly a wise as though we had just mutually handed over tip-top letters, "introducing, &c.," from our best friends. And the fruit-woman was by no means bad to look at. She was, it is true, already in that age when time stamps a fatal certificate on our brow of the active service we have done in youth, but this had made her all the more corpulent, and what she had lost in youth she had won in weight. Moreover, her face still bore the traces of great beauty, and there was plainly written on it, as on old-fashioned vases, "To be loved, and as loving live, is the best joy that earth can give." But what gave her her most exquisite charm was the style in which her hair was dressed—the carefully curled wig-like locks, thickly stiffened with pomatum and idyllically entwined with white bell-flowers. I gazed on this woman with the same rapt attention with which an antiquary would pore over a newly disinterred torso—yes, I could detect far more on this living human ruin. I could see on her traces of all the civilisation of Italy—the Etruscan, the Roman, the Gothic, the Lombard, down to our own powdered modern age, and right interesting to me was the civilised manner of this old woman, in contrast to her business and to her passionate

habits. Nor was I less interested by her stock-in-trade—the fresh almonds, which I saw for the first time in their green original packages, and the fresh sweet-smelling figs, which lay piled up in heaps as common as pears with us. I was also delighted with the great baskets full of fresh oranges and lemons, and—delightful sight!—in one lay a child, beautiful as a picture, holding a little bell in his hand, and as the great bell of the cathedral began to sound, between every stroke the boy rang his little bell, and smiled so forgetful of all worldly things up into the blue heaven, that the drollest child's fancies came into my own head, and like a child I placed myself before the basket and began to eat and gossip with the fruit-woman.

From my broken Italian she at first took me for an Englishman, but I confessed that I was only a German. She at once instituted a series of geographical, economic, horticultural, and meteorological questions as to Germany, greatly marvelling when I confessed to her that no lemons grew in our country—that we were obliged to squeeze [1] very tightly the few which "went in" among us from Italy, and that in our

[1] *Pressen*, also to urge. This is exactly equivalent to the American exhortation: "Go in lemons, if you *do* get squeezed!"

despair we were obliged to make up our want of juice with "a little more rum." "Ah! my dear woman," said I, "in our land it is very frosty and foggy; our summer is only a green-washed winter; even the sun there is obliged to wear a flannel jacket to keep from catching cold, and what with this flannel sunshine our fruits get along very greenly and poorly—in fact, between you and I and the bed-post, the only ripe fruits we have are baked apples. As for figs, they come to us, like oranges and lemons, from distant lands, and by the time they arrive no one would give a fig for them; only the worst of them ever reach us fresh, and these are so very bad that any one who is induced to take them for nothing, always brings an action for damages against the giver. As for *almonds*,[1] we have only the inflamed and swollen sort. In short, we are wanting in all the nobler fruits, and have nothing but gooseberries, pears, hazel-nuts, and similar *canaille*.

[1] The word *almond* is applied in German, as in Latin, not only to the fruit of that name, but to the tonsils.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS really delighted to have made a good acquaintance so soon after arriving in Italy, and had not deeper feelings drawn me to the south, I should have remained in Trent by the good fruit-woman, by the good figs and almonds, by the little bell-ringer, and, to tell the truth, by the beautiful girls, who streamed by in hordes. I do not know if other travellers would here admit the use of the word "beautiful," but the Trent females pleased me most unexceptionably. They were just the sort which I love; and I love those pale elegiac faces from which great black eyes gaze forth in love-sickness; I love the dark hue of those proud necks which Phœbus too has loved and kissed brown; I love those over-ripe necks with purple dots in them, which seem as if wanton birds had been picking at them; but above all I love that genial warm-blooded gait, that silent music of the whole body, those limbs which undulate in the sweetest measures, voluptuous, pliant, divinely lewd, dying in breathless idleness, and then once more etherially sublime and ever highly poetical. I love such women as I love poetry itself, and these melodiously moving forms,

this human orchestra as it rustled musically past me, found echo in my heart, and awoke in it its sympathetic tones.

It was now no longer the magic power of a first surprise, the legend-like mystery of some wild and wondrous apparition; it had become that tranquil spirit which studied those female forms as they passed along, just as a true critic reads a poem. And by observing in this wise, we discover much, much that is sad and strange—the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the great pride which still remains. Gladly would the daughters of Trent bedeck themselves in silk and in satin as in the days of the Council, when their city bloomed in velvets and satin; but the Council did nothing for them; the velvet is shabby, the satin in rags, and nothing remains to the poor children save an empty tawdry show, which they carefully preserve during the week, and with which they attire themselves only on Sunday. But many have not even these remains of bygone luxury, and must get along as they best can with the plain and cheaper manufactures of the present day. Therefore there is many a touching contrast between body and garment; the exquisitely carved mouth seems formed to command, and is itself scornfully overshadowed by a wretched willow hat with crumpled paper-flowers; the proudest breasts heave and palpitate in a

frizzle of coarse woollen imitation lace, and the most spiritual hips are embraced by the stupidest cotton. Sorrow, thy name is cotton, and brown-striped cotton at that! For, alas! nothing produced in me such sorrowful feelings as the sight of a fair Trent girl, who in form and complexion resembled a marble goddess, and who wore on this antique noble form a garment of brown-striped cotton, so that it seemed as though the petrified Niobe had suddenly become merry, and had disguised herself in our modern small-souled garb, and now swept in beggarly pride and superbly helpless through the streets of Trent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN I returned to the *Locanda dell' Grande Europa*, where I had ordered a good *pranzo*, I was really so dispirited that I could not eat, and that is saying a great deal for me. I sat down before the door of the neighbouring *Bottega*, refreshed myself with sherbet, and spoke thus:—

"Whimsical, blue-devilled heart! now thou art in Italy, why art thou not *tiri-liring?* Have perhaps the old German sorrows, little serpents which twined so closely within, come with thee to Italy, and do they now rejoice, and does their common rejoicing awaken in thy bosom

that picturesque sorrow which so strangely stings, and dances, and pipes, as in the olden time? And why should not the old sorrows also rejoice in their turn? Here in Italy all is so beautiful, even suffering itself; in these ruined marble palaces, sighs re-echo far more romantically than in our neatly tiled little houses; we can weep far more voluptuously beneath those laurels than under our ill-natured angular fir-trees; and is it not far sweeter to yearn and long away our souls deep into the ideal cloudy forms of the heavenly blue of Italy than into the ashy grey of a German week-day heaven, where even the clouds only cut honest, common-citizen grimaces, and stupidly gape down? Remain in my breast, ye sorrows! Ye will not find, after all, a better lodging-place. Ye are dear, and worth keeping, and nobody knows how to take better care of you than I, and I confess that ye are a great pleasure to me. And after all, what *is* pleasure? At best an intensely exquisite, convulsive pain!

I believe that the music which, without exciting my attention, rang before the *Bottega* and attracted a crowd of listeners, had melodramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a singular trio, consisting of two men and a young harp-girl. One of the men, clad as if for winter in a white overcoat, was a powerful figure, with a full red, bandit face, which blazed out from among the

black hair of his head and beard, like a threatening comet. He held between his legs a monstrous bass-viol, on which he sawed away as furiously as though he had, in the Abruzzi, conquered some poor traveller, and was desperately cutting his throat. The other was a tall, meagre old man, whose lean limbs tottered in a worn-out black dress, and whose snow-white hair contrasted sorrowfully with his buffo song and his crazy caperings. It is sad enough when an old man must, from poverty, lay aside the dignity of age and give himself up to pranks and tricks; but how much sadder is it when he must do this before his own child! and that girl *was* the daughter of the old buffo, and she accompanied on the harp his low jests, or laying it aside, sang with him a comic duet, in which he played the enamoured old man, and she the mocking young *amante.* Moreover, the girl appeared to have hardly entered her teens—yes, it seemed as though they had rudely made a woman of her ere she had come to maidenhood, and not a virtuous woman at that. Hence came that green-sickly withering, and that shrinking displeasure of the fair face, whose proudly thrown traits seemed to scorn all pity; hence that secret vexedness of the eyes which gleamed defiantly under their black triumphal arches; hence the deep tone of sorrow which contrasted so unnaturally with the fair and laugh-

ing lips which it escaped; hence the sickliness of the all too delicate limbs, which a short and painfully violet blue silk fluttered around, so far as possible. Many coloured and violently contrasted satin ribbons waved like flags around her old straw hat, and her breast was symbolically ornamented by a just opening rosebud, which seemed rather to have been pulled open than to have naturally unfolded itself from among its fresh verdant moss. Meanwhile there was perceptible in the poor girl —in this spring over which death had already breathed—an indescribable charm, a grace which expressed itself in every glance and motion and tone, and which did not disappear even when, with her body thrown forwards, she danced with mocking lasciviousness towards the old man, who, quite as immodestly, tottered towards her in the same attitude. The more shamelessly she acted, the deeper was the pity she awoke in my bosom, and when her song welled forth sweet and wondrous from her breast, as if imploring forgiveness, oh! then the little serpents leaped up in ecstasy within me, and bit into their own flesh for joy. Even the rose seemed to gaze imploringly on me—yes, once I saw it even tremble and grow pale, but at that instant the trills of the girl's voice rose so much more merrily on high, the old man bleated, goat-like, so much more passionately, and the red comet-face martyred his bass-viol so much more

savagely, that there came forth the most terrifically funny tones, and the audience rejoiced more madly than ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a real Italian composition, from some favourite comic opera, of that strange sort which gives the fullest scope to humour, and in which the latter can abandon himself to all his mad joy, his crazy feelings, his laughing sorrow, and his life-longing death-inspiration. It was altogether in the manner of Rossini as displayed in the "Barber of Seville."

The scorners of the Italian school, who would fain destroy the character of this sort of music, will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell, and are perhaps damned in advance to hear through all eternity nothing but the fugues of Sebastian Bach. It grieves me to think that so many of my friends will not escape this punishment, and that among them is Rellstab, who will be damned with the rest, unless before his death he is converted to the true faith of Rossini. Rossini! *divino Maestro!* Helios of Italy, who spreadest forth thy ringing rays over the world, pardon my poor countrymen who slander thee on

writing and blot thee on printing paper! I, however, rejoice in thy golden tones, in thy melodious rays, in thy gleaming butterfly dreams, which so merrily played around me, and kissed my heart as with the lips of the Graces. *Divino Maestro*, forgive my poor countrymen who do not see into thy depth, because thou coverest it with roses, and to whom thou dost not seem sufficiently profound, because thou soarest so lightly as on divine wings! It is true that to love the Italian music of the present day, and to arrive through love at its comprehension, one should have the people themselves before his eyes—their heaven, their character, their glances, their joys, their sorrows; in short, their entire history from Romulus, who founded the Holy Roman realm, until that later time when it perished under Romulus Augustulus II. Even the use of speech is forbidden to poor enslaved Italy, and she can only express by music the feelings of her heart. All her resentment against foreign dominion, her inspiration of liberty, her rage at the consciousness of weakness, her sorrow at the memories of past greatness, her faint hopes, her watching and waiting in silence, her yearning for aid—all is masked in those melodies which glide from an intense intoxication of very life into elegiac weakness, and in those pantomimes which burst in a second from flattering caresses into threatening rage.

This is the esoteric sense of the comic opera. The exoteric dull sentinel, in whose presence they are sung and acted, does not surmise the inner meaning of those jovial love-stories, love-longings, and love-mockeries, beneath which the Italian hides his deadliest thoughts of freedom, as Harmodius and Aristogeiton hid their daggers in wreaths of laurel. "It is all nonsensical stuff," says the exoteric sentinel, and it is well that he sees it not. For if he did, then the impresario, with his *prima donna* and *primo uomo*, would soon be compelled to walk those planks which lead to a prison; a commission of inquiry would soon be instituted; all treasonable trills and revolutionary *roulades* would be protocolled; they would arrest innumerable Harlequins who are involved in extensive ramifications of horrible plots; even Tartaglia, Brighella, and the suspicious old Pantaloon would be locked up, the papers of the *Dottore* of Bologna would be put under seal—he would chatter himself into greater suspicion; and under all these family troubles Columbine would weep her eyes red. But I myself think that there is little danger of this coming to pass, for the Italian demagogues are far shrewder than our poor Germans, who, with a similar intention, have also disguised themselves like black fools with black foolscaps, but who appeared so disagreeably melancholy, and seemed so dangerous by their deeply

earnest clown-leaping, which they call "turning," and made up such serious faces, that they finally attracted the attention of Government and got themselves into prison.[1]

CHAPTER XX.

THE little harp-girl must have remarked that I, while she sang and played, often looked at the rose on her bosom, and when I laid on the plate, when it went round, a piece of money which was not altogether too small, she slily laughed, and mysteriously asked in a whisper "if I would like to have her *rose?*"

Now I am the politest man in the world, and would not for all the world slander a rose, even though it be a rose which has already wasted some of its perfume. "And if," thought I, "it no longer smells perfectly fresh, and no longer breathes the odour of sanctity and virtue, like the Rose of Sharon, what is that to me who have such a devil of a cold in my head? And it is only mankind who are so particular in these little

[1] In allusion to the Turnvereine or gymnastic associations, which were also revolutionary political unions.—*Note by Translator.*

matters. The butterfly asks not of the rose, "Hath another already kissed thee?" Nor does the rose inquire, "Hast thou ere this fluttered around another?" And it happened about this time that night came stealing on, "and by night," thought I, "all flowers are grey,—the sinfullest rose quite as much so as the most virtuous parsley." Well and good; without hesitation I said to the little harp-girl, "Si, Signora, ..."

Gentle reader, form no evil fancies. It had grown dark, and the stars shone clear and holily into my heart, while in the heart itself trembled the memory of the dead Maria. I recalled that night when I stood before the bed whereon lay the beautiful pale corpse with soft, silent lips. I thought again on the strange glance which the old dame who was to watch the body cast on me when for some hours I was to relieve her of the task. I thought again of the night-violet,[1] which stood in a glass on the table, and which smelt so strangely. And a suspicion shuddered through my veins as to whether it were really a draught of air which extinguished the lamp, or was there really no third person in the chamber?

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[1] *Nachtviole*, night-smelling rocket.

CHAPTER XXI.

I WENT early to bed, and quickly fell to sleep, losing myself in the wildest dreams. I dreamed myself a few hours back, I came again into Trent, I was again in amazement as before, and all the more so because I saw nothing but flowers instead of human beings walking in the streets.

There were wandering glowing pinks, who voluptuously fanned themselves, coquettish balsamines, hyacinths with pretty empty bell-heads, and behind them a party of mustachioed vain narcissuses and disorderly larkspurs. At one corner two loose-strifes [1] were quarrelling and scolding. From the windows of a sickly-looking old house peered a spotted stock-gilliflower, decked off in ridiculous wise, while from within pealed a delicately perfumed violet voice. On the balcony of the great *palazzo* in the market-place all the nobility were assembled, all the high *noblesse*, viz., the lilies, who toil not, neither do they spin, and yet fancy that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed

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[1] Loose-strife, *Lysimachia stricta*. In the original, Heine makes these quarrelling flowers to be *Masliebchen*, which means maple-daisy or marsh-marigold.

like one of themselves. I even thought that I saw the plump fruit-wife, though when I looked more closely it was indeed the fruit-wife no longer, but a wintry sass-afras, who at once burst out on me with, "What d'ye want, you green-top, *you* pickled cowcumber? You're a blossom now, arn't ye? with your one stamen! Wait till I water you!" In terror I ran into the cathedral, and almost ran over an old lame mother-wort, whose prayer-book was carried for her by a little cox-comb. But in the cathedral all was right pleasant; there in long rows were the sweet tulips, piously nodding their heads. In the confessional sat a dark monk's-hood, and before him kneeled a flower whose face was not visible, but it breathed forth a perfume so strangely familiar, that I shuddered as I thought of the night-violet which stood in the chamber where the dead Maria lay.

As I again left the cathedral, I met a funeral procession of nothing but roses with black "weeds" and white handkerchiefs, and ah! on the bier lay the early plucked rose with which I had become acquainted on the bosom of the little harp-maiden. She now looked far gentler, but all snow-white—a white-rose corpse. They set down the coffin in a little chapel, where there was nothing but weeping and sighing, and finally an old hell'ebore got up and delivered a long funeral sermon, in which he said much of the

virtues of the departed, of this earthly carnivale of tears, which availeth naught, of a better being, of Love, Hope, and Faith, all in a nasal, singing tone—a well-watered oration, and so long and long-winded that I at last awoke.[1]

CHAPTER XXII.

My *vetturino* had harnessed his horses in advance of Phœbus, and we reached Ala before dinner-time. Here the *vetturine* are accustomed to stop a few hours and change horses.

Ala is a real Italian nest of a place. It is picturesquely situated on the slope of a mountain, a river ripples past it, and pleasant green vines flourish here and there, amid the stuck-together beggar palaces which hang one over the other. On a corner of the warped market-house, no bigger than a hencoop, is inscribed in great imposing letters, *Piazza di San Marco.* On the stone fragment of a massive coat of arms of an ancient noble family sat a little boy, manifesting in his need anything but respect for the relic.

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[1] Clement Brentano has in his *Gockel und Gockeleia* carried out this conceit of *les fleurs animées* to a greater extent, in much the same manner as Heine.

The clear sunlight shone on his naïve nudity, and he held in his hand a picture of a saint, which he devoutly kissed. A little girl, beautiful as a statue, stood by in rapt attention, blowing at times an accompaniment on a penny trumpet.

The tavern where I dined was thoroughly Italian. Above on the first storey was a full gallery looking towards the courtyard, in which lay ruined waggons and anxious piles of manure, and wherein were turkeys with ridiculous red wattles and beggarly proud peacocks, besides half a dozen ragged, sunburnt children, who were aiding in the mutual improvement of their capillary attractions after the Bell and Lancasterian methods. By means of this balcony I passed by the broken iron balustrade into a broad echoing chamber. The floor was of marble; in the midst stood a great bed, on which fleas were consummating their nuptials, while on every side was all the magnificence of dirt. The host leaped here and there to fulfil my commands. He wore a violently green frock-coat, and a manifoldly moving countenance, in which was a hump-backed nose, on the centre of which sat a red wart, which reminded me of a red-coated monkey on a camel's back. He sprang hither and thither, and it seemed to me as though the red monkey were leaping about in like manner. He was an

hour in bringing anything, and when I rated him soundly for it, he assured me on his word that I spoke Italian admirably.

I was obliged to content myself for a long time with the agreeable perfume of roast meat, which was wafted towards me from the doorless kitchen just opposite, in which the mother and daughter sat side by side, singing and plucking chickens. The first was remarkably corpulent, with breasts which sprang boldly outward, and yet were still diminutive as compared to the colossal antitype, so that the one reminded me of the "Institutes" of the Roman Law, while the other seemed their enlargement in the "Pandects." The daughter, a by no means very large, but still stoutly built person, was also inclined to corpulency, but her rosy fatness was by no means to be compared to the ancient tallow of the mother. Her features were not soft, not enchanting with the charms of youth, but still beautifully cut, noble, and antique; the eyes and hair of brilliant black. The mother, on the contrary, had flat, stumpy features, a rosy-red nose, blue eyes, which looked like violets boiled in milk and lily-white powdered hair. Now and then *il Signor padre* came leaping in and asked for this or that dish or implement, when he was advised in calm recitative to look for it himself. Then he smacked with his tongue, hunted in the drawer, tasted from the boiling pot, burned

his mouth, and hopped again out, and with him his camel nose and the red monkey on it. And behind him rang forth merry trills, like pleasant mockery and family joking.

But a thunder-stroke suddenly interrupted this agreeable and almost idyllic family scene, as a square-built fellow with a lowering, murderous face leaped in, and screamed something that I did not understand. As both the women made emphatic gestures of denial, he became insane with rage, spitting fire and flame like an ill-natured young Vesuvius. The landlady seemed to be in trouble, and whispered assuaging words, which had, however, a contrary effect, so that the raging wretch seized an iron shovel, smashed divers unfortunate plates and bottles, and would have struck down the unfortunate woman had not the daughter grasped a long kitchen knife and threatened to run him through unless he at once vanished.

It was a beautiful sight—that of the girl standing there sallow and pale, and petrified with rage, like a marble statue, her very lips pale, the eyes deep and death-like, a blue swollen vein crossing her brow, the black locks twining around it like snakes, a bloody knife in her hand. I trembled with delight, for I fancied that I saw before me the image of Medea, as I have often dreamed her in my youthful nights when I have

fallen to sleep on the dear bosom of Melpomene, the darkly beautiful goddess.

While all this was going on, the *Signor padre* never once ran off his track, but with habitual busy calmness picked up the shards from the soil, collected the plates which yet remained alive, and brought me first soup with Parmesan cheese, roast meat, hard and solid as German fidelity, crabs red as love, spinach green as hope, with eggs; and for dessert, onions which brought tears of emotion to my eyes. "It's nothing; it's only Pietro's way," said he, as I glanced in wonder towards the kitchen, and in fact, after the great cause of all the difficulty had made himself scarce, it seemed as if nothing had happened; mother and daughter singing calmly as before, as they sat and plucked chickens.

The bill convinced me that the *Signor Padre* also understood the sublime art of "plucking," and when I, in addition to his demand, also gave him a *buona mano*, he sneezed in such ecstatic delight that the red monkey nearly fell from its seat. Then I nodded in a friendly manner into the kitchen, received as friendly a salute in return, quickly jumped into the new coach, drove rapidly along the plains of Lombardy, and arrived about evening in the ancient world-renowned town Verona.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE varied power of new appearances moved me only dimly and forebodingly in Trent, like the tremor of a legend; but in Verona I was seized by a mighty feverish dream full of hot colours, accurately designed forms, ghostly trumpet-clang, and the far-away roar of weapons. Many a dark old palace stared on me as though it would confide to me some ancient secret, and withheld it only on account of the officious crowd of every-day mortals, begging me to come again by night. Yet, despite the tumult of the throng and the wild sun which cast over me its red light, here and there some dark old tower whispered to me some deeply significant word; here and there I overheard the murmurings of broken columns, and as I passed along a small flight of steps which led to the *Piazzi de Signori*, the stones narrated to me a fearfully bloody story, and I read on the corner the words *Scala Ammazati.*

Verona, the ancient world-renowned city, situated on both sides of the Adige, has been in all ages the first halting-place for the great German emigrations of tribes who left their cold Northern forests and crossed the Alps to rejoice in the

golden sunshine of pleasant Italy. Some went farther on; others were well enough pleased with the place itself, and made themselves at home and comfortable in it, and put on their silk dressing-gowns and promenaded cheerfully among flowers and cypresses, until new-comers, who still had on their iron garments, arrived from the North and crowded them away, an oft-repeated tale, and one called by historians the emigration of races. If we wander through the district of Verona, we find startling traces of those days, as well as relics of an earlier and of a later age. The amphitheatre and the triumphal arch remind us of the Roman age; the fabulous relics of so many Romanesque ante-gothic buildings recall Theodoric, that Dietrich of Bern, of whom Germans yet sing and tell; mad fragments bring up Alboin and his raging Longobardi; legendary monuments speak of Carolus Magnus, whose paladins are chiselled on the gate of the cathedral with the same frank roughness which characterised them in life. It all seems as though the town were a great tavern, and as people in inns are accustomed to write their names on walls and windows, so have the races who have travelled through Verona left in it traces of their presence. Frequently, it is true, not in the most legible hand, since many a German tribe had not then learned to write, and was obliged to smash something by way of leaving its mark, which was

also very well in its way, as these ruins which they made speak more intelligibly than the most elaborate writing. And the barbarians who now dwell in the old hostelrie will not fail to leave similar tokens of their presence, having neither poets nor sculptors to hand down their memory to posterity.

I remained but one day in Verona, constantly marvelling at novelties, gazing at one time on the ancient buildings, at another on the human beings who thronged past in mysterious haste, and finally at the divinely blue heaven which limited the whole strange scene like a costly frame, and seemed to make of it a painting. But it is right queer when a man sticks himself into a picture which he has just been looking at, and is occasionally laughed at by his fellow-figures, and by the female ones at that, as happened to me very pleasantly in the *Piazza delle Erbe.* This place is the vegetable market, and there I found abundance of delightful forms, women and girls, longing, great-eyed faces, bodies in which one could dwell very comfortably, excitingly brunette-coloured, naïvely dirty beauties, much better adapted to night than to day. The white or black veils which the city women wear were so cunningly entwined around their breasts that they displayed more of the beautiful forms than they concealed. The girls wore their hair in chignons,

pierced with one or more golden arrows or silver rods terminated by an acorn. The peasant women generally wore small straw-hats shaped like plates, with coquettish flowers on one side of the head. The dress of the men differed less from that of our own, and only the immense black beard which came like bushes over their cravats was to me a little startling.

If we study these people more attentively, the men as well as the women, we find in their features as well as in their whole being the traces of a civilisation which differs from our own in this, that it is evidently derived from the Roman times—not from mediæval barbarism—and has only modified itself according to the character of the casual rulers of the land. Civilisation has with them no new and startling features, as among us, where the oaken trunk was first sawn, as it were, but yesterday, and where everything smells of varnish. It seems as though this race in the *Piazza delle Erbe* has during the course of time only changed clothes and language, while the spirit of their customs has undergone but little modification. The buildings which surround the place do not appear to have adapted themselves so well to the change of circumstances, but they do not look on us the less pleasantly, and their glance strangely moves the soul. There stand the high old palaces in Venetian-Lombard

style, with countless balconies and smiling frescoes; in the midst rises a single monumental column, a fountain, and the stone image of a saint; here we see a whimsical white and red striped Podesta, who stands behind a vast pillar-gate; there we behold an old four-corner church tower, on which the hand of the clock is broken and its figures half obliterated, so that even time seems destroying itself; and over all rests that romantic enchantment which breathes so pleasantly over us from the fantastic poems of Ludovico Ariosto or of Ludovico Tieck.

Near this place is a house which, on account of a hat which is chiselled in stone over the inner door, is supposed to be the palace of the Capulets. It is now a dirty inn for waggoners and coachmen, and has for a sign a red-painted hat of sheet metal full of holes. Not far off, in a church, they show the chapel in which, according to the legend, the unfortunate lovers were married. A poet gladly visits such places, even when he himself laughs at the easy superstition of his heart. I found in this chapel a solitary woman, a care-worn, faded being, who, after long kneeling and praying, arose sighing, gazed strangely on me with a sickly, silent glance, and finally tottered weakly away.

The tombs of the Scaligeri are also near the *Piazza delle Erbe*. They are as wonderfully splendid as becomes such a proud race, and it is a

pity that they should stand in a narrow corner, where they must crowd together to take up as little room as possible, and where there remains but little space for the visitor to behold them aright. It seems as though we saw in this an historical comparison. The race of the Scaligeri fills but a small corner in Italian history, but that corner is crowded with deeds of daring, splendid plans, and all the magnificence of pride. And we find them on their monuments, as in history, proud iron knights on iron steeds, and among them, surpassing in splendour, Can Grande, the uncle, and Mastino, the nephew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MUCH has been said of the amphitheatre of Verona; it is large enough to give space to many remarks, and there is no remark which may not find a space in it. It is built altogether in that earnest, practical style whose beauty consists of perfect solidity, and which, like all public buildings of the Romans, breathes out a spirit which is nothing else save the spirit of Rome itself. And Rome! Who is so soundly ignorant that his heart does not beat at the mention of this name, and whose soul is not at least

thrilled by a traditional terror? For myself, I confess that my feelings are rather those of fear than pleasure when I reflect that I shall soon tread on the lair of old Rome itself. "Old Rome is long dead," said I, soothingly to myself, "and thou wilt have the pleasure of regarding her fair corpse without danger. But then the Falstaffian thought came into my head, "What if she were not as yet really dead, and has only feigned to be so, and should suddenly arise—the thought is terrible!"

When I visited the amphitheatre, comedy was being played in it; a little wooden stage was erected in its midst, on which all sorts of Italian harlequinry was being acted, and the spectators sat partly on little chairs and partly on the high stone benches of the ancient amphitheatre. There I too sat, and saw Brighella's and Tartaglia's mock fighting, on the same spot where the Romans once sat and gazed on their battles of gladiators and wild beasts. The heaven above me with its crystal-blue shell was still the same as of old. Little by little it grew dark, the stars shimmered out, Truffaldino [1] laughed, Smeraldina wailed, and finally Pantaloon came and joined

[1] Those familiar with the "Fantasies of Callot" will have an accurate idea of the characters and appearance of these popular buffo individuals. *Vide* also *Masques et Buffons*, by Maurice Sand.—*Note by Translator.*

their hands. The multitude clapped their approbation, and went their way rejoicing. The whole play had not cost one drop of blood; but it was only *a play*. But the plays of the Romans were no plays; these men could never have satiated their souls with mockeries, they lacked that childlike cheerfulness of soul; and according to their stern natures they manifested in their sports the harshest, bloodiest earnestness. They were not great men, but by their position they were greater than all the other children of earth, for they stood on Rome. When they descended from the Seven Hills they were again small. Hence the littleness which we discover in their private life; in Herculaneum and Pompeii, those palimpsests of Nature, where the original old stone text is again brought to life, showing the traveller Roman life in little houses, with diminutive rooms, which contrast so singularly with those colossal buildings which set forth their public life, and those theatres, aqueducts, fountains, highways, and bridges, whose ruins still awake our wonder. And this is just it; the Greeks were great in the idea of art, the Hebrews in the idea of a holiest God, and the Romans in the idea of their eternal Rome, wherever it was by them fought, written, or built in the inspiration of this idea. The greater Rome became the more she extended this idea, the individual

was lost in it; the great who rose above it were still borne along by it, and it makes the littleness of the little still more apparent. On this account the Romans were at the same time the greatest heroes and the greatest satirists—heroes while they acted and thought of Rome, satirists if they thought of Rome and judged of the deeds of their contemporaries. Measured by such an enormous standard as the greatness of Rome, the greatest personality must have appeared dwarf-like, and even have attracted mockery. Tacitus is the grimmest of masters in this satire, because he, more than any other, felt in his soul the grandeur of Rome and the littleness of men. He is gloriously in his element whenever he can tell us what slanderous tongues prattled in the forum over some deed of imperial infamy, and fiercely delighted when he has an opportunity of detailing some senatorial scandal, or some abject flattery which missed its mark.

I remained walking for a long time on the upper benches of the amphitheatre, dreaming my way back into the dim past. As all buildings reveal most clearly in twilight their inner spirit, so did these walls whisper to me in their fragmentary lapidary style the most mysterious things, for they spoke of the men of old Rome, and it seemed to me that I beheld their spirits wandering far below me like white shadows in the

darkened circus. I seemed to see the Greeks with their inspired martyr eyes! "Tiberius Sempronius!" cried I aloud, "I will vote with thee for the agrarian law!" And I saw Cæsar too, wandering arm-in-arm with Marcus Brutus. "Are ye again reconciled?" I cried. "We both believed that we were in the right," laughed Cæsar up to me. "I knew not that a Roman still existed, and therefore thought myself justified in putting Rome in my pocket; and because my son Marcus was just this Roman, he thought himself justified in making away with me." Behind the two glided Tiberius Nero, with cloud-like limbs and undetermined mien. And there were women too in the spectral throng; among them Agrippina, with beautiful ambitious features, like those of an antique statue, and on which the traces of pain seemed petrified. "Whom seekest thou, daughter of Germanicus?" Scarcely had I heard her wail ere there rolled over all the heavy tones of a vesper-bell, and the horrible drumming of the evening roll-call. The proud Roman spirits passed away, and I found myself once more in the Austrian Christian present age.

CHAPTER XXV.

As soon as it is dark, the *beau monde* of Verona promenades on the place *La Bra*, or sits there on little chairs before the cafés, sipping sherbet and evening air and music. It is right pleasant sitting there; the dreaming heart cradles itself in soft tones, and rings back in echo to them. Often, as if reeling with sleep, it trembles when the trumpets re-echo and join in with full orchestra. Then the soul is again revived as with fresh sunshine, great flowering feelings and memories with vast black eyes come blooming up, and over them sweep thoughts like trains of clouds, proud and slowly and eternally

I wandered until midnight through the streets of Verona. Little by little they were deserted and re-echoed strangely. The buildings and their armaments glimmered in the half moonlight, and many a marble face looked pale and painfully upon me. I walked quickly past the tombs of the Scaligeri, for it seemed to me as though Can Grande—courteous as ever towards poets—would descend from his horse and accompany me as guide. "Still where thou art," I cried, "I need thee not. My heart is the best guide, and tells all that passes in the houses, and

excepting names and dates, tells them truly enough."

As I came to the Roman triumphal gate, there swept through it a black monk, and far in the distance sounded a rumbling German "*Wer da?*" ("Who goes there?") "Good friend!" answered a laughing soprano.

But what woman's voice was that which thrilled so strangely sweet through my soul as I ascended the *Scala Ammazati?* It was a song which echoed as if from a dying nightingale—death-delicately, and which seemed to cry to the very stone walls for aid. On this spot Antonio della Scala murdered his brother Bartolomeo, as the latter went to meet his lady-love. And my heart told me that she sat in her chamber awaiting her beloved, and sang to drown foreboding fears. But soon the song and air seemed to me so strangely familiar—I had before heard those silken, fearful, bleeding tones; they twined around me soft, tearful memories, and—O thou stupid heart, said I to myself, hast thou then forgotten the song of the sick Moorish king sung to thee so often by the dead Maria? And the voice itself; knowest thou no longer the voice of the dead Maria?

The long-drawn notes followed me through every street into the hotel *Due Torre*, into my bedroom, into my dream. And there I saw once more my sweet, dead life, lying beautiful and

motionless; the old washerwoman stole away with a meaning side-glance, the night-violet breathed out its perfume; I again kissed the lovely lips, and the dear corpse slowly arose to offer again a kiss.

If I only knew what it was that blew out the light!

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Know'st thou the land where the bright lemon blows?"

KNOWEST thou the song? All Italy is sketched in it, but in the sighing tones of longing and desire. Goethe in his "Italian Journey" has sung it more in detail, and whenever *he* paints he always has the original before his eyes, and we can rely on the truthfulness both of outline and of colouring. And I find it appropriate to speak here, once for all, of Goethe's "Italian Journey," and I do this the more willingly since he made the same tour from Verona through the Tyrol. I have already spoken of that work before I was personally familiar with its subject, and I now find my presentiment as to its merits fully established. Everywhere in it we find a practical comprehension and the calm repose of Nature. Goethe holds the mirror up to, or, to speak more accurately, is himself the mirror of Nature. Nature wished to know how she looked, and therefore created

Goethe. He even reflects the thoughts and intentions of Nature, and we should not judge harshly of some enthusiastic "Goethian," especially in the dog-days, if he is at times so astonished at the identity of the object mirrored with its original, that he ascribes to the mirror a power of creating similar objects. A certain Mr. Eckermann once wrote a book on Goethe, in which he solemnly assures us that if the Lord on creating the world had said to Goethe, "Dear Goethe, I am now, the Lord be praised, at an end; I have created everything except the birds and the trees, and you would oblige me by getting up these trifles for me," then Goethe would have finished them all in the spirit of the original design, the birds with feathers, and the trees of a green colour.

There is some truth in all this, and I even believe that in some particulars Goethe could have given the Lord a few valuable hints as to the improvement of certain articles, and would, for instance, have created Herr Eckermann much more correctly by covering him with green feathers. It is at least a pity that a tuft of green feathers does not grow out of Eckermann's head, and Goethe did in fact strive to remedy the defect, as far as possible, by writing to Jena for a doctor's hat, and by placing it with his own hands on his admirer's poll.

Next to Goethe's "Italian Journey," I would

commend Lady Morgan's "Italy" and the "Corinna" of Madame de Staël. What these ladies lack in talent they make up; in order to equal the original; in the manliness of thought, which is wanting in him. For Lady Morgan has spoken like a man; she spoke scorpions to the hearts of many brazen hirelings, and sweet were the notes of this fluttering nightingale of freedom. Of like nature, as many well know, was Madame de Staël, an amiable *vivandière* in the liberal army, who ran courageously through the ranks of the combatants with her canteen of enthusiasm, strengthening the weary, and fighting with them too, better than the best.

As for works on Italian travel, William Müller gave us a review of them some time since in "Hermes," and their number is legion. Among the older German writers in this line, the most distinguished in genius or originality are Moritz, Auchenholtz, Bartels, the brave Seume, Arndt, Meyer, Benkowitz, and Rehfues. I know but little of the more recent tourists, and I have derived from only a few of them pleasure or profit. Among these I may mention the "Rome, the Romans, and the Roman Women," of the too early deceased W. Müller—ah! he was a German poet. Then the journey of Kephalides, which is a little dry; Lesmann's "Cisalpine Leaves," which is a little too watery; and finally,

the "Tours in Italy, since 1822, of Frederick Thiersch, Ludwig Schorn, Edward Gerhardt, and Leo von Klenze." Only the first part of this work has as yet appeared, and it consists principally of contributions from my dear and noble-hearted friend Thiersch, whose humane glance is evident in every line.[1]

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Know'st thou the land where the bright lemon blows?
'Mid dark green leaves the golden orange glows;
A gentle breeze from its blue heaven blows,
Calm lies the myrtles, high the laurel grows.
Know'st thou it well?
Oh, there, oh, there, with thee,
How glad were I, loved one, to wander free!"

ONLY don't go in the beginning of August, when you are liable to be roasted by the sun during the day, and to be devoured by fleas at night. And I moreover counsel thee, thou best of readers, not to travel from Verona to Milan in the post-coach.

I rode in company with six bandits in an

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[1] Frederick Thiersch, well known from his contributions to the knowledge of the Greek language and art, and to æsthetics. The translator, who was while in Germany a pupil of Thiersch, trusts that he will not be accused of undue intrusion in warmly assenting to Heine's commendation of one whom he (the translator) has also learned to esteem and admire.

unwieldly bumping *carozza*, which, on account of the all-prevailing dust, was so carefully shut up that I could see but little of the beauty of the scenery. Only twice ere we gained Brescia did my neighbour lift the side leather curtain in order to spit. The first time he did this, I saw nothing but some perspiring fir-trees, which, in their green winter overcoats, seemed to suffer greatly from the sultry summer heat; the second time I saw a fragment of a wondrous clear blue lake, wherein the sun and a lean grenadier mirrored themselves. The latter of the pair—an Austrian Narcissus—gazed admiringly and joyfully at the accuracy with which his reflections imitated all his movements when he presented, shouldered, or aimed with his gun.

I have but little to tell of Brescia, as I occupied myself during the time of my "residence" there in eating a good luncheon. No one can blame a poor traveller for satisfying bodily hunger in preference to the spiritual. Still I was conscientious enough, ere I re-entered the coach, to inquire a few particulars relative to the town from a waiter, and learned of him that Brescia contained, among other things, forty thousand inhabitants, one town-hall, twenty-one coffee-houses, twenty Catholic churches, a madhouse, a synagogue, a menagerie, a house of correction, a hospital, an equally good theatre, and a gallows

for those thieves who steal less than one hundred thousand dollars.

I arrived about midnight in Milan, and went to Herr Reichmann's, a German, whose hotel is fitted up entirely in the German manner. It was the best inn in all Italy, said certain friends whom I there met, and who had mournful tales to relate relative to Italian swindling and taking in. Especially did Sir William curse as he assured me that if Europe is the head of the world, Italy is its bump of theft. The poor baronet had been obliged to pay in the *Locanda Croce Bianco* at Padua not less than twelve francs for a poor breakfast, and at Vicenza some wretch of a waiter had demanded a gratuity for picking up for him a glove just dropped from his coach.[1] His cousin Tom said that all Italians are rogues, except that they do not steal. Had he been more attractive, he might have said the same of their women. The third in the party was a Mr. Liver, whom I had left as a young calf in Brighton, and whom I now found a *bœuf a la mode* in Milan. He was dressed entirely as a dandy, and I have never met a mortal who better knew how to bring out the corners with his figure. When he stuck his thumbs into his vest armlets he made

[1] Here, as in other passages, Heine borrows an idea from Sterne.—*Translator.*

nothing but angles, his very mouth folded up square as a brick. Withal he had a square head, small behind, pointed above, with a low forehead and a very long chin. Among the English acquaintances whom I met in Milan was Liver's corpulent aunt, who seemed like an avalanche of fat, which had rolled down from the Alps in company with two snow-white, snow-cold winter geese, Miss Polly and Miss Molly.

Do not accuse me, dear reader, of Anglomania, should I very frequently speak of English people in this book. They are too numerous in Italy not to be mentioned; they sweep over the land in swarms, they lodge in every inn, crowd everywhere to see everything, and it is impossible to imagine an Italian orange blossom without thinking of some pretty English girl smelling at it, or a picture-gallery without a mob of Englishmen, who, guide-book in hand, go rushing around to make certain that everything is there which is described in their guide-books. When we see this blonde, red-cheeked race, with their shining coaches, many-coloured lackeys, neighing race-horses, green-veiled chamber-maids, and other costly apparatus, inquisitive and ornamented, sweeping over the Alps and through Italy, we can imagine that we see an elegant invasion, or rather migration of a race. And, in fact, the son of Albion, albeit he wears clean linen and pays cash down

for everything, is a civilised barbarian as compared with the Italian, who indicates a civilisation now passing into barbarism. The former shows a suppressed rudeness, the latter a neglected refinement. And even the pale Italian faces, with the suffering white of their eyes and their sickly delicate lips, how silently aristocratic do they seem as compared to stiff British faces, with their vulgar ruddy health! The whole Italian race is internally sick, and sick people are invariably more refined than the robust, for only the sick man is really a man; his limbs have a history of suffering, they are spiritualised. I believe that by suffering animals could be made human. I have seen a dying hound, who in his last agonies gazed on me with the glance of a man.

The suffering expression of the Italians is most visible when we speak to them of the misfortunes of their country, and in Milan there is plenty of opportunity for that. *That* is the sharpest wound in the breast of an Italian, and it quivers and twitches when touched ever so lightly. They have on such occasions a peculiar shrug of the shoulders, which inspires in me a strange pity. One of my Britons regarded the Italians as being politically indifferent, because they seemed to listen with equanimity when we strangers chatted on the Catholic emancipation and the Turkish war; and he was unjust enough to say as much,

mockingly, to a pale Italian with a jet black beard. We had the previous evening seen the *debût* of a new opera in *La Scala*, and witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm which a first success excites. "You Italians," said the Englishman, "appear to be dead to everything save music, which is the only thing that seems to excite you." "You do us injustice," said the pale one, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah!" he sighed, "Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song, and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened, which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now gush forth mightily; and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in *La Scala*."

Perhaps this confession also explains the enthusiasm which Rossini's or Meyerbeer's operas have everywhere produced on the other side of the Alps. If I ever in my life saw human madness, it was at a representation of the *Crociato in Egitto*, when the music frequently underwent a sudden transition from soft wailing tones to exulting defiant pain. Such madness is termed by Italians *furore*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALTHOUGH I have here, dear reader—the Brera and Ambrosiana being in my way—a glorious opportunity to serve up views on art, I will still suffer this cup to pass away from you, contenting myself with the remark that I have observed the pointed chin, which gives such a sentimental impression to so many pictures of the Lombard school, on many a pretty Lombardess in the streets of Milan.

It has always been marvellously comforting and edifying to me, when an opportunity presented itself, to compare the works of a school with the originals which served as its models; for thus I more accurately appreciated its character. Thus in the great fair of Rotterdam, the divine geniality of Jan Steen was suddenly revealed to me; and thus at a later date I learned on *Lung 'Arno* the truth of form and the effective spirit of the Florentines, while in San Marco I caught the truth of colour and the dreamy superficiality of the Venetians. Go to Rome, my dear soul, go to Rome, and there perhaps you may soar to a perception of the ideal, and to the appreciation of Raphael.

However, there is one marvel at Milan, and by long odds the greatest, which I cannot leave unnoted—*that* is the Cathedral.

From a distance it looks as though cut from white note-paper, and when near it the observer is startled to find that this lace-like scissoring is all of undeniable white marble. The countless images of saints which cover the entire building, which peep forth under little Gothic baldachins, and which rise from every point, form a petrified multitude which well nigh bewilders our senses. Yet, if we study the entire work a while longer, we find that it is right pretty, colossally neat, a plaything for giant children. But it appears best in the midnight moonshine, for then all the white stone-men come swarming down from their height, and sweep together over the place, and whisper old legends in our ears, or a quaintly sacred secret tale of Galeazzo Visconti, who begun the Cathedral, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, who at a later day continued it.

"D'ye see," said to me a singular-looking saint, who had evidently been but recently manufactured from bran new marble, "d'ye see, my old friends here cannot understand why the Emperor Napoleon worked away so industriously at the Cathedral; but I flatter myself that I have seen into the matter. He knew perfectly well that this great stone house was at any rate a very

useful building, and that it might be used when Christianity shall have gone out of date."

"When Christianity shall be out of date!" I was fairly frightened to hear that there were *saints* who talked this way in Italy, and that in a place where Austrian sentinels, with bearskin caps and knapsacks, were marching up and down. Anyhow, the old stone chap was right, for the interior of the Cathedral is pleasant and cool in summer, and cheerful and agreeable, and will be worth something, do what they will with it.

The completion of this Cathedral was one of Napoleon's favourite ideas, and he was not far from it when his power came to an end. The Austrians are now carrying it on. They are also working at the celebrated triumphal arch, which is to conclude the Simplon road, though, of course, Napoleon's statue will not be placed on the summit of the arch, as was originally determined. At all events, the great Emperor has left behind him a monument which is better and more durable than marble, and which no Austrian can hide from observation. Long after the rest of us ordinary mortals shall have been mowed down by the scythe of Time, and blown away like chaff of the field, that statue monument will remain unscathed; new races will rise from the earth, will gaze bewildered on the image, and pass away again to earth; and time, incapable

of injuring the form, will seek to involve it in legendary myths, and its tremendous history will finally be a myth.

Perhaps after thousands of years some wonderfully shrewd schoolmaster in a fearfully profound dissertation will prove beyond cavil that Napoleon Bonaparte was identical with that other Titan who stole fire from the gods, and who for this trespass was chained to a solitary rock in the midst of the sea, as a prey to a vulture, which day by day gnawed away at his heart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My excellent friend and reader, I sincerely hope that you will not mistake me for an unconditional Bonapartist; my adoration is entirely for the genius, and not for the deeds of the man. I love him beyond all limit up to the eighteenth *Brumaire*, when he betrayed freedom. And this he did, not from necessity, but from a secret predilection for aristocracy.[1] Napoleon Bonaparte was an aristocrat, a noble enemy of middle-class equality, and it was an enormous mistake and misunderstanding

[1] Heine himself being not one whit behind Napoleon in the same weakness, while he seldom refers to the *bourgeois*, or middle class, save in ridicule.—*Note by Translator.*

when the European aristocracy, represented by England, made such deadly war on him; for although he intended to introduce a few changes into the *personnel* of this aristocracy, he still wished to uphold the majority of them and their actual principle; he would have regenerated this aristocracy, which now, after its last and certainly final victory, lies exhausted by age, loss of blood, and weariness.

Dear reader, let us here, once and for all, understand one another. I never praise the *deed*, but the human soul whose garment the deed is, and history is nothing but the soul's old wardrobe.[1] But love sometimes loves old hats and coats, and even so do I love the cloak of Marengo.

"We are on the battlefield of Marengo!" How my heart laughed as the postillion said this. I was in company with a very gentlemanly Lieflander, who rather played the Russian the evening before we had left Milan, and the next morning we saw the sun rise over the famed field of battle.

It was here that General Bonaparte drank so mighty a draught from the goblet of renown, that in his intoxication he became Consul, Emperor,

[1] This passage is a brief epitome of "Sartor Resartus." The simile is more clearly and fully expressed in a Rosicrucian treatise on Fire and Salt by Lord Blaise, seventeenth century.—*Note by Translator.*

World-conqueror, and first grew sober at St. Helena. And it fared no better with us, who also got tipsy with him, dreamed the same wild dreams, awoke in the same manner, and now in all the misery of soberness are making all sorts of reasonable reflections. And it often seems to us as if warlike reputation were an old-fashioned, out-of-date sort of pleasure, for under Napoleon a battle attained its acme of significance, and he was perhaps the last of the conquerors.

It really seems as though more spiritual than material interests were now being fought out, and as though universal history were no longer a robber-legend, but a ghost-story. The grand lever which ambitious and avaricious princes were once wont to employ so industriously—that is to say, nationality, with all its vanity and hatred, is now musty and used up; day by day the ridiculous prejudices of races are disappearing; all harsh peculiarities are perishing in the universality of European civilisation. There are no longer nations but parties, and it is wonderful to behold how these, despite the most varied colours, recognise each other, and make themselves mutually intelligible, notwithstanding the difference of language. As there is a *material* policy of States, so there is also a spiritual party-policy; and as the States' policy would quickly bring to a general, zealous European war the smallest strife which

should spring up between the smallest Powers, where interest is the governing principle, so, on the other hand, the smallest strife could not take place in which, owing to the party-policy already alluded to, the general spiritual tendencies and meanings would not be at once understood, and by which the most distant and heterogeneous parties would find themselves compelled to take side *pro* or *contra*.

On account of this party-policy, which I call a spiritual-policy, because its interests are more spiritual and its *ultimæ rationes* not metallic, there are now formed, as if by the medium of the States' policy, two great masses opposed to each other, fighting with glance and word. The watch-words and representatives of these two great parties change day by day—there is no lack of confusion —the greatest misunderstandings often arise, and these are often rather increased than lessened by the authors, who form the diplomatists of the spiritual party; but though heads may err, hearts still feel what they need, and Time presses on with her great question.

But what is the great question of the age?

It is that of emancipation. Not simply the emancipation of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian Negroes, and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world, and especially that of Europe, which has attained its

majority, and now tears itself loose from the iron leading-strings of a privileged aristocracy. A few philosophical renegades from freedom may forge, if they will, for us the most elaborate chains of conclusions, to prove that millions of men are born to be beasts of burden for a few thousand nobles, but they will never convince us until they make it clear, to borrow the expression of Voltaire, that the former are born with saddles on their backs, and the latter with spurs on their heels.

Every age has its problem, whose solution advances the world. The earlier inequality established by the feudal system in Europe was perhaps necessary, or a necessary condition of the advance of humanity; but now it impedes the latter, and represses the pulsations of the civilised heart.[1] The French, who are pre-eminently the race of social intercourse, have necessarily suffered most from this inequality, which grates so harshly against the principles of sociability; they have sought to force equality by gently nipping off those heads which persisted in rising above the rest, and their revolution was the signal for a war of independence for the whole world.

[1] Thus serfdom was in Russia a great advance from nomadic barbarism, and the Southern United States would have still been a wilderness but for slavery.—*Note by Translator.*

Honour to the French!—they have taken good care of the two greatest needs of human society—of good eating and citizenly equality; they have made the greatest advances in cookery and in freedom; and if it ever comes to pass that we all hold together one grand dinner of jolly good-fellowship—and on this earth there is nothing better than an assembly of peers at a well-spread table—we will give the Frenchmen the first toast. It will be some time, I know, before this grand feast comes off, and before emancipation is finished up; but it is bound to come, this blessed time, when we, all reconciled and on a par, will sit together around the same table.[1] Then in union we will fight against other evils of the world, perhaps at last against death itself—death, whose stern system of equality is not, to say the worst, so oppressive as the smiling theory of *in*equality held by aristocracy.

Laugh not, thou later reader. Every age believes that its battle is the most important; this is the true creed of the time in which it lives and dies, and we, too, will live and die in this religion of freedom, which perhaps better deserves the

[1] The only question will be to know of whom "we" are to consist. Heine wrote this before the age of railways and steam vessels. England and America are beginning to find that there are some hundreds of millions of outside barbarians who are coming in much more rapidly than our own poor can be civilised.—*Note by Translator.*

name of religion than the hollow, long dead soul-spectre which we have qualified by that name. Our holy battle seems to us to be by far the mightiest ever yet fought on earth, though a historical presentiment tells us that our descendants will look down on this strife with perhaps the same indifference with which we regard the combats of the first men who fought against quite as terrible monsters, dragons and robber-giants.

CHAPTER XXX.

On the battlefield of Marengo reflections come flying around in such flocks that one can almost believe that they are the same which many travellers have suddenly abandoned there in a hurry, and which now go sweeping about. I love battle-fields; for, terrible as war is, it still sets forth the spiritual greatness of man, who has gone so far as to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death. And just so with this battle-plain, where Freedom danced on blood-roses her wanton bridal measures. For, in those days, France was a bridegroom who had invited all the world to a wedding, and then, as the song says—

> "Hurrah! upon the bridal eve,
> In merry joke, for pots they broke
> Aristocratic heads."

But alas! every inch which humanity advances costs streams of blood, and is not that paying rather dear? Is not the life of the individual worth as much as that of the entire race? For every single man is a world which is born and which dies with him; beneath every gravestone lies a world's history. "Be silent," Death would say, "as to those who lie here;" but *we* still live, and will fight on in the holy battle for the freedom of humanity.

"Who now thinks of Marengo?" said my travelling companion, the Liefland Russian, as we rode over the fallow field. "At present all eyes are turned towards the Balkan, where my countryman Diebitsch is fitting the turban to the Turk's head; and you'll see that we'll take Constantinople this very year. Are you for Russia?"

This was a question which I had rather have answered anywhere but on the field of Marengo. I saw, in the morning mists, the man in the little cocked hat and the grey cloak of battle; he darted onwards, swift as a spirit, and far in the distance rang a terribly sweet "*Allons, enfans de la patrie.*" Yet, notwithstanding all this, I answered, "Yes, I am sound as to Russia."

And in fact, in the wonderful change of watchwords and of representatives in the great battle, it has come to such a pitch that the most enthusiastic friend of revolution can only see the safety

of the world in the victory of Russia, and must regard the Czar Nicholas as the gonfaloniere of freedom. Singular mutation! Two years ago we cast the robe of this noble office upon an English Minister. The howl of high Tory hatred against George Canning led our choice; in the noble, humiliating sufferings which he endured we saw guarantees of his fidelity, and as he died the death of a martyr, we put on mourning, and the 8th of August became a sacred day in the calendar of freedom. But we took the flags from Downing Street and planted them anew in St. Petersburg, and chose for our standard-bearer the Emperor Nicholas, the Knight of Europe, who protected Greek widows and orphans against Asiatic barbarians, and who in that brave battle won his spurs. Again the enemies of freedom had betrayed themselves, and we again availed ourselves of the shrewdness of their hatred to learn what was for our own benefit. Again the wonted vision came to view, that we owed our representatives more to the elective majority of our enemies than to our own choice; and as we gazed on the marvellously assorted multitude who sent forth their best wishes to Heaven for the safety of Turkey and for the destruction of Russia, we quickly found out who was our friend, or rather who was the terror of our foe. How the blessed Lord in heaven must have laughed when he listened to

the cotemporary prayers of Wellington, the Grand Mufti, the Pope, Rothschild I., Metternich, and an endless mess of little nobles, stockjobbers, priests, and Turks, and all for one and the same thing—the safety of the Crescent!

What the alarmists have fabled over the danger to which we are exposed by the overgrowth of Russia is rank nonsense. We Germans, at least, have nothing to risk; a greater or less degree of servitude need not concern us, when the greatest of blessings, the being set free from the relics of feudalism and of priesthood, is at stake. They threaten us with the dominion of the knout, but I for one will gladly take a little thrashing if I can only know for a certainty that our enemies will get their share of it. But I will bet that they will go as of old, fawning and wheedling up to the new powers that be, graciously smiling and proffering the most shameless services, and if it happens that they once for all must be knouted, they will condition for the privilege of a knout of honour—just as a nobleman in Siam, when punished, is stuck into a silken bag and is beaten with perfumed rods, while the criminal citizen is put into a common linen sack, and has his blows laid on with a stick utterly devoid of a sweet-smelling savour. Well, we will grant them this privilege (since it is the only one), if they are only well whipped, and especially the English nobility.

People may recall, if they please, and as much as they please, that it was this very nobility which forced from despotism the Magna Charta, and that England, despite all her maintenance of social inequality, has ever secured the personal liberty of the subject, and that that country was a place of refuge for free souls when despotism subdued the entire Continent; those are *tempi passati!* England, with her aristocracy, is gradually sinking; independent spirits have now a better place of refuge, and if all Europe become a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape—I mean America—and God be praised, that hole is larger than all the prison itself.[1]

But these are all ridiculous whimsies, for if any one compares England and Russia with a view to freedom, no doubt remains as to which is the right side to choose. Freedom has sprung in England from historical events, from privileges; in Russia, from principles. The results of those events—like the events themselves—bear the stamp of the Middle Ages. All England is congealed in mediæval, never to be rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is entrenched, awaiting the death-struggle. But those principles from which Russian freedom sprung—

[1] Which "hole" Heine on an another occasion abused as an intolerably dull place, unfit to live in, or where freedom is as yet only in raw ignorant youthfulness.—*Note by Translator.*

or, to speak more correctly, from which Russian freedom is daily developing itself, are the liberal ideas of our most recent times; the Russian government is penetrated through and through with these ideas; its unlimited absolutism is rather a dictatorship, by which those ideas will be brought directly to life. This government is not rooted in feudalism and priestcraft; it fights directly against the power of the nobles and of the Church, for even Catherine limited the power of the Church, and the Russian nobility exists by Church service. Russia is a democratic state—I would gladly say, a Christian state—if I might be permitted to use this so often misused word in its sweetest and most cosmopolite sense, for the Russians, by the very extent of their realm, are freed from the narrow-mindedness of a heathenish national vanity; they are citizens of the world, lacking only five-sixths, since Russia embraces one-half-dozenth of the inhabited globe.

And faith! when a German-Russian, like my travelling companion, plays the brag-patriot, and talks about "our Russia" and "our Diebitsch," it seems to me as though I heard a herring calling the ocean his country and the whale his compatriot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I AM sound as to Russia," I said on the battle-plain of Marengo, and quitted for a few minutes the coach to offer up my morning devotions.

The sun came forth gloriously, genially, confidently from beneath a triumphal arch of colossal masses of clouds. But my soul was like the poor moon, which stood paling away in heaven. She had wandered on in her lonely course in the desolate night, where happy Fortune slept, and only spectres, owls, and felons carried on their dark vocations; and now, when the young day arose amid rays of rejoicing, and fluttering flags of early morning flame, she must pass silently away; a single glance at the great world of light, and she is lost in eternal mist.

"It will be a fine day," cried my travelling companion from the coach. "Yes, it *will* be a fine day," slowly re-echoed my praying heart, as it trembled with grief and joy. Yes, it will be a beautiful day; the sun of freedom will warm the world with a more thrilling joy than that which comes from cold aristocratic stars; there will spring up a new race, begotten in the embraces of free choice, and not in the bed of compulsion and under the control of clerical tax-gatherers; and with free birth there will arise in mankind

free thoughts and free feelings of which we, poor born serfs, have no conception. Oh, as little will they imagine how terrible was the night in which we lived, and how cruel was our strife with terrible phantoms, gloomy owls, and hypocritical sinners! Ah! we poor warriors! who must waste our life in such battles, and are exhausted and pale when the day of victory dawns! The glow of sunrise will no more gild our cheeks, and no longer warm our hearts; we must die like the fading moon. All too short is the measure of man's allotted path, at whose end lies the pitiless grave.

I really do not know whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me only a holy plaything or a consecrated means whereby to attain a heavenly end. I have never attached much value to a poetic reputation, and I care little whether my songs are praised or found fault with.[1] But ye may lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a brave soldier in the war of freedom for mankind.

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[1] Heine's attack on Von Platen in the next chapter is an amusing illustration of this asserted indifference as to whether his own poems were found fault with. To judge by his retorts, our author stood at the very head of the *irritabile genus vatum*. —*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

DURING the noonday heat we sought shelter in a Franciscan monastery, situated on a lofty elevation, and which, with its dark cypresses and white monks, peeped out like a holy shooting-box, looking down into the pleasant green valleys of the Apennines. It was a beautiful building, that of the Carthusians at Monza. I only saw it externally, and I also passed many other remarkable cloisters and churches. Often, in regarding these old churches, I know not which most to admire, the beauty of their vicinity, their great size, or the equally great and rock-like firm souls of their builders. They well knew that only their far-off descendants could complete the work; and yet they quietly laid the foundation-stone, and calmly placed one stone upon another until death called them from the work, and other architects continued that work, and in turn were laid in the grave—all in unshaken belief in the eternity of the Catholic Church, and all equally assured of the same faith in the generations to come, who would build on where they had ceased to labour.

It was the faith of the age, and the old architects lived and sank to sleep in this faith. Now they lie before the doors of their antique churches, and it is to be hoped that their slumbers may be

sound, and that they may not be awakened by the laughter of the later age. And it would be a sad thing for them, particularly for those who are buried near the unfinished cathedrals, should they suddenly revive some night and gaze by the cold sad moonlight on their unfinished day's work, and find that the time for finishing them had passed away, and that their whole life had been spent in vain.

Such is the voice of our own age, which has other problems and another task.

I once in Cologne heard a little boy ask his mother why they did not finish the half-built cathedral. He was a pretty child, and I kissed his bright intelligent eyes; and as his mother could give no answer to the question, I told him that now-a-days people had altogether different things to do.[1]

On the summit of the Apennines, not far from Genoa, we behold the sea; between the green

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[1] It was a characteristic failing with Heine, as with many highly imaginative men, that he generally took but *one* element or cause into consideration. Here he forgets that national pride and æsthetic culture might continue the work begun by religion. The Cathedral of Cologne has been finished since this was written, Protestants having greatly aided the work. The façad of Santa Croce, in Florence, was executed more recently by an Englishman; in fact, there seems to be little reason to doub that all the buildings here referred to will be sooner or later completed.—*Note by Translator.*

mountain peaks we catch glimpses of its blue waters, and ships which come forth here and there seem to sail strangely over the mountains. If we see this view during twilight, when the last rays of the sun begin playing a wondrous game with the earliest shades of evening, and when all hues and shapes twine dreamily together, then a feeling as of old legends steals over the mind; the coach rolls along, the sweetest dreamiest shadows of the soul are revived; they tenderly greet, until at last in a vision we seem to be in Genoa.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THIS city is old without antiquity, narrow without home-like snugness, and ugly beyond description. It is built on a rock, at the foot of amphitheatre-like hills, which hold in their embrace the loveliest bosom of the sea. The Genoese have consequently from Nature one of the best and securest of harbours. And as the whole town stands on a single rock, the houses must, for the sake of room, be built very high, while the streets are very narrow, so that the latter are very dark and close, only two of them admitting carriages. But the houses are chiefly used by their inhabitants, who are principally merchants, as storehouses, and as sleeping-places by night. During

the whole trafficking day, they run about town or sit before their house-doors—I should say, *within* their house-doors—otherwise opposite neighbours would knock their knees together.

Seen from the sea side, especially towards evening, the whole town gains in appearance. It lies there on the shore like the bleached skeleton of some castaway monstrous beast; dark ants which call themselves Genoese creep over it, blue waves dash it with foam, humming a lullaby, and the moon, the pale eye of night, looks down on it with sorrow.

In the garden of the Palazzo Doria the old sea-hero stands like a Neptune in a great water-basin. But the statue is forlorn and mutilated, the fountain is dry, and seamews nestle amid the dark cypresses. Like a boy always thinking of plays, I was at once reminded by the name of Doria of that of Frederic Schiller, the noblest, if not the greatest, of our German poets.

Though mostly in decay, the palaces of the once powerful lords of Genoa, the *nobili*, are still very beautiful, displaying an excess of magnificence. They are nearly all situated on the two great streets known as the *Strada Nuova* and *Balbi*. Of these palaces, the *Durazzo* is the most remarkable. Here are many good pictures, among them Paul Veronese's Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ. The Mary is so beautiful that

were she alive she would be in danger of a second seduction. I stood a longtime before her, but ah! she did not look up. Christ stands there like a pious Hamlet—"*Go to a nunnery!*" Here I also found excellent Dutch paintings, and splendid works by Rubens, the latter inspired to the fullest extent by the colossal geniality of the Netherlandish Titan, whose spirit-wings were so powerful that he would have soared to the sun, though a hundred tons of Dutch cheese had been tied to his legs. I cannot pass the smallest painting by this master without paying my tribute of admiration, and all the more because it is now the fashion to glance at him with a shrug of the shoulder on account of his lack of ideality. The historical school of Munich spreads itself with peculiar magnificence in this sort of criticism. With what high-flown depreciation do the long-haired disciples of Cornelius wander through the Reubens Hall! But perhaps their error is more intelligible when we reflect on the great contrast which Peter Cornelius himself forms to Peter Paul Rubens. No greater opposites can be imagined; and yet, with all this, a notion occasionally comes into my head that there are points of affinity between them, which I rather surmise than understand. Perhaps there are peculiarities of their Northern country hidden in them, which proclaim themselves to a third fellow-

countryman—that is, to myself—like soft secret whispers. But this secret affinity does not consist of the Netherlandish joyousness and sprightliness of colour which laughs from all the pictures of Rubens, so that we might almost believe that he had painted them in a glorious Rhine-wine carouse, while dancing fair-music rang and piped around. Truly the pictures of Cornelius seem, on the contrary, to have been painted on Good Friday, while the doleful songs of the processions swept through the street, and re-echoed in the atelier and in the heart of the painter. In productiveness, in boldness of conception, in genial originality, both are alike; both are born painters, and belong to the cycle of great masters, who for the most part flourished in the time of Raphael—an age which was still capable of exercising a direct influence on Rubens, but which is so utterly removed from our own that we are almost terrified by the appearance of Cornelius, for he seems to us like the ghost of one of those great artists of Raphael's time who has risen from the grave to paint a few more pictures—a dead creator, self-conjured by the indwelling word of life which was buried with him. If we study his pictures, they gaze on as with eyes of the fifteenth century; their garments are ghost-like, as though they rustled past in midnight; the bodies are strong with magic power, drawn with dream-like accuracy, power-

fully true, only they want blood-throbbing life and colour. Yes, Cornelius is a creator; but if we look at his creations it seems to us as though they could not live long; as though they were all painted a few hours before death; as though they all were prophetic signs of approaching dissolution. Despite their hearty geniality, the paintings of Rubens awaken in us a similar feeling—they also seem to bear within them the germ of death, and a feeling comes over us that notwithstanding their superabundance of life and their fulness of red blood, they must suddenly be struck down. This is perhaps the secret of that affinity which we so strangely feel when comparing these masters. The excess of pleasure in certain pictures by Rubens, and the infinite sorrow in others by Cornelius, awake in us perhaps the same emotions. But whence comes this sorrow in a Dutchman? It is perhaps the terrible consciousness that he belongs to an age long passed away, and that his life is a mystical reappearance—for oh! he is not merely the only great artist who now paints, but, it may be, the only great one who ever will paint. Before him, to the time of the Caracci, is a long darkness, and after him the shadows again close together; his hand is a bright, solitary spirit-hand in the night of Art, and the pictures which it paints bear the unearthly confidence of such an earnest,

rugged seclusion. I have never looked at this hand of the Last of the Painters without a secret shudder when I gazed on the man himself, the little sharp man with glowing eyes; and yet that hand has awakened in me feelings of the warmest love and devotion, when I have remembered that it once rested lovingly on my little fingers, and aided me to design outlines of faces, when I, a little boy, was learning to draw in the academy in Düsseldorf.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I CANNOT leave unmentioned the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women exhibited in the Palace Durazzo. Nothing in the world inspires the soul with such melancholy as the sight of portraits of fair dames who have been dead for centuries. Sadness steals over the soul when we reflect that of all the originals of those pictures, of all the beauties who were so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so roguish, and so dreamy—of all those May heads with April moods, of that springtide of ladies of the olden time, nothing now remains but these many-coloured shadows which some artist, who, like them, has long been dead, has painted on a perishable canvas, which, like the originals, must pass away in time to decay and

dust.[1] And so all life passes away, the beautiful as well as the hideous, without leaving a trace. Death, the dry pedant, spares the rose as little as the thistle; he forgets not a lonely straw in the most remote wilderness; he thoroughly and incessantly destroys; everywhere we behold him treading into dust plants and animals, mankind and their works; and even those Egyptian pyramids, which seem to defy his annihilating rage, are only trophies of his power, monuments of all long passed away, primeval royal graves.

But sadder far than this idea of an endless dying and of a desolate yawning annihilation is the thought that we do not even perish as originals, but as *copies* of long-vanished mortals who were spiritually and bodily like us, and that after us men will again be born, who will in turn see, and feel, and think like us, and be again in turn annihilated by death;—a comfortless, endless game of reproduction, wherein the prolific earth must constantly be bringing forth more than

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[1] "Say in what land is there a trace
Of Flora, once the Roman fair?
Archipiada or Thais,
Who were, like her, of beauty rare?
Echo will fling the question back
O'er silent lake and streamlet lone;
All earthly beauty fades away,
Where has the fore-year's snowfall gone?"
—*Villon, translated by C. G. Leland,* 1839.

death can destroy, so that she, in her need, must give more heed to the maintenance of the species than to the originality of the individual.

Strangely was I thrilled by the mystical terror of this thought, when I, in the Durazzo Palace, gazed upon the portraits of the lovely Genoese ladies, and among them, on a picture which awoke in my soul a sweet storm, which even yet, when I recall it, causes my eyelashes to tremble. It was the picture of the dead Maria.

The guardian of the gallery believed, indeed, that the picture was that of a Duchess of Genoa, and in the cicerone tone began to tell that "it was painted by Giorgio Barbarelli de Castelfranco nel Trevigiano, commonly known as Giorgione. He was one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school, was born in the year 1477, and died in the year 1511."

"That will do, Signor Custode. The likeness is caught exactly, although it was painted a few centuries too early. Drawing accurate, style of colour excellent; why, the folds of drapery on the breast are admirable. Be so kind as to take the picture down from the wall. I will only blow away the dust from the lips and brush away the spider which lurks in a corner of the frame. Maria was always so much afraid of spiders."

"*Excellenza* appears to be a connoisseur."

"If so, I did not know it, Signor Custode. I

have the talent of being singularly moved when I behold certain pictures, and then my eyes water. But what do I see? Whose portrait is that of the man in the black cloak hanging yonder?"

"Also by Giorgione—a masterpiece."

"Signor, I beg you be so kind as to take this picture, too, from the wall and hold it near the mirror, that I may see if I resemble it!"

"Your Excellency is not so pale. The picture is a masterpiece by Giorgione, the rival of Titian. He was born in 1477, and died in the year 1511."

Dear reader, I much prefer Giorgione to Titian, and am especially obliged to him for painting Maria for me. And it must also be evident to you that Giorgione painted that other portrait for *me*, and not for some old Genoese. And it is very like, death-silent like; it even has the sorrow in the glance—a sorrow which belongs rather to an imagined pain than to one which has been experienced, and one which is very hard to paint. The whole picture seems to have been sighed upon canvas. Even the man in the black mantle is well painted, and the maliciously sentimental lips are like life—speakingly so, as though they were just about to tell a story, the story of the knight who fain would kiss his lady-love to life, and as the light was blown out——

II.

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

DEDICATED

TO

KARL IMMERMANN,

THE POET,

AS A TOKEN OF THE MOST GRATEFUL RESPECT

(*Freudigster Verehrung*)

BY THE AUTHOR.

"I am as woman is to man."
—COUNT AUGUST VON PLATEN HALLERMUNDE.

"Would the Count like a dance?
Let him but say so,
I'll play him a tune."—FIGARO.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I sought Matilda in her chamber, she had just fastened the last button of her green riding-habit, and was putting on a *chapeau* with a white plume. She hastily cast it down as soon as she

saw me, and ran to me with all her waving, golden locks. "Doctor of heaven and earth!" she cried, and, according to her old custom, she caught me by the ears and kissed me with the drollest heartiness.

"How are you? maddest of mortal men! How glad I am to see you again; for never in this world shall I find a crazier soul. There are fools and blockheads in plenty, and people often do them the honour to consider them crazy, but real insanity is as scarce as real wisdom; perhaps it is nothing but wisdom which is vexed to think that it knows everything—all the infamy of this world—and has consequently come to the wise conclusion to go mad. The Orientals are a shrewder race, they honour a maniac as a prophet, but we look upon prophets as maniacs."

"But, my lady, why have you not written to me?"

"Surely, Doctor, I wrote you a long letter, and directed it to 'New Bedlam.' But as you, contrary to all expectation, were not there, they sent it to St. Luke, and as you were not there either, it went to another establishment of the same sort, and so it went the rounds of all the lunatic asylums in England, Scotland, and Ireland, until they returned it to me with the remark that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed was not as yet 'in bonds contracted.'

And how under the sun have you counter-acted,[1] so as to keep at liberty?"

"Ah! I did it cunningly, my lady. Wherever I went, I contrived to slip away from the mad-houses, and I think that I shall succeed in Italy too."

"Oh, friend, here you are safe enough, for, in the first place, there is no mad-house in the neighbourhood, and, secondly, we are here in the majority."

"*We?* my lady! You count yourself then as one of us? Permit me to imprint the kiss of brotherhood upon your brow."

"Ah! I mean we watering-place guests, among whom I am really the most rational. And so you can easily imagine who the maddest must be, I mean Julia Maxfield, who always maintains that green eyes signify the spring of the soul; and besides we have two young beauties——"

"English beauties, of course, my lady——"

"Doctor, what does this mocking tone mean? The yellow, greasy, maccaroni faces in Italy must suit your taste, if you have no fancy now for British——"

"Plum-puddings with raisin-eyes, roast-beef bosoms festooned with white strips of horse-radish, proud pies——"

"There was a time, Doctor, when you were enchanted if a lovely English woman——"

[1] In the original *eingefangen*, 'caught,' is here contrasted with *angefangen*, 'managed.'

"Yes, but that was *once!* I always have a proper reverence for your fellow-countrywomen; they are bright as suns, but suns of ice; they are white as marble, but are also marble cold; on their bosoms are frozen the poor——"

"Oho! I know one who did not freeze there, but who jumped fresh and alive over the sea, and he was a great German impertinent——"

"At least he got such a cold on that British frosty heart that he still has a cold in his head in consequence."

My Lady seemed vexed at this answer, she grasped the riding-whip which lay between the leaves of a novel as a book-marker, switched it around the ears of her great white hound, who slowly growled, hastily clapped her hat jauntily on her locks, looked once or twice with approbation at herself in the mirror, and said proudly, "I am still beautiful!" But then, all at once, as if penetrated by a gloomy thrill of pain, she remained silent, musing, slowly drew the long white riding glove from her hand, held the hand out to me, and, reading my thoughts like lightning, said, "This hand is not as beautiful as it was in Ramsgate. Ha! Since that time Matilda has suffered—much!"

Dear reader, we can seldom see a flaw in a bell; we must hear its ring to know if it exists. Could you have heard the ring of the voice where-

with those words were spoken, you would have felt at once that my Lady's heart was a bell of the best metal, but that a secret flaw strangely mingled a discord with its sweetest tones, and gave it an air of strange sadness. Yet I love such bells; they ever find a true echo in my own breast; and I again kissed my Lady's hand, almost as earnestly as of old, though it was no longer in its first bloom, and the veins which rose from it, almost all *too* blue, seemed to repeat, "Since that time Matilda has suffered—much."

Her eyes gazed on me like sorrowful solitary stars in the autumnal heaven, and she said, softly and sadly, from her inmost soul, "You seem to love me less now, Doctor! for that was a tear of pity which you just wept on my hand. It seemed like an alms."

"Who taught you to interpret so unkindly the silent language of my tears? I'll bet that your white hound there, who fawns on you, understands me better. He looks first at me and then at you, and seems to be wondering that human beings, those proud lords of creation, are internally so wretched. Ah! my Lady, only a sympathetic sorrow draws forth such tears; in reality we each weep for ourselves."

"Enough, enough, Doctor. It is good, at any rate, that we are cotemporaries, and that we meet again with our foolish tears in the same corner

of the earth. Oh, our bad luck! If you had only lived two centuries earlier, when I was getting on so well with my friend, Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, or rather if you had only been born a hundred years later, as another intimate friend of mine, whose name I don't just now happen to know, because his first birthday won't be celebrated until the year 1900. But tell me how you've been getting on since we parted."

"At the old business, my Lady, rolling the great stone. When I had shoved it to the top of the hill, then it rolled all at once down again, and I had to go at it once more; and this up-and-down hill work lasted until at last I lie crouched beneath it, and Master Stone-mason has carved on it with great letters, 'Here rests in the Lord——'"

"By my soul, Doctor, I'll bring you to life again. Don't you dare to be melancholy! Laugh, or——"

"No; don't tickle me. I'd rather laugh of myself."

"That's right. Now you please me just as you did in Ramsgate, where we first became so intimate——"

"And finally a little more than intimate. Yes, I *will* be merry. It is fortunate that we have met, and the great German —— will again find his greatest pleasure in risking his life near you."

My Lady's eyes laughed like sunshine after a soft rain, and her merry mood again flashed out as John entered, and, with the stiffest flunkey pathos, announced his Excellency the Marquis Christophero di Gumpelino.

"He's welcome! And now, Doctor, you will become acquainted with a peer of the realm of fools. Don't be shocked at his personal appearance, particularly at his nose. The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a great deal of money, common sense, and the desire to embody in himself all the follies of the age; moreover, he is in love with my green-eyed friend, Julia Maxfield, and calls her his Julia and himself her Romeo, and declaims and sighs; and Lord Maxfield, the brother-in-law to whom the faithful Julia has been intrusted by her husband, is an Argus——"

I was just about to remark that Argus had charge of a cow, when the door opened, and, to my utmost amazement, in waddled my old friend, the banker Christian Gumpel, with his opulent smile and blessed belly. After his broad shining lips had sufficiently scoured my Lady's hand, and delivered themselves of the usual questions as to health, &c., he recognised me—and the friends sank into each other's arms.

CHAPTER II.

MATILDA'S warning not to be struck by Gumpelino's nose had some foundation in fact, for he came within an ace of knocking out one of my eyes with it. I will say nothing against this nose; on the contrary, it was one of the noblest form and seemed of itself to give my friend full right to claim, at least, the title of a Marquis. For it was evident from the nose that Gumpel was of high nobility, and descended from that very ancient world family into which the blessed Lord himself once married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days, it is true that the family has come down a little, and in fact since the reign of Charlemagne they have been obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and Hamburg lottery tickets, but without diminishing in the least their pride of ancestry, or losing the hope that some day they will all come again into their long lost property, or at least obtain emigration damages, with interest, when their old legitimate sovereign keeps the promises made when restored to office—promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose for two thousand years. Perhaps this lead-

ing them about by the nose is the cause why the latter has been pulled out to such a length! Or it may be that these long noses are a sort of uniform whereby Jehovah recognises his old body-guards even when they have deserted. Such a deserter was the Marquis Gumpelino, but he always wore his uniform, and a brilliant one it was, sprinkled with crosses and stars of rubies, a Red Eagle order in miniature and other decorations.

"Look!" said my Lady, "that is my favourite nose, and I know of no more beautiful flower in all the world."

"This flower," grinned Gumpelino, "cannot be placed on your fair bosom, unless I lay my blooming face there also, and such an addition might trouble you in this warm weather. But I bring you an equally precious flower, which is here very rare."

Saying this, the Marquis opened a tissue paper horn, which he had brought with him, and with great care slowly extracted from it a magnificent tulip.

Scarcely had my Lady seen the flower ere she screamed with all her might. "Murder! murder! would you murder me? Away with the horrible vision!" With this she acted as if about to be murdered, held her hands before her eyes, ran madly about the room, invoked maledictions on

Gumpelino's nose and tulip, rang the bell, stamped on the ground, struck the hound with her riding switch till he bayed aloud, and as John entered she cried aloud, like Kean, in Richard III.—

> "A horse! a horse!
> My kingdom for a horse!"

and stormed like a whirlwind from the room.

"A queer woman!" said Gumpelino, motionless with astonishment, and still holding the tulip in his hand, so that he looked like one of those lotus-bearing fat idols carved on antique Indian temples. But I understood the lady and her idiosyncrasy far better than he—this comedy delighted me beyond description, and opening the window, I cried, "My Lady, how you act! Is this sense—propriety—especially is it love?"

Up laughed the wild answer—

> "When I am o' horseback, I will swear
> I love thee infinitely."

CHAPTER III.

"A CURIOUS woman," repeated Gumpelino, as we went our way to visit his two lady friends, Signora Letitia and Signora Francesca, whose acquaintance he promised me. As the dwelling of these ladies was situated on a somewhat distant emi-

nence, I appreciated all the more this kindness of my corpulent friend, who found hill-climbing somewhat difficult, and who stopped on every little mound to recover his breath, and sigh, "O Jesu!"

The dwellings at the baths of Lucca are situated either below, in a village surrounded by high hills, or are placed on one of these hills, which is not far from the principal spring, where a picturesque group of houses peeps down into the charming dale. But many are scattered here and there on the sides of the hill, and are attainable only by a wearisome climb through a wild paradise of vines, myrtle bushes, honeysuckles, laurels, oleanders, geraniums, and similar high-born plants. I have never seen a lovelier valley, particularly when one looks from the terrace of the upper bath; where the solemn green cypresses stand; down into the village. We there see a bridge bending over a stream called the Lima, which cuts the village in two. At its either end there are waterfalls leaping over rocky fragments with a roar, as though they would fain utter the pleasantest things, but could not express themselves distinctly on account of the roaring echo.

The great charm of the valley is owing to the circumstance that it is neither too great nor too small, that the soul of the beholder is not forcibly elevated, but rather calmly and gradually inspired

with the glorious view; that the summits of the mountains themselves, true to their Apennine nature, are not magnificently misshapen in extravagant Gothic form, like rocky caricatures, just as the men in German lands on them are human caricatures; but so that their nobly rounded, cheerful green forms seem of themselves inspired with the civilisation of art, and accord melodiously with the blue heaven.

"O Jesu!" sighed Gumpelino, as we, weary with climbing, and a little too well warmed with the morning sun, attained the above-mentioned cypresses, and gazing down into the village, saw our English lady friend sweeping proudly along on her steed over the bridge, like the queen in a fairy legend, and then vanish, swift as a dream. "O Jesu! what a curious woman! In all my born days I never *did* see such a woman. Only in plays. Don't you think the actress Holzbecher could play her part well? There's something of the waterwitch about her—hey!"

"You're right, Gumpelino. When I went with her from London to Rotterdam, the captain compared her to a rose sprinkled with pepper. Out of gratitude for this spicy comparison she emptied a whole box of pepper in his hair as he lay asleep in the cabin. Nobody could come near the man without sneezing."

"A curious woman!" quoth Gumpelino once

again. "Delicate as white silk, but every bit as strong, and she rides horseback as well as I. I only hope she won't ride herself out of health. There, did you see that long lean Englishman on his lean horse, racing after her like a galloping consumption? Those English people ride too outrageously; why, they'd spend all the money in the world on horses. Lady Maxfield's white horse cost three hundred golden live louis-d'ors; ah! and louis-d'ors are at such a premium now, and keep rising every day!"

"Yes, the louis-d'ors will end by rising so high that a poor scholar like myself will never be able to reach them."

"You can't have an idea, Doctor, of how much money I have to spend, and yet I keep only one attendant, and only when I am in Rome hire a chaplain for my private chapel. Look, there comes my Hyacinth!"

The little figure who at this instant appeared approaching us from behind the turn of a hill, reminded me more of a "burning bush" than a hyacinth. It appeared like a waddling great scarlet coat overloaded with gold embroidery, which flashed in the sun-rays, and above this red splendour sweated a little face well known to me of old, and which gaily nodded to me. And in fact, when I saw the sallow, cautious face and the busy, winking eyes, I recognised a countenance

which I should sooner have expected to see on Mount Sinai than on the Apennines, and that was the face of Herr Hirsch, citizen of Hamburg, a man who was not only a very honourable lottery agent, but one who was also learned in hard and soft corns, and in jewels, inasmuch as he not only knew the difference between them, but had skill in cutting the former, and in putting a good round price on the latter.

"I do hope," he said, as he approached, "that you haven't forgot me, though my name ain't Hirsch now. I'm called Hyacinth, and I'm servant of Herr Gumpel."

"Hyacinth!" cried his master, in raging amazement at this indiscretion of his servant.

"Oh, be easy, Herr Gumpel, or Herr Gumpelino, or Herr Marquis, or your Excellence; we needn't put ourselves out of the way with this here gentleman. He knows me; he's bought lots of lottery tickets of me; I'm not afraid to swear that he still owes me seven marks and nine schilling on the last drawing. I am really glad, Doctor, to meet you again. You're here, I s'pose, on pleasure-business. What else, of course, can a man be doing here when it's so hot, a-climbing up and down hill? I'm as used up every night as if I'd gone twenty times from the Altona Gate to the Stone Gate without earning a copper."

"O Jesu," cried the Marquis; "hold your tongue! I'll get another servant, I will."

"Why hold my tongue?" replied Hirsch Hyacinthus. "I do so love to get a chance to talk good German with a face whom I've known in Hamburg, and when I think of Hamburg——"

Here, at the memory of his bit of a step-father-land, his eyes gleamed with tears, and he said, sighing as he spoke, "What is man? He goes walking with pleasure out of the Altona Gate and on the Hamburg Hill, and there he sees the sights, the lions, the birds, the poll-parrots,[1] the monkeys, the great folks, and he takes a turn on the flying horses, or gets electrified, and then thinks how jolly he'd be if he was only in a place a thousand miles off, in Italy, where the oranges and lemons are a-growing! What is man? When he's before the Altona Gate he wants to be in Italy, and when he's in Italy he wants to be back again before the Altona Gate. Oh, I wish I was a-standing there now, looking at the Michael's steeple, and the big clock on it with the great gold figures, great gold figures—how often I've looked at 'em, when they were a-shining so jolly in the afternoon sun, till I felt like kissing 'em. You're in Italy, where the lemons and oranges

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[1] [illegible] Goyim in Hebrew means [illegible]

grow, and when I see 'em growing, it puts me in mind of the Steinweg in Hamburg, where there's lots of 'em lying in great heaping piles in the wheelbarrows, and where a man can eat and eat 'em to his heart's content, without all this trouble of going up hill and down, and getting so warm. As the Lord may have mercy on me, Herr Marquis, if it wasn't for the honour of the situation, and the genteel edecation I'm getting, cuss me if I'd a-come here. But I *will* say this for you, Marquis, that in your service there's both honour and genteel bringing up to be had, and *no* mistake."

"Hyacinth!" said Gumpelino, who had been somewhat mollified by this flattery, "Hyacinth, go to——"

"Yes, I know."

"I say you *don't* know, Hyacinth."

"And *I* say, Herr Gumpel, I *do* know. No use a-telling *me*. Your Excellency was a-going to say that I must go to Lady Maxfield. Sho! I know all your thoughts before you've thought them, and some maybe that you never will think in all your born days. Such a servant as I am isn't to be found easy, and I only do it for the honour and the genteel edecation, and it's a fact, I do get both by you." With these words, he wiped his face with a very clean white handkerchief.

"Hyacinth," said the Marquis, "go to Lady

Julia Maxfield, to my Julia, and give her this tulip; take good care of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her——"

"Yes, I know——"

"You know nothing. Tell her that the tulip is among the flowers——"

"Yes, I know; you want to say something to her with this here flower. I've made up such mottoes many a time for my lottery tickets."

"I don't want any of your lottery ticket notions. Go to Lady Maxfield, and say to her—

'The tulip is among the flowers
Like among cheeses good Strachino,
But more than cheese and more than flowers
Thou'rt honoured by thy Gumpelino.'"

"Now, as I hope to be saved, that's first rate," cried Hyacinth. "Oh, you needn't be a-nodding to me, Herr Marquis; what you know, I know, and what I know, you know. And you, Doctor, good-bye! Never mind that little trifle you didn't settle with me." With these words he descended the mountain, and as he went I could hear him murmur, "Gumpelino, Strachino—Strachino Gumpelino."

"He's an honest fellow," said the Marquis, "or I should have sent him off long ago, on account of his want of etiquette. However, before you it isn't of much consequence; you understand

me. How do you like his livery? There's thirty dollars' worth of gold on it more than there is on that of Rothschild's servants. It is my greatest delight to see how the man perfects himself. Now and then I give him lessons in refinement and accomplishment myself. I often say to him, 'What is money? Money is round and rolls away, but culture remains.' Yes, Doctor, if I—which the Lord forbid—should ever lose my money, I still have the comfort of knowing that I'm a great connoisseur in art—a connoisseur in painting, music, and poetry. Yes, *sir*. Bind my eyes tight, and lead me all around in the gallery of Florence, and before every picture I'll tell you the name of the painter who painted it, or at least the school to which he belongs. *Music!* Stop up my ears, and I can hear every false note. *Poetry!* I know every actress in Germany, and have got the poets all by heart. Yes, sir, and Nature, too. I'm great on Nature. I travelled once two hundred miles in Scotland—two hundred miles, just to see one single hill! But Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this landscape here? What creation! Just look at the trees, the hills, the heaven, and the water down yonder there; don't it all look as if it were painted? Did you ever see anything of the kind finer, even in the theatre? Why, a man gets to be, as you might say, a poet; verses

come into your head, and you don't know where they come from :—

'Silent, as the veil of twilight falls
Rests the plain, the greenwood silent lies ;
Save where near me, 'mid these mouldering walls,
The cricket's chirp in melancholy cries.'"

These sublime verses were declaimed by the Marquis with thrilling pathos, while he gazed as if transfigured down into the smiling valley, which glowed with all the brightness of morning.

CHAPTER IV.

As I once one fine spring day, walked "under the lindens" in Berlin, there strolled before me two females, who were for a long time silent, until one of them languishly exclaimed, "Ah! them green treeses!" To which the other, a young thing, answered, "Mother, what do you keer for them green treeses?"

I must observe, that the persons of whom I speak, though not clad in satin, still by no means belonged to the vulgar—who, by the way, are not to be found at all in Berlin, save in the highest circles. But as for that naïve question, I can never forget it. Wherever I meet with affected admiration of Nature, and similar verdant lies, it rises laughing in my soul. And during

the declamation of the Marquis, it rang out loud within me; and he, reading mockery on my lips, exclaimed as if vexed, "Don't disturb me now—you haven't any soul for pure simple nature; you are a distorted being—a morbid soul, so to speak—a BYRON."

Dear reader, do you perhaps belong to that flock of pious fowl who for the last ten years have been joining in that song of "Byronic morbidness,"[1] with all manner of whistling and screaky piping, and which had its echo in the skull of poor Gumpel? Ah! dear reader, if you would complain of morbidness and want of harmony and division, then as well complain that the world itself is divided. For as the heart of the poet is the central point of the world, it must, in times like these, be miserably divided and torn. He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic out-of-the-way corner heart. But the great world-rent passed through my own heart, and on that account I know that the gods have highly blessed me above many others, and held me to be worthy of a poet-martyrdom.

Once the world was whole and sound; in its early ages and in its middle ages, despite many wild battles, it had still an unity, and there were

[1] *Zerrissenheit*, literally, raggedness, the being rent, torn or distorted. Here perverted, or morbid.

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Enough of all this. We are coming to pleasanter subjects, namely, to the dwelling of Signoras Letitia and Francesca, which itself seemed to be *en negligée*, and had in front two great round windows, about which grape-vines curled, so that they looked like a profusion of beautiful green ringlets falling about its eyes. And at a distance we heard ringing from within warbling trills, guitar-tones, and merry laughter.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNORA LETITIA, a young rose of fifty summers, lay in bed, trilling and prattling with her two gallants, one of whom sat upon a foot-stool, while the other leaning back in a great arm-chair played the guitar. From an adjoining room rang scraps of a sweet song, or of a far sweeter wondrously-toned laughter. With a certain cheap and easy irony, which he occasionally assumed, the Marquis presented me to the lady and to the two gentlemen, remarking that I was the same John Henry Heine so celebrated in German legal literature. Unfortunately one of the gentlemen was a professor in the University of Bologna, and a jurist at that, though his fat, round belly seemed rather to indicate that his forte was spherical

trigonometry. Feeling as if I were rather in a scrape, I replied that I did not write under my own name, but under that of Jarke—a statement made from pure modesty, as the name which came into my head was that of one of the most miserable insects among our legal writers. The Bolognese regretted from his soul that he never had heard this distinguished name—which will probably be your own case also, reader—but still entertained no doubt that its splendour would ere long irradiate the entire earth. With this he leaned back in the chair, touched a few cords on the guitar, and sang from "Axur"—

"Oh, powerful Brama!
Ah! let the weak stammer
Of innocence please thee,
Its stammer and clamour!"

While a delicious mocking nightingale-echo warbled in the adjoining chamber the same air. Meanwhile Signora Letitia trilled in the most delicate soprano—

"For thee alone these cheeks are glowing,
For thee alone these pulses beat;
With Love's sweet impulse overflowing,
This heart now throbs, and all for thee."

And with the commonest prose voice she added, "Bartolo, bring me the spittoon."

Then from his lowly seat arose Bartolo, with his dry wooden legs, and presented, with all due honour, a spittoon of blue porcelain.

This second gallant, as Gumpelino said to me aside in German, was a far-famed poet, whose songs, though written twenty years ago, still ring through Italy, and intoxicate with their wild glow of love both old and young; while he himself is but a poor elderly man, with dimmed eyes in a pale face, scanty white hair on his trembling head, and cold poverty in his care-worn heart. Such a poor old poet, with his bald dryness, resembles a vine which we see standing leafless in winter on the bleak hillside, trembling in the wind and covered with snow, while the sweet juice which once ran from it warms, in far distant lands, the heart of many a boon-companion, and inspires songs in its praise. Who knows but that when that wine-press of thought, the printing-press, has squeezed *me* dry, and the ancient tapped spirit is only to be found in the bookseller's vaults of Hoffman & Campe, I too may sit, as thin and care-worn as old Bartolo, on a cricket near the bed of some old inamorata, and hand her, when called on—a spittoon.

Signora Letitia made excuses for lying a-bed. She lay, in fact, in pretty much the attitude of a Sphinx, her high friséed head supported on both arms.

"You are a German?" she inquired.

"I am too honourable to deny it, Signora," replied my Littleness.

"Ah! the Germans are honourable enough!" she sighed, "but what does it avail that the Germans who rob us are honourable!—they are ruining Italy. My best friends are imprisoned in Milan, and only slavery——"

"No, no," cried the Marquis, "do not complain of the Germans; we are conquered conquerors, vanquished victors, so soon as we come to Italy. To see you, Signora, and to fall at your feet, are one and the same." And with this he spread his great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief on the floor, and kneeling on it, exclaimed, "Here I kneel and honour you in the name of all Germany."

"Christophoro di Gumpelino!" sighed the Signora, deeply moved, "arise and embrace me!"

But lest the beloved shepherd might disturb her curling locks and the rouge of her cheeks, she did not kiss him on the glowing lips, but on his noble brow, so that his face reached lower down, and its rudder, the nose, steered about in the red sea below.

"Signor Bartolo," I cried, "permit me also to officiate with the spittoon!"

Sorrowfully smiled Signor Bartolo, but never a word spake he, though said to be, next to Mezzo-

of all this. We are coming to pleasanter namely, to the dwelling of Signoras Francesca, which itself seemed to and had in front two great round about which grape-vines curled, so looked like a profusion of beautiful ...glets falling about its eyes. And at we heard ringing from within warbling ...r-tones, and merry laughter.

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..., a young rose of fifty summers, ...ng and prattling with her two ... whom sat upon a foot-stool, ...ning back in a great arm-chair ... From an adjoining room rang ... song, or of a far sweeter won- ...ughter. With a certain cheap which he occasionally assumed, ...sented me to the lady and to the ..., remarking that I was the same ...leine so celebrated in German legal ...nfortunately one of the gentlemen ...or in the University of Bologna, and ...at, though his fat, round belly seemed ...dicate that his forte was spherical

haps a regard for an earlier feeling, and perhaps the feeling itself, which is now entirely independent of the present condition of its former object, and which now regards it with the eyes of memory. Thus in Catholic cities we often see, at some street corner, old people kneeling before an image of the Madonna, which is so faded that but few traces of it are visible—yes, it may be that it is entirely obliterated, nothing remaining but the niche wherein it was painted, and the lamp hanging over it; but the old people who so piously kneel there have done so since youth—habit sends them thither daily at the same hour—they have not noted the gradual disappearance of the picture, and at last they become so dim of sight with age that it makes no difference whether the object of adoration is visible or not. Those who believe without seeing are, at any rate, happier than the sharp-sighted, who at once perceive every little irregularity in the face of their Madonna. There is nothing so terrible as such observations! Once, I admit, I believed that infidelity in woman was the most dreadful of all possible things, and to give them the most dreadful name, once and for all, I called them serpents. But now, alas! the most terrible thing to me is that they are not altogether serpents, for then they would come out every year with a fresh skin, revived and rejuvenated!

Whether either of the ancient Celadons felt a thrill of envy that the Marquis—or rather his nose—swam in a sea of delight in the manner above described, is more than I know. Bartolo sat calmly on his low seat, his stick legs crossed, and played with the Signora's lap-dog, one of those pretty creatures peculiar to Bologna, and known among us by the familiar term of "Bolognas." The professor was not in the least put out in his song, which was occasionally interrupted by tittering sweet tones in the next room, which drowned it in a merry parody, and which he himself at times discontinued in order to illuminate me with legal questions. When we did agree in our opinions, he swept a few impatient chords and jingled quotations in proof. I, however, supported my views on those of my teacher, the illustrious Hugo, who is greatly celebrated in Bologna under the name of Ugone, and also of Ugolino.

"A great man!" cried the professor, and sang—

> "The gentle summons of his voice
> Still sounds so deeply in thy breast,
> Its very pain makes thee rejoice,
> And rapture brings thee heavenly rest."

Thibaut, whom the Italians call Tibaldo, is also much honoured in Italy, though his writings are not so much known there as his principal opinions

and their objections. I found that only the *names* of Gans and Savigny were familiar to the professor, who was under the impression that the latter was a learned lady.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, as I corrected this very pardonable error; "really no lady! I have been erroneously informed. Why, I was even told that once, at a ball, Signor Gans invited this lady to dance, but met with a refusal,[1] and that from this originated a literary enmity."

"You have really been misinformed. Signor Gans does not dance, and for the philanthropic reason that he might cause an earthquake should he do so. The invitation to dance, of which you speak, is probably an allegory misunderstood. The historical and philosophical schools are regarded as dancers, and thus we may readily imagine a quadrille between Ugone, Tibaldo, Gans, and Savigny. And in this sense Signor Ugone, though he be the *diable boiteux* of jurisprudence, still dances as daintily as Lemiere, while Signor Gans has recently made some jumps which entitle him to be regarded as the Hoguet of the philosophical school."

"Signor Gans, then," amended the professor, "dances only allegorically, so to say, metaphorically." Then suddenly, without saying more,

[1] *Refüs*, pun on a name.

he again swept the strings of his guitar, and, amid the maddest playing, sang—

"It is true, his well-loved name
Is the joy of every bosom,
Though the ocean waves be storming,
And the clouds o'er heaven be swarming,
Still we hear Tarar loud calling,
As though heaven and earth were bowing
To the mighty hero's name."

As for Herr Gœschen, the professor did not so much as know that he existed. But this was, however, natural enough, for the name of the great Göschen has not yet got so far as Bologna, but only to Poggio, which is four German miles distant, and where it will for amusement remain awhile. Göttingen itself is by no means so well known in Bologna as it ought to be, merely on the common principles of gratitude, since it calls itself the German Bologna. I will not inquire whether this name be appropriate or not; suffice it to say, that the two universities are really distinguishable by the simple fact that in Bologna they have the smallest dogs and the greatest scholars, while in Göttingen, on the contrary, are the smallest scholars and the greatest dogs.[1]

[1] It may also be remarked that Bologna is as famous in Italy as Göttingen in Germany for sausages! The joke as to the name or reputation of a person being on its travels is one which Heine repeats several times in his works.—*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER VI.

As the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino drew his nose from the red sea, wherein it had been wallowing like a very Pharaoh, his countenance gleamed with selfish delight. Deeply moved, he promised the Signora that so soon as she should again be in a condition to sit down, he would bring her in his coach to Bologna. It was at once arranged that the professor should ride on before, but that Bartolo should sit on the box, and hold the Signora's lap-dog, and that they all would go in a fortnight to Florence, where Signora Francesca, who intended travelling during the same time with my Lady to Pisa, would finally meet us. While the Marquis counted up the cost of all this on his fingers, he hummed *di tanti palpiti,* Signora sang the clearest-toned trills, and the professor stormed away on his guitar, carolling such burning words, that the sweat ran down from his brow, and, mingled with the tears from his eyes, formed a perfect torrent. While all this ringing and singing went merrily on, the door of the adjoining chamber was suddenly opened and in sprang a being!

I adjure you, ye Muses of the Old and New World, and ye also, oh! undiscovered Muses who

are as yet to be honoured by later races—sprites of whom I have dreamed in the gay greenwood and by the sounding sea—that ye give me colours wherewith to paint that being which next to virtue is the most glorious of this world. Virtue, of course, is the first among glories, and the Creator adorned her with so many charms, that it would really seem that he could produce naught beside to be compared to her. Yet in a happy hour he once again concentrated all his energies and made Signora Francesca, the fair *danseuse*, that great masterpiece, who was born after the creation of Virtue, and in whom he did not in a single particular repeat himself, as earthly artists are wont to do. No, Signora Francesca is perfectly original; she hath not the least resemblance to Virtue, and there are critics and connoisseurs who even prefer her to the latter, to whom they award only the precedence due to superior antiquity. But is that much of a defect when a *danseuse* is only some six thousand years too young?

Ah! methinks I see her again as she sprung from the open door to the midst of the room, and after an incredible pirouette, cast herself at full length on the sofa, hiding both eyes with her hands, and crying, "Ah! I am so tired with sleeping!" The Marquis now approached and entered into a long address, in which his ironical,

broadly respectful manner enigmatically contrasted with his sudden pauses, when moved by common-sense business recollections, and his fluency when sentimentally inspired. Still this style was not unnatural. It was probably formed in him by his inability, through want of courage, to set forth successfully that supreme influence to which he believed himself to be entitled by his money and intelligence, and he therefore sought, coward-like, to conceal it in language of exaggerated humility. His broad laughter on such occasions was disagreeably delightful, as it inspired a doubt whether it was a matter of duty to reward him with kindness—or a kicking. In this wise he delivered his morning service to Signora Francesca, who, half-asleep, hardly listened to him. Finally he begged permission to kiss at least her left foot, and as he, preparing for the job, spread his yellow handkerchief again on the floor, she held it indifferently out to him. It was enveloped in an exquisitely neat red slipper, in contrast to that on the right, which was *blue*, a droll coquetry by which the dainty littleness of both became more apparent. As the Marquis with deep reverence kissed the small foot, he arose with a sighing "Oh, Jesu!" and begged permission to present me, which was also accorded in a gaping, sleepy manner, when my introducer delivered another oration, filled with praises of

my excellence, not omitting the declaration, on his word of honour as a gentleman, that I had sung with great ability of unhappy love.

I also begged of the lady to be allowed to kiss her left foot, and at the instant in which I enjoyed my share of this honour, she awoke as if from a dim dream, bent smilingly down to me, gazed on me with great wondering eyes, leaped joyfully up to the centre of the room, and pirouetted times without number on one foot. I felt strangely that my heart in my bosom spun around also, until it was well nigh dizzy. Then the professor merrily played on his guitar and sang—

"An Opera Signora
Once loved and married me,
A step I soon regretted,
And wished that I were free.

I sold her soon to pirates,
They carried her afar,
E're she could look around her;
Hey! bravo! Biscromà!"

Once more Signora Francesca measured me from head to foot with a sharp glance, and then, as if fully contented, thanked the Marquis, somewhat as if I were a present which he had been kind enough to make her. She found little to object to in me, save that my hair was of too light a brown; she could have wished that it

were darker, like that of the Abbate Cecco; and my eyes were also too small, and rather green than blue. In revenge, dear reader, I in turn should also describe Signora Francesca as depreciatingly; but I have really no shadow of a defect to point out in her lovely form, whose perfection was that of the Graces, and yet which was almost frivolous in its lightness. The countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues, the brow and nose forming an almost accurate straight line, while the lower line of the nose formed a sweet right angle, which was wondrously short. As close, too, was the distance from the nose to the mouth, whose lips at either end seemed scarcely long enough, and which were extended by a soft dreamy smile, while beneath them arched a dear round chin. And the neck! —ah! my pious reader, I am getting along too far and to fast, and, moreover, I have no right in this inaugural description to speak of the two silent flowers which gleamed forth like white poetry when the Signora loosened the silver neck-button of her black silk dress. Dear reader, let us rather climb up again to a portrayal of the face, of which I have yet to remark that it was clear and gold-yellow, like amber; that the black hair which framed its temples in a bright oval gave it a childlike turn, and that it was lighted up by two black abrupt eyes, as if with a magic light.

You see, dear reader, that I would willingly give you an accurate local description of my good fortune, and as other travellers are accustomed to give maps of the remarkable regions into which they have penetrated, so would I gladly serve up Francesca on a plate—of copper. But, ah! what avails the dead copy of mere outline in forms whose divinest charm consists of living movement. Even the best painter cannot bring this before our eyes, for painting is but a flat lie. Of the two, a sculptor would be more successful, for, by a changing illumination, we can to a certain degree realise motion in forms, and the torches which light them from without appear to inspire a real life within. Yes, there is a statue, dear reader, which may give you some faint idea of Francesca's loveliness, and that is the Venus of the great Canova which stands in the last hall of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. I often think of this statue. At times in dreams it slumbers in my arms, until little by little it awakens to warm life, and whispers with the accents of Francesca! But it was the tone of this voice which gave to every word the gentlest and most infinite significance, and should I attempt to give her phrases, it would be only a dry herbarium of flowers whose real charm was in their perfume. She often leaped up, dancing as she spoke, and it is possible that dancing was her most natural

language. And my heart danced ever with her, executing the most difficult *pas* and exhibiting a capacity for Terpsichorean accomplishments which I had never suspected.

In this language Francesca narrated the history of the Abbate Cecco, a young blade who had loved her while she was still plaiting straw hats in the valley of the Arno, assuring me that I was so fortunate as to resemble him. During this description she indulged in the most delicate pantomime, pressing one over the other the points of her fingers on her heart, then seemed with cup-like hand to be scooping out the tenderest emotions, cast herself finally with upheaving breasts on the sofa, hid her face in the cushions, raised her feet high in the air, and played with them as if they were puppets in a show. The blue foot represented the Abbate Cecco and the red his poor Francesca; and while she parodied her own story, she made the two loving feet part from each other, and it was touchingly ludicrous to see them kiss with their tips, saying the tenderest things; and the wild girl wept withal delightful tittering tears, which, however, came at times unconsciously from the soul with more depth than the part required. In her pride of pain she delivered for Cecco a long speech, in which he praised with pedantic metaphors the beauty of poor Fran-

cesca; and the manner in which she replied in person, copying her own earlier sentimentalism, had in it something puppet-like and mournful, which strangely moved my heart. "Adieu, Cecco!" "Adieu, Francesca!" was the endless refrain; and I was finally rejoiced when a pitiless destiny parted them far asunder, for a sweet foreboding whispered in my soul that it would be an unfortunate thing for me should the two lovers remain continually united.

The professor applauded with droll, shrill guitar tones, Signora trilled, the lap-dog barked, the Marquis and I clapped our hands as if mad, and Signora Francesca arose and gracefully curtesied her thanks. "It is really a pretty comedy," said she, "but it is now a long time since it was first brought out, and I am now so old—guess how old?"

But without waiting for my answer, she sprang up and cried, "Eighteen years!" and spun round eighteen times on one foot. "And, Doctor, how old are you?"

"I, Signora, was born on the New Year's night of the year eighteen hundred."

"I always said," quoth the Marquis, "that he was one of the *first* men of our century."

"And how old should you suppose I am?" suddenly cried Signora Letitia, as she, forgetful of her Eve-costume, suddenly leaped up in great excitement. . . .

Startled at this cry I contrived to stammer out a few phrases as to the difficulty of answering such a question, "having as yet only half seen Signora," but as she pressed me all the more zealously for an answer, I confessed that in truth I had not as yet learned the proportion of the years in Italy to those of Germany.

"Is the difference great?" inquired Signora Letitia.

"Of course," replied I, "for since heat expands all bodies, it follows that the years in your warm Italy must be longer than those of our cold Germany."

The Marquis extricated me better from this embarrassment by gallantly asserting that her beauty had now first begun to manifest itself in all its luxuriant maturity. "And, Signora, he added, "as the pomegranate, the older it is, the yellower it becomes, so will your beauty too become riper with age."

The lady seemed to be gratified with this comparison, and confessed that she really did feel much riper now than of old, when she was but a thin, little thing, and had made her debut in Bologna—and that, in fact, she could not comprehend how it was that with such a figure she could ever have made such a *furore*. And then she narrated all the particulars of this first appear-

ance as Ariadne—a subject to which, as I subsequently ascertained, she frequently recurred, on which occasions Signor Bartolo was obliged to recite the poem which he had thrown upon the stage. It was a good poem, full of touching melancholy at the infidelity of Theseus, and of wild aspirations for Bacchus, and the glowing apotheosis of Ariadne. "*Bella cosa!*" cried Signora Letitia at every verse; and I also praised the metaphors, the construction of the verse, and the entire treatment of the myth.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said the professor, "and has beyond doubt a foundation in historical fact, for several writers distinctly state that Oeneus, a priest of Bacchus, married the mourning Ariadne when he found her abandoned on Naxos; and, as often happens in the legend, the priest of the god has been taken for the god himself."

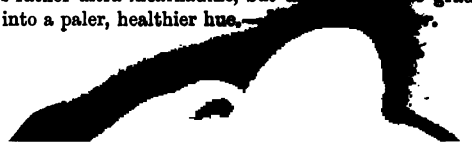
I could by no means agree with him in this opinion, since in mythology I rather incline to historical interpretation, and consequently asserted, "I can see nothing in the whole fable that Ariadne, after being left by Theseus in the island of Naxos, submitted her person to the embraces of Bacchus, but an allegorical statement that she took to drinking—an hypothesis maintained by many learned men in my fatherland. You, Signor Marquis, are probably aware that, in accordance with this hypothesis, the late Banker Bethmann

has so contrived to illuminate *his* Ariadne that she appears to have a red nose."[1]

"Yes, yes, Bethmann in Frankfort was a great man!" cried the Marquis. But at the same instant, some deep reflection seemed to flit across his brain, and with a sigh he said, "Lord! Lord! I have forgotten to write to Rothschild in Frankfort!" And with a serious business face, from which all parodising mockery seemed to have vanished, he departed somewhat abruptly, promising to return towards evening.

When he had left, and I was about—as is usual in this world—to pass my comments on the man to whose kindness I was indebted for the most agreeable of introductions, I found, to my astonishment, that the whole party could not praise him sufficiently, and that, above all, his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his noble and re-

[1] "Danneker's statue of Ariadne, in the garden of Mr. Bethmann, near the Friedburg Gate, is the pride and boast of Frankfort, and deserves to be ranked among the most distinguished productions of modern art." By drawing a crimson curtain over the window which illuminates the room in which the statue is placed, a rosy hue is communicated not only to the *nose* of the lady, but to her entire person. I have heard it disputed whether the colour thus given most resembles that of healthy flesh or of a nettle-rash—a point settled by ascertaining that those who differed in opinion had seen the statue at different periods of time. When the curtain is new, Ariadne certainly appears rather ultra-incarnadine, but as [illegible] she gradually lapses into a paler, healthier hue.



fined deportment, and his utter want of selfishness, inspired in them the most exaggerated expressions of admiration. Even Signora Francesca joined in this hymn of praise, but naïvely confessed that his nose was rather alarming, and that its enormous size reminded her of the tower of Pisa.

When taking leave, I begged as a favour to be allowed to kiss her left foot once more, when she with smiling seriousness drew off not only the red shoe but her stocking also: and, as I knelt, held up to me the white, fresh, blooming, lily foot, which I pressed to my lips, more believingly, perhaps, than I would have done that of the Pope. Of course, I then performed the duties of ladies' maid, aiding her to draw on the stocking and shoe.

"I am contented with you," said Signora Francesca, after the pedal toilette was over, and in accomplishing my share of which I had been by no means in a hurry, "I am contented; and you shall often have an opportunity of pulling on my stockings. To-day you have kissed my left foot, to-morrow the right shall be at your disposal. The next day you may kiss my left hand, and the day after the right. If you do your duty well, by and bye you will get to my mouth, and so on. You see that I'm inclined to help you along, and as you are still quite young, you may yet get along very well in the world."

I did, indeed, advance far into the world of which she spoke! Be my witnesses, ye Tuscan nights, thou clear blue heaven with great silver stars, ye wild laurels and secret myrtles, and ye, too, O nymphs of the Apennines, who swept around us in a bridal dance, and dreamed yourselves once more in those better days of the immortals, when there were no Gothic lies, which permit only blind, groping pleasures in secret, and hasten to stick before every free feeling their hypocritical fig-leaf.

There was, however, in this case, no occasion for any particular fig-leaves, since a whole fig-tree, with broad spreading branches, rustled over the heads of the happy pair!

CHAPTER VII.

EVERY one knows what whippings are, but no one has as yet made out what love is. Some natural philosophers have asserted that it is a sort of electricity, which is not impossible, for in certain rapturous periods of love we feel as though an electric flash from the eyes of the loved one had penetrated our heart. Ah! such lightnings are the most destructive of all; and I will honour above Franklin the man who will invent a con-

ductor which will protect us against them. If there were only little conductors running to the heart, to which lightning-rods were attached, which could divert the dreadful fire to some other quarter! But I fear that it is not so easy a matter to rob Cupid of his arrows as Jupiter of his lightning and tyrants of their sceptres. Besides, every love does not work in the lightning style; many a time it is hidden like a snake amid roses, and looks for the first crevice in the heart wherein to nestle—often it is only a word, a glance, the light narration of some secret deed which falls like a seed into the heart, lies there through the long winter time until spring comes, when the little grain shoots up into a flaming flower, whose perfume benumbs the brain. The same sun which hatches forth crocodile's eggs in Egypt, may at the same time fully ripen the love-seed in a young heart in Potsdam—for in Potsdam, as in Egypt, there are tears. But tears are far from being explanations—what is love? Has no one penetrated their being? has no one solved the riddle? Perhaps such a solution would cause greater pain than the riddle itself, and the heart would be by it stricken with horror, and petrified as at the sight of the Medusa. Serpents twine around the awful word which reveals this mystery. Oh, I will never know that word of solution, for the burning misery in my own heart is dearer

to me than cold, marble-like death. Oh, utter it not, ye forms of the dead, which, painless as stone, but as feelingless, wander through the rose gardens of this world, and smile with pale lips on the foolish soul who praises the perfume of the roses and bewails their thorns.

But if I, dear reader, cannot tell thee what love really is, I can at least describe with the utmost accuracy how a man behaves, and how he feels when he is enamoured among the Apennines. For he then behaves like a fool; he dances on rocks and hills, believing that the whole world dances with him. He feels as if the earth had just been finished on that very day, and that he was the first man made. "Ah! how beautiful everything is!" I carolled, as I left Francesca's dwelling. "How fair and precious is this new world!" I felt as though I must give to all plants and animals a new name, and I called every one according to its inner nature and my own feelings, which blended so marvellously with all things without. My breast was a well-spring of revelation, and I understood all forms and figures, the perfume of plants, the song of birds, the piping of the wind, and the rustling of waterfalls. Often, too, I seemed to hear the divine voice, "Adam, where art thou?" "Here am I, Francesca!" I replied. "I pray to thee, for well I know that thou hast created sun, moon, and

stars, and the earth with all its creatures!" Then there was soft laughter among the myrtles, and I secretly sighed within myself, "Oh, delicious folly, do not forsake me!"

But it was when twilight stole over me that the delirious happiness of love first truly began. The trees danced on the rocks, while their heavy heads were ruddily flushed over by the setting sun as though intoxicated from their own embracing vines. Below them the brook darted more hurriedly along and murmured anxiously as though fearing to undermine and overthrow the enraptured quivering trees. And over all flashed the summer heat-lightning, rising and falling as charmingly as light kisses. "Yes," I cried, "the laughing heaven kisses laughing earth—O Francesca! lovely heaven, let me be thy earth? I am all so earthly, and sigh for thee, my heaven!" So I cried, holding my hands in wild prayer up to heaven, and ran and struck my head against many a tree, which instead of scolding I embraced, and my whole soul cried out with joy in all the intoxication of love—when I suddenly beheld a gleaming scarlet form, which at once tore me violently from my dreams and brought me back to a sense of the coldest reality.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a mossy bank, beneath a wide-branching laurel, sat Hyacinthos, the Marquis's servant, and near him his dog Apollo. The latter, however, might rather be said to be standing, as he had both fore-paws on the scarlet knee of the little man, and inquisitively beheld how the latter, holding a tablet in his hand, wrote from time to time therein. At times, whilst thus employed, Hyacinthos smiled sorrowfully, then shook his head, and then handkerchiefed his face with an air of satisfaction.

"What the devil!" I cried, "Hirsch Hyacinth! are you composing poetry? Well the symptoms are favourable. Apollo is by your side and the laurel hangs over your head."

But I did the poor sinner injustice. He amiably answered, "Poems! no; I'm a lover of poems, but don't write 'em. What should I write? I hadn't anything to do just then, and so just for fun I was writing off a list of the names of those gentlemen who've played in my lottery—some of them are a little in debt to me yet—oh! don't suppose Doctor, I meant to hint anything!—plenty of time for that. I know that you're good. If you'd only

taken ticket number 1365 last time, instead of 1364, you'd have been worth a hundred thousand marks banco now, and needn't have been running around here, and might be sitting cosy and easy in Hamburg, telling folks, as you laid off on the sofa, how things looked in Italy. As true as the Lord may help me, I wouldn't have come here if it hadn't been for Herr Gumpel! Oh, what heat and danger and getting tired I have to stand, and wherever there's anything out of the way or crazy, there's Herr Gumpel, and I must take my share in it. I'd have gone away long, long ago, if I thought he could do without me. For if I didn't, who could certify for him at home how much honour and cultivation he'd enjoyed when travelling? And to tell the truth, Doctor, I begin to set great store myself on cultivation and manners. In Hamburg, the Lord be praised! I don't need it, but a man never knows what he may want when he goes anywhere else. And folks are right, for a little accomplishment ornaments the whole man. And how much honour you get by it too. For instance, how Lady Maxfield received me this morning, and how handsome she 'came down,' just on a horizontal level with me. And she gave me a *francesconi* to drink her health, though the flower only cost five *paoli*. Besides, oh! isn't it a pleasure to hold the little, white naked foot of a pretty lady individual in your hand?"

I was startled by this last remark, and at once thought, "Is he making fun of *me?*" But how could the vagabond know of the good fortune which I had encountered at the same hour, when he was on the other side of the hill? Was there perhaps a similar scene, and was there perhaps displayed in it the irony of the great world-stage-poet, who has acted at the same instant a thousand similar scenes, each parodying the other for the amusement of the heavenly host? But my suspicions were unfounded, for after many and oft-repeated questions, ending with my solemn promise not to tell the Marquis, the poor fellow admitted that when he gave the flower to Lady Maxfield she was still abed, and that just at the instant in which he was about to deliver it, and with it a fine speech, one of her pretty naked feet was thrust out from beneath the counterpane Observing a corn on it, he at once begged permission to extract the annoyance, which was readily granted, and for which, with the tulip, he was rewarded with a francesconi.

"Yet I only did it for the honour of the thing," added Hyacinth, "and that's just what I said to Baron Rothschild when I had the honour to cut his corns. It took place in his cabinet. He sat there in his green arm-chair like a king, with his courtiers standing around, and he all the while was a-sending expresses to all the kings. And

while I was cutting his corns I thought in my heart, 'Now, you've got in your hands the foot of the man who holds all the world in his hands, and you too are a man that's somebody, for if you cut too deep he'll be angry, and cut the kings himself more cruelly.' It was the happiest moment of my life!"

"I can readily imagine your delightful feelings, Herr Hyacinth. But whom among the Rothschild dynasty did you thus amputate? Was it the high-hearted Briton, the man in Lombard Street, who has set up a pawnbroker's shop for emperors and kings?"

"Of course, Doctor, I mean the great Rothschild, the great Nathan Rothschild, to whom the Emperor of Brazil pawned his diamond crown. But I had the honour too to make the acquaintance of Baron Solomon Rothschild in Frankfort, and though I wasn't on exactly the same footing with him, and had not the same foothold as with the other, he still knew how to esteem me. When the Marquis said to him that I had once been a lottery agent, the Baron answered very wittily, 'I'm head agent of the Rothschild lottery myself, and a colleague of mine mustn't eat among servants, he must sit alongside of me at the table.' And as true as God be good to me, Doctor, I sat by Solomon Rothschild, and he treated me just like one of his equals, quite famillionaire. I was with him

too at the children's ball, which was in the newspapers. I shall never see such a grand show again in all my born days. I was once in Hamburg at a ball, which cost fifteen hundred marks and eight schillings; but that was nothing but a hen-dirt compared to a dunghill. What lots of gold and silver and diamonds I saw there! Such stars and orders! The falcon order, the golden fleece, a lion order, the eagle order, yes, even a child, a right down small child, wore the whole order of the elephant. The children were masked very pretty, and played at pawns, and were dressed up like kings, with crowns on their heads; but one of the biggest was dressed precisely like old Nathan Rothschild. He acted his part very well, kept both his hands in his breeches pockets, shook his money, shook his head, as if vexed when any of the little kings wanted to borrow anything, and only showed favour to the little one with the white coat and red pantaloons. This fellow he patted on the cheeks and praised him, 'You're my boy, my pet, my pride; but let your cousin Michael keep out of my way; I'll not lend the goose a penny, he spends more men in a year than he has to eat; he'll make some trouble yet in the world, and spoil my business.' As true as the Lord may help me the little fellow played his part very well, particularly when he helped a child to walk along, who was dressed in white

satin with real silver lilies, and now and then said to him, 'Now, now, only take good care of yourself, get your living honestly, and look out that you're not driven away again, or I'll lose my money.' I tell you what, Doctor, it was a real pleasure to hear how the little chap and the other children—right nice children they were—played their parts very well till cakes were brought to them, and they begun to fight for the best pieces, and grabbed the crowns off one another's heads, and screamed and cried, and some of 'em even——"

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth, as to read a book of travels in Italy, unless it be to write one; and the only way in which its author can make it in any degree tolerable is to say as little in it as possible of Italy. But though I have availed myself of this artistic trick, I still cannot venture to promise the reader anything strikingly captivating in the coming chapter. And if you who read become tired of the stupid stuff in it, just think of what a dreary time I must have had writing it! I would recommend you, on the whole, to once in a while skip half a dozen leaves, for in that way you will arrive much

sooner at the end. Lord! how I wish that I could follow the same plan. And do not believe that I am jesting, for if I were to speak out in saddest earnestness the real opinion of my very heart, I would advise you to at once close these pages, and read no more therein. By and bye I will improve; and when we, in a book as yet unwritten, meet Matilda and Francesca together, the dear creatures shall delight you far more than anything in the present chapter, or even in the next.

The Lord be praised, I hear without, before my window, a hand-organ with merry tunes. My befogged head needed such a clearing up, particularly as I must now describe my visit to his Excellency the Marquis Christophero di Gumpelino. I will narrate this deeply moving history with the utmost accuracy, the most literal truth, and in all its filthy purity.

It was late as I reached the home of the Marquis. As I entered the room, Hyacinth stood alone, cleaning the golden spurs of his master, who, as I perceived through the half-opened door of his chamber, was on his knees before a Madonna and a great crucifix.

For you must know, dear reader, that this nobleman is now a good Catholic; that he observes with the utmost strictness all the ceremonies of that Church which alone confers happiness; and

that when he is in Rome he even keeps his own chaplain, on the same principle which induces to him keep in England the fastest horse, and in Paris the prettiest dancing girl.

"Herr Gumpel is just now doing his prayers," whispered Hyacinth with a significant smile, and, pointing to the cabinet of his master, added in a softer tone, "He lies that way every evening two hours on his knees before the Prima Donna with the Jesus-child. It is a splendid affair, and cost him six hundred francesconis."

"And you, Mr. Hyacinth, why don't you kneel behind him? Or perhaps you are not inclined to the Catholic religion?"

"I'm inclined, and again I a'n't inclined," replied he, reflectively shaking his head. "It's a good religion for a genteel Baron who can go about all day at his leisure, or for one who understands the fine arts, but it's no religion for a Hamburgher, for a man who has his business to mind, and no religion at all, any way you take it, for a lottery collector. I must write down fair and square every number that's drawn, and if I happen to think of—bum! bum! bum!—the Catholic bells, or if my eyes swim like Catholic incense, and I make a mistake, and set down the wrong number, the worst sort of trouble may come out of it. Many a time have I said to Herr Gumpel, 'Your Excellency is a rich man, and can

be as Catholic as you please, and may smoke up your wits with incense as much as you like, and may be as stupid as a Catholic bell, and still have victuals to eat; but *I'm* a business man, and must keep my seven senses about me to earn something.' Herr Gumpel thinks, of course, that it's necessary for my accomplishment, and that if I don't become Catholic that I can't understand the pictures which accomplish people, such as John of Fizzley, the Verygreeno, the Correctshow, Caratshow, and Cravatshow; but I've always held that all the Correctshows and Cravatshows wouldn't help much if nobody bought tickets of me, and then I should make a mighty poor show! And I must own, Doctor, that the Catholic religion don't amuse me; and, as a reasonable man, you must allow that when it comes to that, I'm right. I don't see any fun in it—it's something such a religion as if the Lord (the Lord forbid it!) had just died, and everything smelt of burial incense, and with it all, they roll out such a melancholy funeral music as to give one the blues; and the long and short of it is, that it's no religion for a Hamburger."

"Well, then, Mr. Hyacinth, how do you like the Protestant religion?"

"That is altogether, on t'other hand, too common-sense like, and if the Protestant churches hadn't an organ, it wouldn't be a religion at all. Between

you and I, the religion does no harm, and is as pure as a glass of water—but it don't help any. I've tried it, sir, and the trial cost me four marks fourteen schilling."

"How so, my good Mr. Hyacinth?"

"Well, do you see, Doctor, that I once came to the conclusion that it was a very enlightened religion, without any visionary notions or miracles, though, by the way, I still think that a church *must* have a few visionary notions and a trifle in the way of miracles to be one of the proper sort. 'But who'd ever work any miracle there?' thought I one day in Hamburg, as I peeped into a Protestant church, one of the regular bald sort, with nothing but brown benches and white walls, and on the walls nothing but a blackboard with half a dozen white numbers on it. 'But,' thinks I, 'maybe you don't do justice to this religion. Who knows but what these numbers can work a miracle as well as the image of the Virgin Mary, or a bone of her husband, St. Joseph?' and, to settle the matter, I went straight to Altona and set these very numbers in the Altona lottery. The *deuce* I set with eight schilling, the *terne* with six, the *quaterne* with four, and the *quinterne* with two schilling. But I tell you, upon my honour, that not a single one of the Protestant numbers came out a prize. I very soon made up *my* mind what to think of the Protestant business. A great

religion that, which can't so much as bring out the deuce!—and a nice goose I'd be to stake my salvation on a religion by which I've already lost four marks and fourteen schilling."

"I daresay that the old Jewish religion suits you much better, my friend."

"Doctor, the mischief take the old Jewish religion! I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it ain't a religion, but a misfortune. I keep out of the way of everything that puts me in mind of it, and because Hirsch is a Hebrew word, and means hyacinth, I've let the old Hirsch run,[1] and now subscribe myself, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser.' And then I have this advantage, that I've got an H on my seal ring, and my new name begins with an H, so that there's no need of having a new one cut. I tell you what—it amounts to a good deal in the long run, if you reckon up what a good name is worth to a man. Name's everything. When I write, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser,' it has another sort of a sound from plain Hirsch. Nobody can treat me like a common blackguard then."

"My good Hyacinth, who would ever treat *you* in such a manner? You appear to have done so

[1] *Hirsch* is also a German word, and signifies a stag or deer.

much towards accomplishing yourself, that it is easy to recognise a refined character in you before you open your mouth."

"You're right, Doctor. I have gone ahead like a giantess in improving myself. I really don't know who I ought to keep company with when I get back to Hamburgh; but I know what I'll do in the religion line. Just for the present I can get along with the New-Israelite temple, I mean the pure Mosaic-Lord's service, with orthographic German hymns and moving sermons, and a few visionary notions, which are things no religion can do without. As true as the Lord may help me, I don't want any better religion, and it is worth keeping up.[1] I mean to do my part for it any how, and every Saturday, when

[1] The reformed Jews are those who have laid aside to a greater or less degree the old ceremonies, observances, superstitions, and forms to which the orthodox adhere. There is also a very obscure and little known sect calling itself the *Neu-Reformirte* or New-Reformed which claims to be, however, extremely ancient, its members asserting that they are descendants from the Sadducees, whom they declare are much misrepresented in the New Testament, also that they have existed for 2500 years. Their belief is the purest and simplest Agnosticism. "We hold," said a very intelligent member of the sect to me, "that no one can prove or disprove the existence of a God or a future state, but that every man knows enough of right or wrong to guide him in his relations to others. If he follows his conscience, and there should be a future life, he will be rewarded; if there be none, he and the world will be none the worse."—*Note by Translator.*

it isn't a day for drawing in the lottery, I'm going there. There are men, and more's the pity, who give this new faith a bad name, and say that it gives occasion for a schism; but I give you my word, it's a good sound religion—perhaps a little too good for common folks, for whom the old Jewish religion is good enough. [A common man must have something stupid to make him happy, and he *does* feel happier in something of the sort. A regular old Jew, with a long beard and a ragged coat, and who can't speak a word correct, perhaps feels better than I do, with all my accomplishment] There lives in Hamburgh, in the Bæcker Breitengang by a gutter, a man named Moses Lump,[1]—the folks call him Lumpy, for short,—and he runs around the whole week in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes round, he goes home, and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and all his sorrows, and sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crookeder daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King David, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of

[1] *Lump* means in German not only a tatter or rag, but also a ragamuffin or blackguard.

Israel from Egypt. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people who did anything bad to them died at last; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and such like, are all dead, but that Lumpy is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicate, and the man is happy; he hasn't any cause to torment himself with any 'accomplishment;' he sits just as contented in his religion and in his green night-gown as Diogenes in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning, which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the Jewess who ought to snuff them isn't at hand, and if Rothschild the Great should happen to come in, with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head-clerks with whom he overcomes the world, and if he should say, 'Moses Lump, ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee,'—Doctor, I believe that Moses would say, quiet and easy, 'Pick the lamp, then!' and Rothschild the Great would answer in wonder, 'If I wasn't Rothschild, I'd like to be such a Lump as this!'"

As Hyacinth, according to custom, thus developed his doctrines with epic copiousness, the Marquis rose from his cushions and came towards us, still mumbling a paternoster through his nose. Hyacinth then drew the green curtain over the

image of the Madonna which hung over the bed, extinguished the two candles, took down the bronze crucifix, and approaching us, began to clean it with the same rag and with the same care with which he had just cleaned his master's spurs. But the Marquis was melting with heat and with soft sentiment; instead of a coat he wore a full blue silk domino with silver fringe, and his nose shone sorrowfully, like an enamoured louis-d'or. "Oh, Jesus!" he sighed, as he sank among the cushions of the sofa. "Don't you think, Doctor, that I have a very dreamy, visionary, poetical look this evening? I am very much moved; my soul is melting; I perceive from afar a higher world.

'My eye beholds the heaven open,
My heart leaps up in wondrous bliss.'"

"Herr Gumpel, you must take something," interrupted Hyacinth. "The blood in your inside has got to going again. I know what is the matter with you."

"You *don't* know," sighed his master.

"I tell you I *do*," replied the man, nodding with his good-natured, going-to-work little face. "I know you in and out—I *know*. You are just my opposite; when you're hungry I'm thirsty, and when I'm thirsty you're hungry. You are too corpulent, and I'm too lean. You have lots of imagination, and I've got all the more business

capacity. I'm a *practicus*, and you're a *diarrheticus*[1]—in short, you are altogether my *antipodex*."

"Ah, Julia!" sighed Gumpelino, "would that I were the yellow glove upon thy hand, and kissed thy cheek. Doctor, did you ever see the actress Crelinger in Romeo and Juliet?"

"Of course, and my whole soul is still enraptured with the memory."

"Well, then," cried the Marquis with enthusiasm, and fire flashed from his eyes, illuminating his nose, "then you appreciate my feelings—then you know what I mean when I say *I love!* I will show myself to you, and expose everything. Hyacinth, just step out of the room!"

"I needn't go out," said his man, as if vexed; "you needn't stand on any ceremony with me, for I know what love is, too, and how it——"

"You *don't* know!" cried the Marquis.

"I'll prove that I know, Herr Marquis, by just speaking the name of Julia Maxfield. Oh, be easy! You're loved, too, but it's of no use. The

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[1] Hyacinth, in this sentence, is supposed to be attempting to "air" the Latin which he has picked up under his master. For *diarrheticus* read *theoreticus*, and for *antipodex*, *antipodes*. An instance of the erudite character of the Germans may be found in the fact that even among very vulgar people the Latin word *podex* is frequently used for its German equivalent.—*Note by Translator.*

brother-in-law of your lady never lets her go out of sight, and watches her night and day like a diamond."

"Ah! wretched that I am," moaned Gumpelino. "I love and am loved again; we secretly press each other's hands—we tread on each other's feet under the table—glance meaningly at each other—and yet can't find an opportunity to—— Ah! how often I stand in the moonlight on the balcony, and imagine that I am Julia and that my Romeo or my Gumpelino has promised me a rendezvous—and then I declaim exactly like the Crelinger:—

'Come, night! come, Gumpelino!—come, day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back—
Come, gentle night; come, loving black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo—or Gumpelino!'

But ah! Lord Maxfield watches us all the time, and we're both dying with intense desire. I shall never survive the day when either sets the blossom of youthful purity at stake, winning to loose. Ah! I'd rather enjoy one such hour with Julia than win the great prize in the Hamburg lottery!"

"What a crazy notion!" cried Hyacinth; "the great prize!—one hundred thousand marks!"

"Yes, rather than the great prize," continued Gumpelino, "could I have one such hour—and

she has promised me often that I should have such when the first opportunity occurs, and I've often thought that she would declaim to me—just like Crelinger—

> 'Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day!
> It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
> That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
> Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
> Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.'"

"The great prize for only one night," repeated Hyacinth several times, as if he could never assent to such an assertion. "I have a very high opinion, Herr Marquis, of your accomplishments, but I never did think you'd have brought your visionary fancies up to such a pitch. That any man could ever prefer love to the great prize! Really, Herr Marquis, since I've waited on you I've got used to a great deal of accomplishment, but this much I know, I wouldn't give an eighth of the great prize for all the love afloat. The Lord keep me from it! Why, if I reckon off five hundred marks premium, there'd still remain twelve thousand marks. *Love!* Why, if I reckon up all together that I've ever paid out for love in all my life, it only comes to twelve marks and thirteen schilling. *Love!* Why, I've had lots of love, free, *gratis*, for nothing; only once in a while, to please my woman, I've cut her corns for her. I never had a real sentimental pas-

sionate love-scrape but once in my life, and that was for fat Sally of Dreckwall. She used to buy lottery tickets of me, and whenever I called on her to square accounts, she used to give me a piece of cake—very good cake indeed—and sometimes she'd make up a nice little fancy dish for me, with a drop of liquor to it; and when I once told her that I was troubled with the blues, she gave me a recipe for the powder which her own husband used. I use the powder to this very day, it always works on me; and that was the only consequence which our love ever had. I thought, Herr Marquis, that maybe you needed one of those powders. When I came to Italy they were the first thing I thought of, so I went to the apothecary and had 'em made up, and I always carry 'em about with me. Just wait a minute and I'll hunt for 'em; and if I hunt for 'em, I'll find 'em; and if I find 'em, your Excellency's got to take 'em."

It would require too much time to repeat all the comments with which Hyacinth accompanied his researches as he drew in succession each of the following articles from his pocket. These were:—I., half a wax candle; II., a silver case, in which he kept his instruments for cutting corns; III., a lemon; IV., a pistol, which, though unloaded, was carefully wrapped in paper lest the sight of it might awaken apprehension; V., a

scheme of the last drawing of the Hamburgh lottery; VI., a black leather bound little book, containing the Psalms of David and the debts not as yet collected; VII., a dry willow withe twined in a true-love knot;* VIII., a little packet covered with faded rose-coloured silk, and containing the receipt in full for a lottery prize which had once won fifty thousand marks; IX., a flat piece of bread resembling ship's biscuit with a hole in the middle; and X., the above-mentioned powder, which the little man took out, not without a certain emotion and a sorrowful shaking of the head.

"When I think," he sighed, "that ten years ago fat Sally gave me this receipt, and that I'm in Italy now, and have the same receipt in my hands, and see the same words on it, '*Sal mirable Glauberi*'—that means in German 'extra fine Glauber salt of the best quality'—ah! I feel as if I had already taken the salt and could feel it a-working inside. What is man! I'm in Italy a-thinking of fat Sally of Dreckwall! Who'd a thought it? I can think I see her now in the country in her garden, where the moon shines,

* Among Gypsies in Hungary and other people in Eastern Europe certain twists or gnarls of willow leaves or twigs are supposed to possess magic virtues, especially as love charms. *Vide* "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling," by Charles G. Leland. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1890.

and where there must be for certain a nightingale singing, or maybe a lark——"

"It is the nightingale, and not the lark!" sighed Gumpelino in parenthesis.

"'Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.'"

"It's all one to me," continued Hyacinth; "it may be a canary for all I care; only wild birds in the garden don't cost so much. The main thing is the hot-house, and the carpet in the pavilion, and the statuaries * all round it, and among 'em there's a naked General of the gods and the Venus Urinia; both cost three hundred marks. And in the middle of the garden Sally's got a fontenelle, and may be she's a-standing there having make-believe pleasures in her fancy, and thinking—of—me!"

After this sigh followed a rapt silence, which the Marquis finally broke with a languishing tone and question, "Tell me, Hyacinth, on your honour, do your really believe that your medicine will have its effect?"

"Yes, upon honour, it will. Why shouldn't it work? It works on *me*. And ain't I a living man just the same as you? Glauber salts make all men alike, and when Rothschild takes Glauber salts, they operate on him just as they would on

* *Staatsfiguren.*

the smallest broker. And I'll just tell you now how it's all done. I shake the powder into a glass, pour some water on it, and as soon as you've swallowed it you twist up your face and say, 'Prr—phew!—pooh!' Then you feel it a sort of quarrelling about inside of you, and you feel queer, and you lie down on the bed, and then I promise you, 'pon honour, that by and bye you'll get up, then you'll lay down again and get up again, and so on and so forth, and the next morning you feel as light as an angel with white wings, and you'll dance about because you feel so well; only you'll look a little pale, but I know you like to look pale, because its languishing-like, and that's interesting."

While thus chattering, Hyacinth had prepared the powder; but as for the Marquis, he would have taken this pains for nothing had not the passage suddenly flashed into his mind where Julia takes the draught which has such a dire effect on her destiny. "What do you think, Doctor," he cried, "of the actress Mueller in Vienna? I have seen her as Julia, and Lord! Lord! how she *did* play! I'm the greatest enthusiast for Crelinger living; but Mueller, when she drank off the goblet, completely tore me down! See!"—this was his exclamation, as he took with a comic gesture the glass into which Hyacinth had poured the powder —"See! *this* was the way in which she took the

cup, and shuddered, so that you could feel every thrill which *she* felt, as she said—

'There is a faint cold fear which thrills my veins,
And almost freezes up the heat of life.'

And *so* she stood, just as I stand, and held the goblet to her lips, saying—

'Stay, Talbot, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.'

And with these words she swallowed the medicine."

"Much good may it do you, Herr Gumpel!" said Hyacinth in a joyful tone, for the Marquis had, in imitative inspiration, drained the entire dose, and sunk weary with declamation on the sofa.

He did not remain long in this position, for almost immediately there was a knock at the door, and there entered Lady Maxfield's little jockey, who gave to the Marquis, with a laugh and a bow, a note, and at once retired. Hastily did Gumpelino break the seal, and while he read, his eyes and nose gleamed with delight; but suddenly a spectral paleness covered his face, emotion was apparent in every muscle, and he sprang about with gestures of despair, laughing grimly, and rushed about the chamber, exclaiming—

"Woe to me, fool of fortune!"

"What is it? what is it? cried Hyacinth, with a trembling voice, as he distractedly cleaned away

at the crucifix, which he had again taken up; "are we going to make our attack to-night?"

"What is the matter, Herr Marquis?" I inquired, equally astonished.

"Read! read!" cried Gumpelino, as he threw towards us the note, and again rushed despairingly about the room,his blue domino streaming behind him like a storm-cloud.

It was a note from Lady Maxfield, inviting him to call on her immediately, stating that she would leave on the following morning for England.

"Woe me, fool of fortune!" bewailed Gumpelino. "Love holds out to me his nectar cup, and I, alas! the Jack-fool of fortune, have already drained a goblet of Glauber salts! Who can get the accursed stuff out of me now? Help! help!"

"No earthly living man can help you now!" sighed Hyacinth.

"I pity you from my very heart," said I condolingly. "To drain a tumbler of Glauber salts instead of a goblet of nectar is bitter!"

"O Jesus! O Jesus!" cried the Marquis; "I feel it thrill through my every vein. Oh, true apothecary, thy drugs are quick! but it shall not hinder me. I will hasten to her; I will sink at her feet!"

"Don't be passionate!" replied Hyacinth. "Don't go off into rhapsodies."

"No, no! I will hasten to her, and in her arms——Oh, night! oh, night!"

"I tell you," continued Hyacinth, with philosophical indifference, "that you will find no repose in her arms. Don't be so passionate. Your mind plays into the hands of Nature. You must endure like a man what your fate has determined. Maybe it's good that it's come so, and perhaps it came so because it's good. Man is an earthly being, and doesn't understand the ways of Divinity. Folks often think they're going straight ahead to their happiness, and bad luck stands in the way with a stick; and when a plain vulgar stick strikes a noble back, they feel it, Herr Marquis!"

"Woe me! a fool of fortune!" raved Gumpelino. But his servant calmly continued—

"A man often expects a cupful of nectar, and instead of it gets horse-whip soup—if the nectar is sweet, then the horsewhipping is all the bitterer; and it is really lucky that the man who thrashes another must tire out sooner or later, or the fellow he whips could never stand it. But it is a great deal worse when bad luck with dagger and poison hides in a man's way to love, so that his life's in danger. Maybe, Herr Marquis, it is really all right that things have gone as they have, or perhaps, who knows, you might, while running in the heat of love, have been met on the way by a little Italian with a dirk six yards long, who would have gone slap at you, and have stuck you (not to put too fine a point upon it) through your calves. For a

man can't holler for the watch here as in Hamburgh, and there are no policemen among the Apennines. Or maybe," continued the pitiless consoler, without paying the slightest attention to the growing rage of his master, "maybe when you were sitting snug and warm by Lady Maxfield, the brother-in-law would have come rushing back and clapped a pistol to your breast, and made you sign a bill of a hundred thousand marks. I don't want to make mischief or tell lies—but I say, suppose now—only suppose that you were a good-looking man, and Lady Maxfield was in despair for fear she should lose her beau, and was jealous—like all women—for fear some other woman might get you after she was gone, what would she do? Why, she'd just take an orange or a lemon and put a little white powder on it, and say, 'Here, dear, just suck this and cool yourself off a little; you've got warm a-running so fast,' and the next day you'd be cooled down and no mistake. There was a man named Piper, who had a passional attraction for a female individual who was called Trumpet-Angel Jenny, and she lived in the 'Coffee-factory,' and the man by the Duck Pond——"

"I wish, Hirsch," screamed the Marquis in a rage, "I wish that your Piper of the Duck-Pond, and his Trumpet-Angel of the Coffee-Mill, and you and your Sally, all had my Glauber's salts rammed down your throats!"

"What would you have, Herr Gumpel?" exclaimed Hyacinth, not without heat. "Was it my fault that Lady Maxfield's a-going away to-morrow and invited you to come to-night? Could I know *that* beforehand? Am I Aristotle? Have I got a situation in a prophecy office? I only said that the powder would work, and it *will* work, just as sure as I'm a-going to heaven, and if you go running about the room in such a disparaging and passional way, it'll work all the sooner."

"Well, then, I'll sit down calmly on the sofa," groaned Gumpelino; and, stamping on the ground, he rolled in a rage on the sofa, restrained his mood by a mighty effort, and both servant and master gazed long and silently at each other, until the latter said, with a deep sigh and in a whimpering tone—

"But, Hirsch, what will the lady say if I don't come? She waits for me, yes, lingers and trembles and burns with love."

"She has a beautiful foot," said Hyacinth to himself, and sorrowfully shook his little head. But there were mighty throbs of emotion at work in his heart, and a daring idea was working itself out under his scarlet coat.

"Herr Gumpel," said the words, as they came forth, "—— *send* me!"

And as he spoke, a deep blush stole over the sallow business countenance.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Candide came to El Dorado, he saw several boys in the street who were playing with nuggets of gold instead of stones. This extravagance made him think that they must be royal children, and he was not a little astonished to learn that in El Dorado nuggets of gold were as valueless as flint-pebbles with us, so that the very school-boys played with them. Something very similar happened to one of my friends, who, when he first came to Germany and read German books, was greatly amazed at the wealth of thought which he found in them, but soon observed that thoughts are as common in Germany as gold ingots in El Dorado, and that many a writer who seems to be an intellectual prince is, after all, a mere schoolboy.[1]

This reflection often occurs to me when I am about to write down the most admirable reflections on Art and Life. Then I laugh, and keep my thoughts in my pen, or scribble in their stead a picture or a carpet-pattern on the paper, persuad-

[1] So with wit and humour in France, as with the exquisite ornaments in its Gothic architecture. (*Vide Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*, p. 144, by J. H. Parker.) We are at first struck by their abundance, but find after a time that they are often repeated and worked over into common property. —*Note by Translator.*

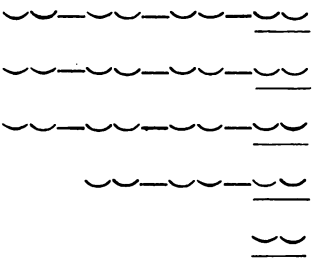
ing myself that such carpets are more useful in Germany—that intellectual El Dorado—than the goldenest thoughts.

Dear reader, I shall bring on the carpet now, spreading out before thee, the familiar figures of Gumpelino and his Hirsch-Hyacinth; and if the former be painted with less accurate traits, I trust that you will be sharp-witted enough to appreciate a negative character, even if positive points be wanting in it. For he might bring a suit for libel against me, or something even more significant. For the Marquis is mighty with money and many friends. Besides, he is the natural ally of my enemies; he upholds them with subsidies; he is an aristocrat, an ultra-papist; in fact, he only wants one thing as yet to be as bad as possible, and that one thing he must soon learn, having the book which teaches it already in his hands, as you will perceive from my picture-carpet.

It was again evening. On the table stood two candelabras with lighted wax-candles, and their gleam flashed on the golden frames of the pictures of saints hanging on the wall, and which, in the flickering light and wavering shadow, seemed inspired with life. Without, before the window, the dark cypress trees stood strangely motionless in the silver moonlight, while far in the distance resounded a sad hymn to the Virgin, rising and falling in broken tones, apparently the voice of

a sick child. The air within was close and warm, and the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino sat, or rather reclined, in aristocratic indolence on the cushions of the sofa, his noble though overheated figure being again clad in its blue silk domino, while in his hands he held a book bound in scarlet morocco-paper, heavily gilt, and from which he declaimed in a loud yet languishing tone. His eyes had that sticky-pasty lustre peculiar to enamoured tomcats, and his cheeks, including the side-wings of the nose, were pale as if from suffering. Still this pallor admits of a philosophically anthropological explanation if we remember that the Marquis had swallowed the night before a whole tumbler of Glauber salts.

Hirsch-Hyacinthus was down on all fours on the floor, and with a great piece of white chalk was busy in drawing on the brown tiles the following characters, or something like them:—



This business appeared to be anything but agreeable to the little man, for, puffing at every stoop, he growled vexedly, "Spondee, Trochee, Iambus,—I am bust!—Pyrr-hic, Anapest—and the pest!" For the sake of working more at his ease, he had taken off his red coat, and there now appeared two short modest-looking legs in tight scarlet breeches, and somewhat longer arms in white loose sleeves.

"What curious figures are those?" I inquired, after watching his work for a while.

"These are feet the size of life," he groaned for answer, "and I, wretched man, must keep these feet in my head, and my hands already ache with all the feet they've had to write. These are the real true feet of poetry, and if it wasn't for the accomplishments I'm getting, I'd let the poetry run with all its feet. Just now I have private lessons from the Marquis in the poetry business. The Marquis reads the poem and explains how many feet there are in it, and then I must note them down and reckon up whether the poem is all right."

"You find us," remarked the Marquis in didactically pathetic tone, "engaged in a truly poetic occupation. I well know, Doctor, that you belong to that body of poets who have ideas of their own, and do not perceive that in poetry the feet come

first, and that *metre* is the main thing; but a refined spirit can only express itself in refined forms, and these are only to be learned from the Greeks, and from those modern poets who strive to think like Greeks, *feel* like Greeks, and bring their feelings home in the Greek fashion to a man."

"To man, of course, and not to woman, as an unclassic, romantic poet is bound to do," replied my Insignificance.

"Herr Gumpel talks now and then like a book," whispered Hyacinth aside to me, as he contracted his thin lips, winked his little eyes with delighted pride, and significantly shook his small head, whose every motion was one of wondering amazement. "I tell you," he continued, in somewhat louder tones, "he talks sometimes like a book, and then he's what you might call no sort of a man at all, but a higher sort of being, and I become regularly *dumb* the nearer I come to him."

"And what have you there in your hands?" I inquired of the Marquis.

"Gems," he replied laconically, holding out the book.

At the word "gems" Hyacinth leaped up, but, when he saw the book, smiled pityingly. The precious gem in question had on its title-page the following words:—

POEMS

OF

AUGUST, COUNT VON PLATEN.

STUTTGARD AND TÜBINGEN:

PUBLISHED BY J. G. COTTA.

1828.

On the blank leaf was neatly written, "A Gift of True Brotherly Friendship."

"I haven't slept a wink all night," he complained to me. Fortunately, I had this glorious bit of reading by me, and I got from it not only poetical instruction, but also sound consolation for life. I swear, sir, by our blessed Lady of Loretto, and as true as I'm an honourable man, that these poems haven't their equal! You know that I was in a state of desperation yesterday evening—*au désespoir*, as one might say—because Fate forbade me to possess my Julia. Then I read these poems, one every time when I had to get up, and the result has been, that I feel so indifferent to women that my own passion became repulsive to me. And that is the beauty of this poet, that he only burns with friendship for men. Yes, he prefers us to women; and for this very preference we ought to be grateful to him. How much greater he is in this than common poets! You do not find him flattering the every-day tastes of the

masses; he cures us of that passion for women which causes us so much suffering. O woman! woman! what a benefactor to his race is that man who frees us from your chains! It is an eternal shame that Shakespeare never applied his wonderful theatrical talent to this end, since he, as I have just found in these poems, was inspired by the same greatness of soul as the great Count Platen, who says, in his sonnets of Shakespeare:

'A maid's caprices never broke thy slumbers,
And yet for friendship still we see thee yearning;
From female snares a friend thy steps is turning,
His beauty is thy care, and fires thy numbers.'"

While the Marquis declaimed these verses with enthusiasm, and while the moisture gathered on his tongue, Hyacinth was making a series of grimaces which were evidently inspired by anything but assent, though they appeared partly to be those of vexation and partly of affirmation, until he at last exclaimed—

"Herr Marquis, you talk like a book, and the verses go out like a purge, but I don't like their contents. As a man, I feel flattered that Count Platen gives us the preference, but as a friend to women, I go against such men. Such is man! One likes onions, and another has the feeling for warm friendship; but I, as an honest man, must

confess that I prefer onions, and that a cross-eyed cook-maid is more to my taste than any friend such as your poet talks about. And, in fact, I must say that I, for one, can't *begin* to see so much beauty in the male sex that one can fall in love with it."

Hyacinth spoke these last words while giving a side squint at his own reflection in the mirror, as though he were the ideal pattern of manly perfection. But the Marquis, without suffering himself to be disturbed, read on—

"'Hope's foam-built palaces may fall together;
We strive, yet do not come at all together;
Melodious from thy mouth my name is ringing,
And yet my verse thou wilt not call together.
Like sun and moon must we be ever parted,
That use and custom may be all together?
Oh, lean thine head on mine, for sweet in union
Thy dark locks and my light ones fall together;
But ah! I dream, for lo I see thee parting
Ere joy has found us in one thrall together;
Our souls are bleeding since our forms are parted,
Would we were flowers, oft bound and all together!'"

"Queer poetry that!" exclaimed Hyacinth, as he re-echoed the rhymes: "'Use and custom all together,' 'thrall together,' and 'fall together!' Queer poetry! I've got a brother-in-law who, when he reads poetry, often for fun puts 'from before' and 'from behind' in turn at the end of

every other verse, but I declare I never knew that the poems he made up that way ought to be called 'gazelles.' I must try myself and see whether the verses which the Marquis has just declaimed won't be improved by putting 'from before' and 'from behind' in turn after the 'together.' Depend upon it they'll be twenty per cent. stronger!"

Without attending to this speech, the Marquis drove ahead in his declamation of "gazelles" and sonnets, in which the loving one sings his "friend of beauty," praises him, wails over him, accuses him of indifference, devises plans to attain him, ogles him, is jealous of him, languishes for him, fondles through a whole scale of love-tones with him, and that so meltingly, amorously, and lecherously, that the reader would suppose that the poet were a maiden suffering with nymphomania. One thing, however, must seem to him to a certain degree extraordinary, that this maiden is always complaining that her love is contrary to the usual manner or "custom;" that she cherishes as intense a hatred of this "custom which parts" as a pickpocket could against the police; that in her love she would fain embrace "the limbs" of her friend; that she laments dolefully over envious wretches who cunningly part us, "to hinder us and keep us ever parted;" that she bewails annoying personal afflictions on the part of her friend; that she assures him that she will only casually glance

at him; that she protests that "no single syllable shall shock thine ear," and finally confesses, that

> "My wish in others but gave birth to strife;
> Thou hast not granted it, but oh! as yet
> Thou hast not said me nay, oh my sweet life!"

I must do the Marquis the justice to admit, that he declaimed these verses well, sighed at full length in repeating them, and groaned while Hyacinth continued to babble the verses after him, not omitting to interweave with them his own original chatter. He honoured the odes with the most attention. "There's a heap more to be learned," quoth he, "from this sort of poetry than from your sonnets and gazelles; for in the odes the feet are set down all fair and square, and a man can count up every poem nice and easy. Every poet ought to do in his hardest poetry-verses like Count Platen—that is, set it down with the feet up, and say to folks, 'See here! I'm an honourable man, one of the kind that don't cheat. The straight and crooked marks which I put before every poem are what you may call the *counter-feet*[1] of it, and you may reckon up for yourself the trouble it all cost me. In fact, they're a kind of yard-stick for every poem; take it and measure 'em with it, and if you find I cheat you out of a single syllable, why then call

[1] *Conto-finto*, a simulated account.

me a d——d rascal—that's all!' But then the public may be taken in just by the honourable face he puts on it. When the feet are all set down so honest-looking and plain, the reader'll say, 'Well, I'm not going to be one of your suspicious sort; what's the use of counting after the man. I daresay it's all right ; I ain't a-going to do it!' And he *don't* do it—and gets cheated. And who can always count 'em up? Now we're in Italy, and I've got time to write the feet on the ground with chalk, and collationate every ode. But in Hamburgh, where I've my business to attend to, I've no time for it, and must take Count Platen without calling him to an account, just as a man takes the bags of money from the treasury with the number of the dollars they hold, written on 'em. They go about, sealed up, from one man to another, everybody takes it for granted that they hold as much as the number says; and yet it *has* happened that a man who didn't have much to do has opened one and counted the specie, and found it ran short a few dollars. And there may be just the same sort of swindling in poetry. Particularly do I mistrust when I think of bags of money. For my own brother-in-law has told me that in the House of Correction at Odensee they've got a fellow who had some sort of a situation in the Post Office, and who opened the specie-bags that went through his hands, and

then sewed 'em up again and forwarded 'em. When one hears of such rascality, he loses his trust in fellow-mortals, and gets to be a mistrustful man. There's ever so much rascality in this world, and I suppose it's the same in the poetry business as in any other."

"Honesty," continued Hyacinth, while the Marquis declaimed on, all absorbed in feeling and without attending to us,—"Honesty, Doctor, is the correct thing, and a man who isn't honest I consider as a scamp, and when I consider a man as a scamp, I'll buy nothing from him, read nothing of his—in short, devil the bit of business of any sort will I do with him. I'm a man, Doctor, who don't set myself up on anything, but if there's anything I would set myself up on, it would be on doing the correct thing. If you've no objection, I'd like to tell you of a noble trait in my character, and you'll be astonished at it. I tell you you'll be astonished as sure as I'm an honourable man. There's a man lives in the Spear Place in Hamburgh, and he's a greengrocer, and his name's Blocky—that is to say, I say that his name's Blocky, because we're good friends, for his real name is Block.[1] And his wife of course is Madam Block, and she never could bear that her husband should buy lottery tickets of me, and when he did, I didn't dare to go to his house with 'em. So

[1] *Klotz*, log, block, stump; a blockhead.

he used to tell me in the street, 'I want this or that number, and here's the money, Hirsch!' And I'd say, 'All right, Blocky!' And when I got home, I used to lay the number he'd taken apart for him under cover, and write on it in German hand, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block.' And now just listen and be astonished. It was a fine spring day, and the trees round the Exchange were all green, and the zephyr airs were nice, and the sun shone in the heaven, and I stood by the Bank of Hamburgh. And then Blocky—my Blocky, you know—came walking along with fat Mrs. Blocky on his arm, and was the first to speak to me, and spoke of the Lord's splendid spring, and made some patriotic remarks on the town-guard, and asked me how business was, and I told him that a little while before there'd been a chap in the pillory, and so as we talked he told me that the night before he'd dreamed that number 1538 had drawn the grand prize; and just at that instant, while Madam Block was looking at the *statutes*[1] of the Emperors before the town-hall, he put thirteen louis-d'ors, full weight, into my hand. Lord! it seems to me that I can feel them now; and before Madam could turn around I said, 'All right, Blocky!' and went away. And I went at once,

[1] *Kaiserstatisten.*

without stopping, to the head office, and got number 1538, and covered it up as soon as I was home, and wrote on the cover, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block.' And what did the Lord do? Fourteen days later, to try my honesty, he let number 1538 turn up a prize of fifty thousand marks. And what did Hirsch then do, the same Hirsch who now stands before you? This Hirsch put on a clean white shirt and a clean white cravat, and took a hackney-coach and went to the head office, and drew his fifty thousand marks and rode with 'em to the Spear Place. And when Blocky saw me he says, 'Hirsch, what are you dressed up so fine for to-day?' I, however, didn't answer a word, but set a great astonishing bag of gold on the table, and said, right cheerful and jolly, 'Herr Christian Hinrich Block! number 1538, which you were so kind as to order of me, has been so lucky as to draw fifty thousand marks. I have the honour to present you that same money in this bag, and take the liberty of begging a receipt for the amount.' When Blocky heard *that*, he began to cry; when Madame Block heard it, *she* cried; the fat red servant-girl cried; the crooked shop-boy cried; the children cried; and I, a man of feelings as I am, couldn't cry at all, but fainted dead away, and it wasn't till I came to that the tears came into my eyes like a river, and I cried for three hours!"

The voice of the little man quivered as he told this story, and with an air of joy he drew from his pocket the packet I have already spoken of, unrolled the faded rose silk, and showed me the document in which Herr Christian Hinrich Block acknowledged the receipt of fifty thousand marks. "When I die," said Hyacinth with a tear in his eye, "this receipt must be buried with me, and on the judgment-day, when I must give an account of all my deeds, then I will go with this receipt in my hand before the throne of the Lord, and when my evil angel has read off the list of all the evil deeds I've been guilty of, and my good angel has read off in turn all my good deeds, I'll say, calm and easy, 'Be quiet! all I want to know is if this receipt is correct?—is that the handwriting of Herr Christian Hinrich Block?' Then a little angel will come flying up, and he'll say that he knows Block's hand perfectly well, and he'll tell the whole story of the honourable business I carried through. And the Creator of Eternity, the Almighty, who knows all things will remember it all, and he will praise me before the sun, moon, and stars, and reckon up at once in his head that if the value of my evil deeds be subtracted from fifty thousand marks, that there'll remain a balance to my account, and he'll say, 'Hirsch, you are appointed an angel of the first class, and may wear wings with white and red feathers.'"

CHAPTER XI.

WHO is, then, the Count Platen, whom we have in the previous chapter learned to know as a poet and warm friend? Ah! dear reader, I have been reading that very question for a long time in your countenance, and it is with a trembling heart that I set about answering it. The worst thing with German authors is, that whenever they show up a fool, they must beforehand set him forth in full by means of wearisome descriptions of character and personal peculiarities, firstly, that the reader may know of his existence, and secondly, that they may understand how, where, and when the lash cuts—before or behind. It was a different matter with the ancients, and it is still different with some modern nations, for instance, the English and French, who have a public life, and, in consequence, public characters. We Germans, on the contrary, though we have a foolish enough public, have very few fools distinguished enough to be generally recognised as 'characters,' when used in prose or in verse. The few men of this mould whom we possess are perfectly justifiable in giving themselves airs of importance. They are of inestimable value, and are entitled to the highest

claim to our consideration. For instance, the Herr Privy Counsellor Schmaltz, professor at the University of Berlin, is a man worth his weight in gold; a humorous writer could never do without him, and he himself is so perfectly conscious of his personal importance and needfulness that he loses no opportunity to supply such writers with material for satire. For this purpose, therefore, he labours night and day, either as statesman, civil villain, or civilian,[1] deacon, anti-Hegelian, and patriot, to make himself as ridiculous as possible, and thus advance that literature for which he sacrifices himself. And therefore the German universities deserve great praise, since they supply us with more fools than any other trade-unions, especially Göttingen, which I have never failed to appreciate, so far as this point is concerned. This is the true and secret reason why I have always boldly advocated the maintenance of the universities, even while preaching freedom of exercising a trade, and recommending the abolition of the guilds. When fools of note are thus wanting, the world cannot be too grateful to me should I bring out a few new ones and render them available. For the advancement of literature, I will therefore now speak more in detail of

[1] *Servilist* in the original, which I presume to be a Rabelaisian "twist" of the word Civilist.—*Note by Translator.*

Count August von Platen Hallermunde. I will so arrange it that he may be made well enough known to be useful, and to a certain degree celebrated, giving him, as it were, a literary fattening, as the Iroquois are said to do with prisoners who are subsequently devoured at their festivals. In this business I shall act with all due honour and courtesy, as a good citizen should, touching on the material or so-called personal interests only so far as they are needed to throw light upon spiritual phenomena, always giving the point of view from which I regarded him, and not unfrequently exhibiting the spectacles wherewith I took my peep.

The point of view from which I first beheld Count Platen was Munich, the scene of those efforts which rendered him very celebrated among his acquaintances, and where he will unquestionably be immortal, so long as he lives. The spectacles with which I saw him belonged to certain inhabitants of the city, who, in their merry moments, occasionally indulged in merry remarks relative to his personal appearance. I have never seen him myself, and when I have a fancy to imagine him, I recall the droll rage with which my friend Doctor Lautenbacher attacked poetic folly in general, and particularly that of a certain Count Platen, who, with a wreath of laurel on his brow, stood—in the way of passers-by—in an

attitude of poetic inspiration on the public promenade at Erlangen, staring, with spectacled nose, up at heaven. Others have spoken better of the poor Count, lamenting only his straitened circumstances, which, as he was very ambitious of honour, compelled him to extraordinary industry, and thus at least gave him distinction as a poet. Such stories, of course, moved my pity to a certain extent, although I found that his failures in the art of pleasing were very natural.

In vain the poor Count declared that he was destined to become the greatest of poets; that the shadow of the laurel was already visible on his brow, and that he could also make others immortal in poems which would live for ever. Alas! even this celebrity was not acceptable to any one, nor was it, in fact, a thing to be particularly desired. So far as I am concerned, dear reader, I am not so malicious as you think; I pity the poor Count, and when others mock him, I doubt whether he has ever practically revenged himself on the hated "custom" spoken of, although in his songs he sighs for such revenge; no, I rather believe in the repulsive afflictions, injurious disregard, and rejections of which he sings so plaintively. I believe, in fact, that he acted towards morality in a far more laudable manner than he was desirous of doing, and it is possible that he can boast, with General Tilly, "I was never

intoxicated, never touched a woman, and never lost a battle." It was, beyond question, for this that the poet says of himself—

"Thou art a sober and a modest youth."

The poor youth, or rather the poor old youth, for he had several lustrums behind him, once squatted, unless I err, at the University of Erlangen, where some sort of occupation had been allotted him, but as this was insufficient for his soaring spirit, since with his increasing lustrums he lusted with greater lustiness for illustrious lustre, and as he day by day felt himself more inspired with his future glory, he gave up his business, being determined to live by writing, by gifts from heaven whenever they might turn up, and by similar earnings. For the county of the Count is unfortunately situated in the moon, and, owing to the bad state of the roads which communicate with Bavaria, will not (according to Gruithuisen's calculation) be attainable until 20,000 years have elapsed, after which time, when that planet approaches the earth, he will be able to draw from it his enormous revenues.

At an earlier period Don Platen de Colibrados Hallermunde had published by Brockhaus in Leipzig a collection of poems with the title of *Lyrical Leaves, No. I.*, which of course met with no success, although he assured us in the preface

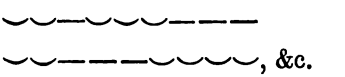
that the Seven Wise Men had lavished their praise on the author. At a later date he wrote, in Tieck's style, several dramatic legends and stories, which also had the fortune to remain hidden from the ignorant multitude, and were only read by the Seven Wise Men. In order to get a few more readers, the Count applied himself to controversy, and wrote a satire against eminent writers, especially against Müllner, who was already universally hated and morally overthrown, so that the Count came just in the nick of time to give the dead Court Counsellor Oerindur another *coup de grâce*; not gracefully, however, in the head, but very awkwardly, in the Falstaffian manner, in the thigh. A dislike of Müllner inspired every noble heart; the attack of the Count "took," and "The Mysterious and Terrible Fork" met here and there with a kindly reception; not from the public at large, but among literati and the regular school-people; the latter being pleased with the satire because it was not an imitation of the romantic Tieck, but of the classic Aristophanes.

I believe that it was about this time that the Count travelled to Italy, no longer entertaining a doubt but that he would be able to live by his poetry. Cotta had indeed paid him the common prosaic honour to pay him money for his bill for poetry; for Poetry, the nobly-born, never has any money herself, and when in difficulties always

goes to Cotta. Now the Count versified day and night; he no longer copied the patterns of Tieck and of Aristophanes, but imitated first Goethe in ballads, then Horace in odes, then Petrarch in sonnets, then Hafiz in Persian gazelles; in short, he gave us, such as it was, a selection of flowers of the best poets, and with it his own lyrical leaves, under the title of "Poems of Count Platen, &c."

No one in Germany is so indulgent as I towards poetic productions, and I am willing from my very soul that a poor devil like Platen should enjoy his bit of celebrity which he has so bitterly earned by the sweat of his brow; and no one is more willing to praise his industry, his efforts and his poetry, or to recognise his metrical merits. My own efforts enable me better than another to appreciate those merits. The bitter labour, the indescribable perseverance, the chattering of teeth through weary winter nights, the restrained anger at a fruitless straining for effect, is far more apparent to one of us than to the ordinary reader who supposes that the smoothness, neatness, and polish of the Count's verses are the effect of ease, and who thanklessly enjoys himself over the glittering play of words, just as spectators at the feats of circus *artistes*, when they behold the latter dancing on ropes, hopping among eggs, or standing on their heads, never reflect that the poor fellows have

acquired this pliancy of limb and poetry of motion only by long years of hard work and bitter hunger. I, who have never worried myself so much in poetry, and who have always exercised it in company with good eating, esteem poor Platen all the more, since his experiences have been of such a sour and sober nature; I will boast for him that no literary rope-dancer in Europe can balance so well as he on slack gazelles, that no one can perform so well as he such an egg-dance as



, &c.

and that no one can stand so well on his head. If the Muses are not complaisant to him, he at least has the genius of our language in his power, or knows how to clothe it with power. As for winning the willing love of the genius, it is beyond his power; he must perseveringly run after this youth as after others, and his utmost ability is to catch the outward form, which, despite its beautiful contour, never speaks to our soul. Never did the deep tones of Nature, as we find them in popular song among children and other true poets, burst from the soul of Platen, or bloom forth like an apocalypse from it, and the desperate effort which he is obliged to make in order to say something he calls a "great deed in words," for so utterly

unfamiliar is he with the true spirit of poetry, that he does not know that the successful mastery of words can only be a great *deed* for the rhetorician;[1] for the true poet it should be a natural occurrence. Unlike the true poet, language was never yet his master. On the contrary, he has become master of it, playing on it as a virtuoso plays on an instrument. The more he advanced in this mechanical facility, the higher opinion did he form of his own powers of performance. He learned how to play in every manner and metre; he versified even the most difficult passages, often poetising, so to speak, on the G string, and was vexed when the public did not applaud. Like all *virtuosi* who have developed this sort of single-string talent, he only exerted himself for applause, regarding with anger the celebrity of others. He envied his colleagues all that they gained, as, for instance, when he fired five-act pasquinades at Clauren at a time when he could not attract more than a mere poetic squib at himself; he laid a strong hand on every review in which others were praised, and cried without ceasing, "I am not sufficiently praised, I am not sufficiently praised,

[1] It may here be observed that it is chiefly for this mastery of words, and of "the genius of language," which he himself considered as such a trifle, that Heine has been so greatly exalted in England. Hence the cry that he is not translatable. But *thought* is always translatable.—*Note by Translator.*

for I am the poet, the poet of poets," &c. Such a hunger and thirst for praise and for alms was never yet shown by a true poet—by Klopstock or by Goethe, to whose companionship Count Platen has appointed himself, although any one can see that he justly forms a triumvirate only with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, and perhaps with Ramler. "The great Ramler," as he was called in his own time, when he, without a laurel crown, it is true, but with all the greater cue and hair-bag, with his eyes raised to heaven, and with a canvas umbrella under his arm, wandered scanning about in the Berlin *Thiergarten*, believed himself to be the representative of poetry on earth. His verses were the most perfect in the German language, and his adorers, among whom even a Lessing went astray, believed that poetry could go no further. Such, at a late date, was almost the case with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, whose poetical insufficiency became manifest as the language was more fully developed, so that many who once looked upon the singer of Arion as an Arion himself, now regard him merely as a schoolmaster of some ability. But whether Count Platen is as yet qualified to laugh at the otherwise really great Schlegel, as the latter once laughed at Ramler, I cannot take it on me to say. But this I do know, that they are all three on a par in poetry, and though Count Platen in his gazelles

displays ever so exquisitely his juggling arts of balance, though he executes his egg-dance ever so admirably, and if he in his plays even stands on his head, he is not for all that a poet. Severe critics, who wear first-class spectacles, add their voice to this verdict, or express themselves with more laconic significance.

Everywhere in Platen's poems we see the ostrich, which only hides its head, the vain, weak bird, which has the most beautiful plumage, and yet cannot fly; and which, ever quarrelsome, stumbles along over the polemic sandy desert of literature. With his fine feathers, without the power to soar, with his fine verse, without poetic flight, he is the very opposite to that eagle of song who, with less brilliant wings, still rises to the sun. I must return to my old refrain; Count Platen is no poet.

Two things are required of every poet: that there should be natural tones in his lyric poems, and characters in his epic or dramatic productions. If he cannot legitimately establish himself on these points, he must lose his title as poet, although all his other family papers and diplomas of nobility are in perfect order. I have no doubt that the last is the case with Count Platen, and I am convinced that he would only deign a smile of pitying sorrow to any one who should attempt to cast doubt on his title as Count. But dare to so

much as level a couplet at his poetic title, and he will at once set himself down and publish five-act satires against you. For the more dubious and uncertain their title to an honour may be, the more earnestly do men hold to it. Perhaps Count Platen would have been a poet had he lived in another age, and had he been, moreover, somebody else. The want of natural chords in the poems of the Count is the more touching from the fact that he lives in an age when he dare not so much as name his real feelings, when the current morality which is so directly opposed to his love, even forbids him to openly express his sorrows, and when he must anxiously and painfully disguise every sentiment for fear of offending by so much as a single syllable the ear of the public as well as that of the "disdainful and beautiful one." This constant fear suppresses every natural chord in him—it condemns him to metrically labour away at the feelings of other poets which have already passed muster as acceptable, and which must of necessity be used to cloak his own conceptions. It may be that wrong is done him when those who understand such unfortunate situations assert that Count Platen is desirous of showing himself as Count in poetry and of holding in it to his nobility, and that he consequently only expresses the feelings of such well-known families as have their sixty-four descents. Had he lived in the

days of the Roman Pythagoras, it may be that he would have expressed these feelings more openly and perhaps have passed for a true poet. Then natural chords at least would not have been missed in his lyric poems—albeit the want of characters in his dramas must ever have remained, at least until he changed his physical nature and became an altogether different man. The forms of which I speak are those independent creatures which spring perfect and fully armed from the creative power of the poet, as Pallas Athene sprang from the head of Kronion —living dream-forms whose mystic birth stands, far more than is imagined, in active relation with the mental and moral nature of the poet—a spiritual production denied to the one who, a mere fruitless creature, vanishes gazelle-like in his windy weakness.

These are, however, after all, only the private opinions of a poet, and their importance depends on the degree of credit which is accorded them. But I cannot avoid mentioning that Count Platen has often assured the public that in days as yet to come he will compose the most remarkable poetry, of which no one has as yet even a presentiment; yes, and that he will publish Iliads and Odysseys and classic tragedies, and similar immortally colossal poems, after he has toiled so or so many lustrums. Reader, you have perhaps

read some of these outpourings of self-consciousness in his laboriously-filed verses, and the promise of such a glorious future was probably the pleasanter to you when the Count at the same time represented all the contemporary German poets, with the exception of the aged Goethe, as a set of nasty wretches, who only stood in his way on the path to immortality, and who were so devoid of shame as to pluck the laurels and the praise which of right belonged to him alone.

I will pass over what I heard in Munich on this theme; but for the sake of chronology I must mention that it was at this time that the King of Bavaria announced his intention of bestowing on some German poet a pension without any attendant official duties; an unusual example, which might have the happiest result on the entire literature of Germany. I was told——

But I will not quit my theme. I spoke of the vain boasting of Count Platen, who continually cried, "I am the poet, the poet of poets! I shall yet write Iliads and Odysseys," &c., &c. I know not what the public thinks of such boasting, but I know right well what a poet thinks of them [1]—

[1] There are not a few passages here and there in our author's works in which "this good Heine" is not a whit behind Platen as regards making a brave sound in blowing his own poetical trumpet; which, however, renders these pages the more amusing. —*Note by Translator.*

that is to say, a true poet, who has felt the ashamed sweetness and the secret trembling of poetry, and who, like a happy page who enjoys the secret favours of a princess, most assuredly will not boast of them in the public market-place.

Not unfrequently has the Count for thus puffing himself up been soundly taken down, yet, like Falstaff, he always knew how to excuse himself. He has for such excuses a useful talent, which is peculiarly his own, and one deserving special mention. It lies in this, that Count Platen, who is familiar with every failing in his own breast, is also quick at recognising the faintest trace of kindred faults in any great man, and is not less prompt, on the strength of this elective affinity of vice, to institute a comparison between the other and himself. Thus, for instance, having observed that Shakespeare's sonnets have certain defects of his own, praises Shakespeare, compares himself with him—and that is all which he has to say of him. One might negatively write an apology for Count Platen, and assert that he has not as yet developed this or that failing because he has not as yet compared himself with this or that great man who has been reputed guilty of them. Most genial, however, and amazing did he show himself in the choice of one in whose life he discovered speeches void of modesty, and by whose example he fain would lend a colour to

his own boasting. In fact, the words of this man as establishing such a point have not been cited, for it was none other than Jesus Christ himself, who has hitherto always been taken for the pattern of meekness and humility. Christ once boasted! the most humble of mankind, and the more humble—since he was the divinest? Yes, what has escaped all theologians was discovered by Count Platen, for he insinuates that Christ, when he stood before Pilate, was not humble nor did he answer humbly, for when the latter asked him, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" he answered, "Thou sayest it." And so, says he, the Count Platen, "I am he; I am the poet!" What the hate of one who scorned Christ never as yet effected was brought to pass by the exegesis of self-enamoured vanity.

As we know what we should think when any one thus cries out without intermission, "I am the poet!" so we also understand the affinity which it has to the immensely remarkable poems which the Count, when he has attained due ripeness, intends to write, and which are to surpass in such an unheard-of manner all his previous performances. We know well enough that the later works of a true poet are no more superior to his first than the later children to which a woman gives birth are superior to her first-born, although the bearing them is easier. The lioness does not

first bring forth a puppy, then a hare, then a hound, and finally a lion. Madame Goethe, at her first birth, brought forth her young lion, and he in turn, at the first throw, gave us his lion of Berlichingen. Even so did Schiller bring forth his "Robbers," whose claws at once showed the lion breed. At a later date came the polish and refinement and finish in the "Natural Daughter" and the "Bride of Messina." It was not thus with Count Platen, who began with anxious and elaborate art, and of whom the poet sings—

> "Thou who from naught so lightly didst advance,
> With thy smooth-licked and lackered countenance,
> Like some toy-puppet neatly carved from cork."

Yet should I speak out the very thought of my soul, I would confess that I by no means regard Count Platen as the extraordinary fool which one would take him to be from his boasting and incessant burning of incense before his own shrine. A little folly, it is well known, always accompanies poetry; but it would be terrible if Nature should burden a single man with such an incredible quantity of folly as would suffice for a hundred poets, and give him therewith such an insignificant dose of poetry. I have reason to suspect that the Count does not believe in his own boasting, and that he, poverty-stricken in life as in literature, is compelled in literature as

in life by the needs of the instant to be his own self-praising Ruffiano.[1] Hence the phenomena of which one might say that they have rather a psychological than an æsthetic interest; hence the joint company of the most lamentable somnambulism of the soul and affected excess of pride; hence the miserable little deeds with a speedy death and the threatened big deeds with their future immortality; hence the high flashing beggarly pride, and the languishing slavish submissiveness; hence the unceasing cry that "Cotta lets him starve," and again that "Cotta lets him starve," hence the paroxysms of Catholicism, &c., &c.

Whether the Count is in *earnest* with all his Catholicism is to me a matter of doubt. Nor do I know whether he has become specially Catholic, like certain of his high-born friends. That he intended to do so first came to my knowledge from the public papers, wherein it was even stated that Count Platen was about to become a monk and retire to a monastery. Of course, when this news was heard in Munich, the pious chimes rang loudly in the hearts of his friends. His poems were praised with *Kyrie Eleison* and *Hallelujah* in the priestly papers. And quite as little was I astonished when the day before my departure for Italy I learned from my friend, Doctor

[1] *Souteneur*, male bawd.

Kolb, that Count Platen was very inimically disposed towards me, and that he had already prepared my utter annihilation in a comedy, entitled "King Œdipus," which in Augsburg had got into the hands of certain princes and counts, whose names I have either forgotten or shall forget. Others also told me that Count Platen hated me, assuming the position of an enemy towards me; and I would much prefer having it reported that Count Platen hated me to my face, than that he loved me behind my back. As for the holy men whose holy hatred burst out at the same time against me, and which was inspired, not only by my anti-cœlibatic poems, but also by the "Political Annals" which I then published, it is evident enough that I could only gain when it became evident enough that I was none of their party. And when I here intimate that nothing good is said of them, it does not follow that I speak evil of them. I am even of the opinion that they, purely out of love for what is good, seek to weaken the words of the Evil One by pious deception and by slander pleasing to the Lord. Those good people who, in Munich, presented themselves publicly as a congregation, have been foolishly honoured with the title of Jesuits. They are in faith no Jesuits, or they would have seen, for example, that of all men, I—one of the bad—least understand the literary alchemic art,

by which, as in a mental mint, I strike ducats out of my enemies, and that in such a manner that I retain the ducats while my foes get the blows. They would have seen, too, that such blows, with their impressions, lose nothing of their value, even when the name of the mint-master is worn away, and that a wretched criminal does not feel the lash the less severely, though the hangman who lays it on be declared dishonourable. But—and this is the chief point—they would have seen that a slight prepossession for the anti-aristocratic Voss, and a few merry vergings towards jokes on the Virgin Mary,[1] for which they pelted me with filth and stupidity, did not proceed from any anti-Catholic zeal. In truth they are no Jesuits, but only mixtures of filth and of stupidity, whom I am no more capable of hating, than I do a manure waggon and the oxen which draw it, and who, with all their efforts, only reach the very opposite of what they intended, and can only bring me to this point, that I show them how Protestant I am; that I exercise my good Protestant right to its fullest extent, and swing around the good Protestant battle-axe with a right good will. To win over the multitude, they may have the old women's tales of my unbelief repeated by their poet laureate as much as they

[1] *Muttergotteswitze.*

please, but by the well-known blows they shall recognise the fellow-believer with Luther, Lessing, and Voss. Of course I could not swing the old axe with the earnestness of these heroes, for I burst into laughter at the sight of such enemies, and I have a bit of the Eulenspiegel nature in me, and love a seasoning of jokes; and yet I would not rap those manure oxen less soundly although I beforehand wreathe my axe with smiling flowers.

But I will not wander from my subject. I believe that it was about the time in question that the King of Bavaria, from the motives alluded to, gave to Count Platen an annual pension of six hundred florins, and that, indeed, not from the public treasury, but from his own royal private purse, this being requested by the Count as an especial favour. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems (since it characterises the caste of the Count), for the benefit of the investigator into the secrets of Nature, and who perhaps studies the aristocracy. Everything is of importance to science, and let him who would reproach me for devoting myself too seriously to Count Platen go to Paris, and see with what care the accurate, exquisite Cuvier, in his lectures, describes the filthiest insect even to the minutest particulars. I even regret that I cannot more accurately determine the date of those six hundred and forty florins; but this much I know, that it was subse-

quent to the composition of "King Œdipus," and that the play would not have been so biting if its author had had something more to bite.

It was in North Germany, where I was suddenly called by the death of my father, that I first received the monstrous creation which had finally crept from the great egg over which our beautifully-plumed ostrich had so long brooded, and which had been greeted long in advance by the night-owls of the congregation with pious croaking, and by the noble peacocks with joyful spreading of plumes. It was to be at least a destroying basilisk. Dear reader, do you know what the legend of the basilisk is? People say that when a male bird lays an egg after the manner of the female, that a poisonous creature is hatched from it, whose breath poisons the air, and which can only be destroyed by holding a mirror before it, in which case it dies from terror at its own ugliness.[1]

Sacred sorrows, which I would not profane, first permitted me, two months later, when visiting the watering-place Heligoland, to read "King Œdipus," and there, raised to a lofty state of mind by the continual aspect of the great, bold sea, the

[1] Demons were anciently supposed to have a great aversion for their own likenesses, hence images of them were placed in public buildings in Assyria to drive them away. (Vide Lenormant, *Magie Chaldaienne*, p. 52.) This was probably the reason why forms of devils and goblins abound in Gothic architecture.—*Translator.*

petty, narrow thoughts, and the literary botching of the high-born writer were to me visible enough. I saw him at length in that master-work exactly as he is, with all his blooming decay, all his copiousness of want of spirit, all his vain imaginings without imagination,—a writer, forced without force, piqued without being *piquant*, a dry, watery soul, a dismal debauchee. This troubadour of misery, weakened in body and in soul, sought to imitate the most powerful, the richest in fancy, and most brilliant poets of the young Grecian world! Nothing is really more repulsive than this cramp-racked inability, which would fain puff itself up into the likeness of bold strength, these wearily-collected invectives, foul with the mouldiness of ancient spite, and this painfully-laboured imitation of delirious rapture, trembling throughout at syllables and trifles. As a matter of course, there is nowhere in the Count's work the trace of an idea of a deep world-annihilation such as lies darkling at the base of every Aristophanic comedy, and from which the latter shoots like a phantastic ironic magic tree, rich in the blooming garniture of flowers of thought, bearing amid its branches nests of singing nightingales and capering apes. Such an idea, with the death merriment and the fireworks of destruction which it involves, cannot, of course, be anticipated from the poor Count. The central point, the first and last idea, ground,

and aim of his so-called comedy, consists, as in the "Mysterious and Terrible Fork," of petty literary managing; the poor Count indeed could only imitate a few of the external traits of Aristophanes —the dainty verses and the vulgar words. I say vulgar words, not wishing to use any vulgar expression myself. Like a brawling woman, he casts whole flower-pots of abuse on the heads of the German poets. I heartily forgive the Count his spite, but he should have guarded against a few oversights. But the indelicate wretch! he tells the public without reserve that we poets in North Germany have all "the itch, giving us cause, alas! to use a salve, in filthy scent peculiarly rich." The rhyme is good; but he handles Immermann the most rudely. He did not even spare Houwald, that good soul, soft-hearted as a maiden; ah! perhaps it is on account of this gentle woman-likeness that a Platen hates him. Müllner, whom he, as he says, "long since by real wit laid low, deprived of force," rises again like a dead man from the grave. Child and child's child are not spared in their rights. Raupach is a Jew—

> "The small Jew canker-worm,
> Who now as Raupach holds so high his nose."[1]

"Who scrawls tragedy in sickly, drunken head-

[1] Das Jüdchen Raupel,
Das jetzt als Raupach trägt so hoch die Nase.

aches." Far worse does it fare with the "Baptized Heine." Yes, yes, reader, you are not mistaken; it is I of whom he speaks, and in "King Œdipus" you may read how I am a real Jew; how I, after writing love-songs for a few hours, sit me down and clip ducats; how I on the Sabbath higgle and trade like some long-bearded Moses and sing the Talmud; how I on Easter-night slay a Christian youth, and out of malice choose some unfortunate writer for the purpose. No, dear reader, I will not tell you lies, such admirably-painted pictures are not to be found in "King Œdipus," and the fact that they are not there is the very thing which I blame. Count Platen has sometimes the best subjects and does not know how to treat them. If he had only been gifted with a little more imagination, he would have shown me up at least as a secret pawnbroker, and what comic scenes he might then have sketched! It really vexes me when I see how the poor Count suffers every opportunity to be witty to escape him. How gloriously he could have represented Raupach as a tragedy-Rothschild, from whom the royal theatres get their loans! By slightly modifying the plot of the fable, he might have made far better use of Œdipus himself, the hero of his play. Again, I do not find it politic in the Count that he assures us in his comedies that he has "real wit." Or is he working to bring about the startling and un-

precedented effect as a *coup de théâtre* of making the public continually expect wit, which after all will not appear? Or does he wish to encourage the public to look for the real secret wit in the play, the whole affair being a game at blind-man's buff, in which the Platenic wit is so shrewd as not to suffer itself to be caught? It is probably for this reason that the public, which is accustomed to laugh at comedies, is so solemn and sad over the Platen pieces; in vain it hunts for the hidden wit and cannot find it; in vain the hidden wit squeaks out "Here I am," and again more clearly "Here I am, here I am indeed!"—all is of no avail, the public is dumb, and makes a solemn face. But I, who know where the joke really lies, have laughed from my heart as I detected the meaning of "the Count-like imperious poet, who veils himself in an aristocratic nimbus, who boasts that every breath which passes his teeth is a crushing to fragments," and who says to all the German poets—

> "Yes, like to Nero, I would ye had but one head,
> That by one blow of wit I might decapitate it."

The verse is incorrect. But the hidden joke consists in this, that the Count really wishes that we were all out and out Neros, and he, on the contrary, our single dear friend, Pythagoras.

Perhaps I will, for the benefit of the Count, yet

praise many a hidden jest of his up into notice; but since he in his "King Œdipus" has touched me on my tenderest point—for what can be dearer to me than my Christianity?—it should not be blamed in me if I, yielding to human weakness, honour the Œdipus, this "great deed in words," less fervently than the earlier works of its composer.

Meanwhile, true merit never misses its reward, and the author of the Œdipus will prove to be no exception to the rule, though he has here, as everywhere, yielded entirely to the interest of his noble and spiritual bum-bailiffs.[1] Ay, there is a very old tradition among the races of the East and of the West, that every good or bad deed has its direct consequences for the doer. And the day will come when they will come—get ready, I beg you, reader, for a flourish of the pathetic and the terrible combined—the day will come when they will rise from Tartarus, "the Eumenides," the terrible daughters of Night. By the Styx!—and by this oath we gods never swore falsely—the day will come when they will appear, the gloomy, primævally just sisters, and they will appear with countenances serpent-locked and glowing with rage, with the same scourges of snakes with which they once scourged Orestes, the unnatural sinner, who murdered his mother, the Tyndaridean Cly-

[1] *Hintersassen.*

tæmnestra. It may be that even now the Count hears the serpents' hiss; I beg you, reader, just at this instant to think of the Wolf's Ravine and the Samiel music; perhaps even now the secret shudder of the sinner seizes on the Count, heaven grows dark, night-birds cry, distant thunders roll, lightning flashes, there is a smell of burning rosin, —woe! woe! the illustrious ancestors rise from their graves, they cry three and four times "Woe! woe!" over their wretched descendant, they conjure him to don their breeches of iron mail to protect himself from the terrible lashes—for the Eumenides intend slashing him with them—the serpents of the scourge will ironically solace themselves with him, and like lascivious King Rodrigo, when he was shut in the Tower of Serpents, the poor Count will at last whimper and wail—

> "Ah! they're biting; ah! they're biting
> That with which I chiefly sinned!"

Be not alarmed, dear reader, 'tis all a joke! These terrible Eumenides are nothing but a merry comedy, which I, after a few lustrums, intend writing under this title, and the tragic verses which just now frightened you so much, are to be found in the jolliest book in the world, in "Don Quixote de la Mancha," where an old respectable lady in waiting recites them before all the court. I see that you're smiling again. Let us take leave

of each other merry and laughing! If this last chapter is tiresome, it is owing to the subject; besides, it was written rather for profit than for pleasure, and if I have succeeded in making a new fool fit for use in literature, the Fatherland owes me thanks. I have made a field capable of cultivation, on which more gifted authors will sow and harvest. The modest consciousness of this merit is my best reward. To such kings as are desirous of presenting me, over and above this, with snuff-boxes for my deserts, I would remark that the book firm of "Hoffmann & Campe," in Hamburgh, are authorised to receive anything of the sort on my account.[1]

[1] Written in the latter part of the autumn of 1829.

III.

THE CITY OF LUCCA.

"I must always laugh at the English, who judge this their second poet—since after Shakespeare Byron bears the palm—in such miserable, petty-souled manner, because he mocked their pedantry, would not adapt himself to their small provincial ways, or share their cold belief. Their sobriety revolted him, and he bewailed their pride and hypocrisy. Many cross themselves when they speak of him, and even the women, though their cheeks glow with enthusiasm when they read him, publicly speak with zeal against their secret favourite."—*Letters by a Dead Man, a Fragmentary Diary in England.* Munich, 1830.

"The City of Lucca," which is connected with "The Baths of Lucca," and which was written at the same time, is not given here by any means as a picture by itself, but as the conclusion of a period of life corresponding with that of one of the world's.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE around us acts upon man—why not man upon the Nature which encircles him? In Italy she is passionate, like the people who live there; with us in Germany she is more solemn, reflective, and patient. Was there once a time when Nature had, like man, a deeper life? The

force of soul in Orpheus, says the legend, could move trees and rocks by his inspired rhymes. Could the like be done now? Man and Nature have become phlegmatic, and stare gaping at each other. A royal Prussian poet will never, with the cords of his harp, set the Tempelower Hill or the Berlin lindens to dancing.

Nature has also her history, and it is an altogether different Natural History from that which is taught in schools. Let one of those grey old lizards which have dwelt for centuries in the rocky crevices of the Apennines be appointed as an altogether extraordinary professor [1] at one of our Universities, and we should learn from him some very extraordinary things. But the pride of certain gentlemen of the legal faculty would rebel against such an appointment. One of them already cherishes a secret jealousy of the poor puppy, Fido Savant, fearing lest he may displace him in erudite fetching and carrying.

The lizards, with their cunning little tails and bright crafty eyes, have told me wonderful things as I clambered along among the cliffs of the

[1] An "extraordinary professor" at a German University is not, as might be supposed from the name, one pre-eminent in dignity or distinguished by very remarkable qualifications. He is, on the contrary, a sort of breveted professor, awaiting his promotion to a regular appointment in ordinary.—*Note by Translator.*

Apennines. Truly there are things between heaven and earth which not only our philosophers, but even our commonest blockheads have not comprehended.

The lizards have told me that there is a legend among the stones that God will yet become a stone to redeem them from their torpid motionless condition. One old lizard was, however, of the opinion that this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant, and have redeemed them.

But few stones have feeling, and they only breathe in the moonlight; but these few which realise their condition are fearfully miserable.[1] The trees are better off; they can weep. But animals are the most favoured, for they can speak,

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[1] This passage, relative to the feeling and life of stones, appears to have been suggested by that strangest of strange books, *Anthropodemus Plutonicus; A World-Description of all Kinds of Wonderful Men*, by M. Johannes Prætorius. Magdeburg, 1666. Heine was very familiar with this work, and cites it frequently in his "Germany."

"Stones have *being* (*i.e.*, existence or life), but they do not *feel*. More advanced are herbs and shrubs, for they live yet do not feel. Yea, they live, but it is not with a real soul, but by blooming and greening. Hence St. Paul says, 'Thou fool, what thou seest does not live unless it first perish.' And so are the stones, but they do not *live*, and so are the shrubs, which live yet do not feel. More advanced are the unreasoning animals which live and feel, yet cannot understand. . . . Animals have

each after its manner, and man the best of all. At some future time, after all the world has been redeemed, then all created things will speak, as in those primeval times of which poets sing.

The lizards are an ironic race, and love to quiz other animals. But they were so meek and submissive to me, and sighed with such honourable earnestness as they told me stories of Atlantis, which I some day will write out for the pleasure and profit of the world. It went so to my very soul among those little creatures who guard the secret annals of Nature. Are

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not souls, but they can speak and laugh like men" (Chapter XIV., *Of Men who Live in the Ocean*).

Cardanus also writes: "*Hic autem probatur, lapides non tantum vivere, sed etiam intelligere. Lapides et trunci sunt, qui hoc credunt.*" The same belief occurs in Church legends, *e.g.*, that when the blind Bede preached to the stones, and ended with, "*Omnia secula seculorum*," they all cried out, "*Amen, venerabilis pater!*" From which it appears that they also understand Latin.

In reference to the passage, "this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant," it may be observed that it was an old Chaldaic conception that God took the forms of all the animals pair by pair and thus originated them.

Prætorius asserts effectively, as Heine does, that there are degrees from vitality, or *Leben*, to feeling, *Geist* and *Seele*. This was also taught by Schubert, who was, if I mistake not, teacher of Natural History at the University at Munich while Heine lived there. Longfellow makes some fun of it in "Hyperion." Schubert's views are set forth in a book entitled *Geschichte der Seele*.

they perhaps enchanted families of priests, like those of ancient Egypt, who, prying into the secrets of Nature, dwelt amid labyrinthine rocky grottoes? And we see on their little heads, bodies, and tails just such wondrous characters and signs as in the Egyptian hieroglyphic caps and garments of the hierophants.[1]

My little friends also taught me a language of signs, by means of which I could converse with silent Nature. This often cheered my soul, especially towards evening, when the mountains were veiled in fearful pleasant shadows, and the waterfalls roared, and every plant sent forth its perfume, and hurried lightnings twitched hither and thither.

O Nature! thou dumb maiden! well do I understand thy summer lightning, that vain effort at speech which convulses thy lovely countenance, and thou movest me so deeply that I weep. But then thou understandest me also, and thou art glad and smilest on me with thy golden eyes. Beautiful one, I understand thy stars and thou understandest my tears!

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[1] In Tuscany the tail of a lizard, but especially a lizard with two tails, is believed to be a powerful amulet not only against sorcery, but as conferring intelligence and wisdom.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER II.

"NOTHING in the world will go backwards," said an old lizard to me. "Everything pushes onwards, and finally there will be a grand advance in all Nature. The stones will become plants, the plants animals, the animals human beings, and human beings gods."

"But," I cried, "what will become of those good folks, the poor old gods?"

"That will all arrange itself, good friend," replied he. "Probably they will abdicate or be placed in some honourable way or other on the retired list."

I learned many another secret from my hieroglyph-skinned natural philosopher, but I gave him my word of honour to reveal nothing. I now know more than Schelling and Hegel.

"What do you think of these two?" once inquired of me the old lizard with a scornful smile, as I chanced to mention their names.

"When we reflect," I replied, "that they are merely men and not lizards, we should be amazed at their knowledge. At bottom they teach one and the same doctrine, the Philosophy of Identity, which you so well know, but differ

in their manner of representation. When Hegel sets forth the principles of his philosophy, one imagines that he sees those neat figures which an expert schoolmaster knows how to form by an artistic combination of all manner of numbers, so that a common observer only sees in them the superficial—the house, or boat, or absolute soldier formed from the figures, while a reflecting schoolboy rather sees in the picture the solution of a deep problem in arithmetic. But what Schelling gives reminds us of those Indian images of beasts which are formed themselves by bold combinations from other beasts, serpents, birds, elephants, and similar material. This sort of representation is far more agreeable, cheerful, and causes warmer throbbings of the heart. All lives in it, while the abstract Hegelian ciphers stare at us, on the contrary, so grey, so cold and dead."

"Good, good!" replied the old lizard. "I see what you mean; but tell me, have these philosophers many auditors?"

I explained to him how, in the learned caravanserai at Berlin, the "camels" assemble around the fountain of Hegelian wisdom, kneel down to be loaded with precious skins, and then wend their way on through the sandy deserts of the Mark. I further described to him how the modern Athenians crowded to the well of the

spiritual wisdom of Schelling as though it were the best of beer, the lush of life, the swizzle of immortality.

The little natural philosopher paled with all the yellowness of envy as he heard that his colleagues had such a run of customers, and he vexedly asked, "Which of the two do you regard as the greater?" "That," I replied, "is as difficult to answer as though you had inquired of me if the Schechner were greater than the Sunday, and I think——"

"*Think!*" cried the lizard, in a sharp aristocratic tone, indicating the very intensity of slight —"*Think!* who among you *thinks?* My wise gentleman, for some three thousand years I have devoted myself to investigating the spiritual functions of animals, with especial regard to men, monkeys, and snakes as objects of study. I have expended as much untiring industry on these curious beings as Lyonnet on caterpillars, and as a result of all my observations, experiments, and anatomical comparisons, I can plainly assure that no human being *thinks;* only once in a while something occurs to a man, or comes into his head, and these altogether unintentional accidents they call thoughts, while the stringing them together they call thinking. But in my name you may deny it; no man thinks, no philosopher thinks, neither Schelling nor Hegel

thinks; and as for all their philosophy, it is empty air and water, like the clouds of heaven. I have seen myriads of such clouds, proud and confident, sweeping their course above me, and the next morning's sun dissolved them again into their primeval nothingness. There is but *one* true philosophy, and that is written in eternal hieroglyphs on my own tail."

With these words, which were spoken with disdainful pathos, the old lizard turned his back on me, and as he slowly wriggled away, I saw on him the most singular characters, which in variegated significance spread at length over his entire tail.

CHAPTER III.

THE dialogue detailed in the previous chapter took place between the Baths of Lucca and the city of that name, not far from the great chestnut tree whose wild green twigs overshadow the brook, and in the vicinity of an old white-bearded goat who dwelt there as a hermit. I was on the way to Lucca, to visit Francesca and Matilda, whom I was to meet there, as agreed on eight days before. But I had gone thither in vain the first time, and now I was once more on the road. I went on foot through beautiful moun-

tain tracts and groves, where the gold oranges, like day-stars, shone out from the dark green, and where garlands of grape-vines in festal drapery spread along for leagues. The whole country is there as garden-like and adorned as the rural scenes depicted in our theatres, even the peasants resembling those gay figures which delight us as a sort of singing, smiling, and dancing stage ornament. No Philistine faces anywhere. And if there are Philistines here, they are at least Italian orange-Philistines, and not the plump, heavy German potato-Philistines. The people are picturesque and ideal as their country, and every man among them has such an individual expression of countenance, and knows how to set forth his personality in gestures, fold of the cloak, and, if needful, in ready handling of his knife. With us, on the contrary, one sees nothing but mere men with universally similar countenances; when twelve of them are together they make a round dozen, and if any one attacks them they call for the police.

I was struck in the Luccan district, as in other parts of Tuscany, with the great felt hats with long waving ostrich plumes worn by the women; and even the girls who plaited straw had these heavy coverings for the head. The men, on the contrary, generally wear a light straw hat, and young fellows receive them as

presents from girls who have braided with them their love thoughts, and it may be many a sigh besides. So sat Francesca once among the girls and flowers of the Val d'Arno, weaving a hat for her Caro Cecco, and kissing every straw as she took it, trilling at times her pretty "*Occhie, Stelle mortale;*" the curly-locked head which afterwards wore it so prettily is now tonsured, and the hat itself hangs, old and worn-out, in the corner of a gloomy abbé's cell in Bologna.

I am one of that class who are always taking shorter cuts than those given by the regular highway, and who in consequence are often bewildered in narrow, woody, and rocky paths. That happened to me during my walk to Lucca, and I was beyond question twice as long on the journey as any ordinary high-road traveller would have been. A sparrow, of whom I inquired the way, chirped and chirped, and could give me no correct information. Perhaps he did not know himself. The butterflies and dragon-flies, who sat on great flower-bells, would not throw me a word, fluttering away even before my question was asked, and the flowers shook their soundless bell-heads. Often the wild myrtles awakened me, tittering with delicate voices from afar. Then I hurriedly climbed the highest crags, and cried, "Ye clouds of heaven! sailors of the air! which is the way to Francesca? Is she in

Lucca? Tell me what she does? What is she dancing? Tell me all, and when ye have told me, tell me it once again!"

In such excesses of folly it was natural enough that a solemn eagle, wakened by my cry from his solitary dreams, should have gazed on me with contemptuous displeasure. But I willingly forgave him; for he had never seen Francesca, and could in consequence sit so sublimely on his firm rock, and gaze so free of soul at heaven, or stare with such impertinent calmness down on me. Such an eagle has such an insupportably proud glance, and looks at one as though he would say, "What sort of a bird art *thou?* Knowest thou not that I am as much of a king as I was in those heroic days when I bore Jupiter's thunders and adorned Napoleon's banners? Art thou a learned parrot, who hast learned the old songs all by heart, and pedantically repeats them? Or a sulky turtle-dove, who feels beautifully and coos miserably? Or an almanack nightingale?[1] Or a gander who has seen better days, and whose ancestors saved the Capitol? Or an altogether servile farmyard cock, around whose neck, out of irony, men hang my image in miniature, the emblem of bold flight, and who for that reason spreads himself, and struts as though he himself

[1] *Almanachsnachtigall.*

were a veritable eagle?" But you know, reader, how little cause I have to feel injured when an eagle thinks so of me. I believe that the glance which I cast at him was even prouder than his own, and if he took the trouble to inquire of the first laurel in his way, he now knows who I am.

I had really lost my way in the mountains as the twilight shadows began to fall, as the forest songs grew silent, and as the trees rustled more solemnly. A sublime tranquillity and an inexpressible joy swept like the breath of God through the changed silence. Here and there beautiful dark eyes gleamed up at me from the ground, disappearing in the same instant. Delicate whispers played with my heart, and invisible kisses merrily swept my cheek. The evening crimson hung over the hills like a royal mantle, and the last sun-rays lit up their summits till they seemed like kings with gold crowns on their heads. And I stood like an Emperor of the World, among these crowned vassals, who in silence did me homage.

CHAPTER IV.

I DO not know if the monk who met me not far from Lucca is a pious man. But I know that his aged body hides, poor and bare, in a coarse gown year out and year in; his torn sandals do not sufficiently protect his feet when he climbs the rocks through bush and thorn, that he may, when far up there, console the sick or teach children to pray; and he is content if any one, for his pains, puts a piece of bread in his bag, and lets him have a little straw to sleep on.

"Against *that* man I will write nothing," said I to myself. "When I am again at home in Germany, sitting at ease in my great arm-chair by a crackling stove, by a good cup of tea, well fed and warm, and writing against Catholic priests, I will write nothing against that man——"

To write against Catholic priests one must know their faces. But the original faces are only to be found in Italy. The German Catholic priests and monks are only bad imitations, often mere parodies of the Italian, and a comparison of the two would be like comparing Roman or Florentine pictures of the saints with the scare-

crow, pious caricatures which come from the blockhead bourgeois pencil of some Nuremberg town-painter, or were born of the blessed simplicity of some soul-borer, who owes his dreary existence to the long-haired Christian New German school.

The priests in Italy have long settled down into harmony with public opinion; the people there are so accustomed to distinguish between clerical dignity and priests without dignity, that they can honour the one even when they despise the other. Even the contrast which the ideal duties and requirements of the spiritual condition form with the unconquerable demands of sensuous nature—that infinitely old, eternal conflict between the spirit and matter—makes of the Italian priest a standing character of popular humour in satires, songs, and novels. Similar phenomena are to be found all the world over where there is a like priestly rank, as, for instance, in Hindostan. In the comedies of this primevally pious land, as we have remarked in the *Sacuntala*, and find confirmed in the more recently translated *Vasantasena*, a Brahmin always plays the comic part, or, as we might say, the priest-harlequin, without the least disturbance of the reverence due to his sacrificial functions and his privileged holiness—as little, in fact, as an Italian would experience in hearing of mass or confession to a

priest whom he had found the day before tipsy in the mud of the street. In Germany it is different; there the Catholic priest will not only set forth his dignity by his office, but also his office by his person; and because he perhaps in the beginning was in earnest with his calling, and subsequently found that his vows of chastity and of poverty conflicted somewhat with the old Adam, he will not publicly violate them (particularly lest by so doing he might lay himself open to our friend Krug of Leipsig), and so endeavours to assume at least the appearance of a holy life. Hence sham holiness, hypocrisy, and the gloss of outside piety among German priests, while with the Italians the mask is more transparent, manifesting also a certain plump, fat irony, and a digestion of the world passing right comfortably.

But what avail such general reflections? They would be of but little use to you, dear reader, if you had a desire to write against the Catholic priesthood. To do this, one should see with his own eyes the faces thereunto pertaining. Of a truth it is not enough to have seen them in the royal opera-house in Berlin. The last head-manager did his best to make the coronation array in the *Maid of Orleans* true to life, to give his fellow-countrymen an accurate idea of a procession, and to show them priests of every colour. But the most accurate costumes cannot

supply the original countenances, and though an extra hundred thousand dollars should be fooled away for gold mitres, festooned surplices, embroidered chasubles, and similar stuff, still the cold reasoning Protestant noses which come protesting out from beneath the mitres aforesaid, the lean meditative legs which peep from under the white lace of the surplices, and the enlightened bellies, a world too wide for the chasubles, would all remind one of us that it was not Catholic clergymen, but Berlin worldlings which wander over the stage.

I have often reflected whether the chief stage-manager would not have succeeded better, and have brought more accurately before our eyes the idea of a procession, if he had had the priestly parts played, not by the ordinary supernumeraries, but by those Protestant clergymen of the theological faculty who know how to preach so orthodoxically in the *Church Journal* and from the pulpit against "reason," "worldly lusts," "Gesenius," and "devil-dom." We should then have seen faces whose priestly stamp would have corresponded far more illusively with the part. It is a well-known observation that priests, all the world over, whether Rabbis, Muftis, Dominicans, Councillors of the Consistory, Popes, Bonzes,—in short, the whole diplomatic corps of the Lord, have a certain family likeness in

their faces, such as we are accustomed to find in those who follow the same trade. Tailors in every quarter of the globe have weak legs, butchers and soldiers all have a fierce colour and style, and the Jews have their own peculiar honourable expression, not because they spring from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but because they are business men, and the Frankfort Christian shopman looks as much like a Frankfort Jewish shopman as one rotten egg looks like another. And the spiritual shop-people, such as get their living by the religion business, also acquire by it a resemblance in countenance. Of course certain shades of difference result from the manner and fashion in which they do business. The Catholic priest manages it like a clerk who has a place in an extensive establishment. The firm of the Church, at whose head is the Pope, gives him a regular occupation and a regular salary; he works leisurely or lazily, like every man who is not in business on his own account, and has many fellow-labourers, and who escapes observation among the multitude; only he has the credit of the house at heart, and still more its permanence, since by a bankruptcy he would lose his means of support. The Protestant clergyman is, on the contrary, everywhere himself principal, and he carries on the religion business on his own account. He does not

drive a wholesale business like his Catholic colleague, but only a small retail trade, and as he represents his own interests, it would never do for him to be negligent. He must cry up his articles of faith to the people, depreciate those of his rivals, and, like a real retailer, he stands in his small shop, full of professional envy of all the large houses, particularly of the great firm in Rome, which salaries so many thousand book-keepers and salesmen, and has its factories in every quarter of the globe.

Each has, of course, its physiognomic separate effect, but these are not perceptible from the parquette. In their main features the family likeness between Catholic and Protestant remains unchanged, and if the head-manager would pay down liberally to the gentlemen aforesaid, he could induce them to act their parts admirably, as they are in the habit of doing. Even their walk and gait would conduce to the illusion, though a sharp practised eye would readily detect certain shades of difference between it and that of Catholic priests and monks.

A Catholic priest walks as if heaven belonged to him; a Protestant clergyman, on the contrary, goes about as if he had taken a lease of it.

CHAPTER V.

It was not till night that I reached the city of Lucca.

How differently it had appeared to me the week before, as I wandered by day through the echoing deserted streets, and imagined myself transported to one of those enchanted cities of which my nurse had so often told me. *Then* the whole city was silent as the grave, all was so pale and death-like. The gleam of the sun played on the roofs like gold-leaf on the head of a corpse. Here and there from the windows of a mouldering house hung ivy tendrils like dried green tears; everywhere glimmering, dreary, and dismally petrifying death. The town seemed but the ghost of a town, a spectre of stone in broad daylight. I sought long and in vain for some trace of a living being. I can only remember that before an old palazzo lay a beggar sleeping, with outstretched open hand. I also remember having seen above at the window of a blackened mouldering little house a monk, whose red neck and plump shining pate protruded right far from his brown gown, and near him a full-breasted stark-naked girl was

visible; while below, in the half-open house door, I saw entering a little fellow in the black dress of an abbé, and who carried with both hands a mighty full-bellied wine-flask. At the same instant there rang not far off a delicately ironic little bell, while in my memory tittered the novels of Messer Boccaccio. But these chimes could not entirely drive away the strange shudder which ran through my soul. It held me the more ironly bound since the sun lit up so warmly and brightly the uncanny buildings, and I marked well that ghosts are far more terrible when they cast aside the black mantle of night to show themselves in the clear light of noon.

But what was my astonishment at the changed aspect of the city when I, eight days later, revisited Lucca. "What is that?" I cried, as innumerable lights dazzled my eyes and a stream of human beings whirled through the streets. "Has an entire race risen spectre-like from the grave to mock *life* with the maddest mummery?" The lofty melancholy houses were bright with lamps, variegated carpets hung from every window, nearly hiding the crumbling grey walls, and above them peered out lovely female faces, so fresh, so blooming, that I well marked that it was Life herself celebrating her bridal feast with Death and who had invited the Beauty of Life

as a guest. Yes, it was such a living death-feast, though I do not know exactly how it was called in the calendar. At any rate, it was the flaying-day of some blessed martyr or other, for I afterwards saw a holy skull and several extra bones, adorned with flowers and gems, carried around with bridal music. It was a fine procession.

First of all went such Capuchins as were distinguished from the other monks by wearing long beards, and who formed, as it were, the sappers of this religious army. Then followed beardless Capuchins, among whom were many noble countenances, and even many a youthful and beautiful face, which looked well with the broad tonsure, since the head seemed through it as if braided around with a neat garland of hair, and which came forth with the bare neck in admirable relief from the brown cowl. These were followed by cowls of other colours, black, white, yellow, and gaily striped, as well as down-drawn triangular hats,—in short, all those cloister costumes which the enterprise of our theatrical manager has made so familiar. After the monkish orders came the regular priests, with white shirts over black pantaloons, and wearing coloured caps, who were in turn succeeded by still more aristocratic clergymen, wrapped in different coloured silken garments and bearing on their heads a sort of high caps,

which, in all probability, originated in Egypt, and with which we are familiar from the works of Denon, from the "Magic Flute," and from Belzoni. These latter had faces which bore marks of long service, and appeared to form a sort of Old Guard. Last of all came the regular staff around a canopied throne, beneath which sat an old man with a still higher head-dress and in a still richer mantle, whose extremity was borne after the manner of pages by two other old men clad in a similar manner.

The first monks went with folded arms in solemn silence, but those with the high caps sang a most miserable and unhappy psalm, so nasally, so shufflingly, and so gruntingly, that I am perfectly convinced that if the Jews had formed the great mass of the people, and if their religion had been the established religion, the aforesaid psalmodising would have been characterised with the name of "*mauscheln.*"[1] For-

[1] *Mauscheln*, a slang term signifying to speak like a Jew. It is derived from *Mause* or *Mauschel*, an equally vulgar name for a Jew, corresponding to the old-fashioned English word "smouch." If, as is said, *Mauschel* is derived from Moses, the verb in question should strictly be rendered "to mosey." Unfortunately this word is already preoccupied in English with an entirely different meaning. To *mosey*, as the reader doubtless knows, signifies to beat a rapid retreat, or, musically speaking, to perform an Exodus in the time of *Mose in Egitto*. *Mauscheln* as a noun is also known as *Yiddish*, *Schmussen*, and *Lusnekutisch.—Note by Translator.*

tunately one could only half hear it, since there marched behind the procession, with a full accompaniment of drums and fifes, several companies of troops, besides which there was on each side, near the priests in their flowing robes, grenadiers going by two and two. There were almost as many soldiers as clergy, but it requires many bayonets now-a-days to keep up religion, and even when the blessing is given, cannon must roar significantly in the distance.

When I see such a procession, in which clergymen amid military escort walk along so miserably and sorrowfully, it strikes painfully to my soul, and it seems to me as though I saw our Saviour himself surrounded by lance-bearers and led to judgment. The stars at Lucca felt beyond question as I did, and as I sighing glanced up at them, they looked down on me, one with my soul, with their pious eyes so clear and bright. But we needed not their light. Thousands and fresh thousands of lamps and candles, and girls' faces gleamed from all the windows. At the corners of the streets flaring pitch-hoops were placed, and then every priest had his own private torch-bearer to keep him company. The Capuchins had generally little boys who carried their lights for them, and the youthful fresh little faces looked up from time to time right curiously and pleased at the old

solemn beards. A poor Capuchin like these cannot afford a greater torch-bearer, and the boy to whom he teaches the Ave Maria, or whose old aunt confesses to him, must, at the procession, perform this service gratis, and, beyond question, it is not done with the less love on that account. The monks who came after did not have much larger boys, a few more respectable orders had grown-up youths, and the high-minded and mitred priests rejoiced in having each a real citizen to hold a candle. But the one last of all, the Lord Archbishop—for such was the man who, in aristocratic humility, went along beneath the canopy, and whose train was borne by grey pages—had on either side a lackey, each brilliant in blue livery with yellow laces, and who bore a white wax taper as ceremoniously as though he officiated at court.

At all events, this candle-bearing seemed to me to be a good arrangement, since it enabled me to see so plainly the faces pertaining to Catholicism; and now I have seen them, and in the best of lights at that. And what did I see? Well, the clerical stamp was nowhere wanting. But if this was not thought of, there was as great a variety in the faces as in those of other men. One was pale, another red; this man held his nose well up, that one was dejected; here there was a flashing black, there a flickering grey eye;

but in every face there was a trace of the same malady—a terrible incurable malady, which will probably be the reason why my descendant, when he, a century later, looks at the procession in Lucca, will not find a single one of all those faces. I fear that I myself am infected with that illness, and that one result of it is that languor which so strangely steals over me when I see the sickly face of a monk and read in it such sorrows as hide under a coarse cowl—aggravated love, gout, disappointed ambition, spine complaint, remorse, hemorrhoids, and the heart-wounds which are caused by the ingratitude of friends, by the slander of enemies, and by our own sins. Yea, all of these, and far many more, which find no more difficulty in settling under a coarse cowl than beneath a fashionable dress coat. Oh, it is no exaggeration when the poet cries out in his agony, "Life is a sickness, all the world a lazar-house!"

"And Death is our physician!" Ah! I will say nothing evil of him and disturb none in their confidence in him, for as he is the only physician, they may as well believe that he is the best, and that the only remedy which he employs—his eternal earth-cure—is also the best. His friends can say at least this much in his favour, that he is always at hand, and that, despite his immense practice, he makes no one wait who earnestly

desires to see him. And often does he follow his patient, even to the procession, and bears for them the torch. Surely it was Death himself whom I saw walking by the side of a pale, sorrowful priest; bearing in his thin, quivering, bony hands, a flickering torch, who nodded pleasantly and consolingly with his anxious, bald pate, and who, weak as he himself was on the legs, still held up from time to time the old priest whose steps seemed growing weaker and readier to fall. He seemed to be whispering courage to the latter, "Only wait a few short hours, then we will be home, and I will put out thy torch, and lay thee in bed, and thy cold, weary limbs may rest as long as they will, and thou shalt sleep so soundly that thou wilt not hear the whimpering of the little St. Michael's bell."

"And against *that* man, also, I will write nothing," thought I, as I saw the poor pale priest, whom Death himself was lighting to his bed.

Alas! one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities,

how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbours, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation.

CHAPTER VI.

"He then also poured forth to the other immortals assembled
Sweetest, pleasantest nectar, the goblet quickly exhausting,
And still an infinite laughter rang from the happy immortals
As they saw how Hephæstos around was so cleverly passing.
Thus through the live-long day, until the sun was declining,
The feast went on, nor was wanting through all the genial banquet
Either the sound of the strings of the exquisite lyre of Apollo,
Nor the soft song of the Muse with voices sweetly replying."

SUDDENLY there came gasping towards them a pale Jew, dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head, bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder, and he cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist.

Then there were dreary days, and the world became grey and gloomy. There were no more happy immortals, and Olympus became an hospital, where flayed, roasted, and spitted gods went wearily, wandering round, binding their wounds and singing sorrowful songs. Religion no longer offered joy, but consolation; it was a woeful, bleeding religion of transgressors.

Was it perhaps necessary for miserable and oppressed humanity? He who sees his God suffer bears more easily his own afflictions. The merry gods of old, who felt no pangs, knew not, of course, the feelings of poor tortured man, who in turn could in his need find no heart to turn to them. They were holiday gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts. Therefore they were never loved from the very soul and with all the heart. To be *so* loved, one must be a sufferer. Pity is the last consecration of love, it may be love itself. Of all the gods who loved in the olden time, Christ is the one who has been the most loved—especially by the women!

Avoiding the bustling throng, I lost myself in a solitary church, and what you, dear reader, have just read, are not so much my own thoughts as certain involuntary words which came to life in me while I, reclining on one of the old benches for prayer, let the tones of the organ

flow freely through my breast. Thus I lie in soul amid strange phantasies, the wondrous music suggesting from time to time a more wondrous text. At times my eyes sweep through the dim-growing archways, seeking the dark visible echoes of forms belonging to those organ melodies. Who is that veiled figure kneeling yonder before an image of the Madonna? The swinging lamp which hangs before it lights up fearfully yet sweetly the beautiful Mother of Suffering of a crucified love, the Venus *dolorosa;* but pandering gleams, full of mystery, fall from time to time as if by stealth on the beautiful outlines of the veiled and praying lady. She lay, indeed, motionless on the stone altar steps, but in the quivering light her shadow seemed to live and often run up to me and then retreated in haste, like a dumb negro, the timid love-messenger of a harem —and I understood him. He announced the arrival of his lady, the Sultaness of my heart.

Minute by minute it grew darker in the empty house; here and there an undefined form glided along the pillars; now and then a soft murmur was heard in a side chapel, and the organ groaned out its long-drawn tones, like the heart of a sighing giant.

It seemed as though those organ-notes would never cease, as though the death-notes of that living death would endure for ever. I felt an

indescribable depression of spirits, and such a nameless, anxious terror, as though I had been buried in a trance. Yes, as though I, one of the long dead, had risen from my grave and had gone with dark mysterious comrades of the night into the church of phantoms, to hear the prayer of the dead and confess the sins of the corpse. I often felt as though I saw seated near me, in the spectral twilight, the long departed of the city, in obsolete old Florentine dresses, with long pale faces, with gold-bound books of devotion in their thin hands, secretly whispering, nodding in silent melancholy-wise one to the other. The wailing tone of a far-away bell of the dead reminded me again of the sick priest whom I had seen in the procession, and I said to myself: He too is now with the departed, but he will come here to read the first night mass, and then the sad spectre scene will begin in earnest. But suddenly there arose from the steps of the altar the lovely form of the veiled and praying lady.

Yes, it was she; her living shade had already driven afar the white phantoms, I now saw but her alone. I followed her quickly from the church, and as she, on passing the door, raised her veil, I saw it was Francesca's face, bedewed with tears. It was like a white rose flowered to fulness by love-longing, pearled by the dew of night and gleaming in the moon rays. "Francesca,

dost thou love me?" I asked much and she answered little. I accompanied her to the *Hotel Croce di Malta*, where she and Matilda lodged. The streets were empty, the houses slept with their window-eyes closed; only here and there, through their wooden lashes, there gleamed a light. High in heaven, among the clouds, there was a clear green space, and in it swam the half-moon, like a silver gondola in an emeraldine sea. In vain I begged Francesca to look up for once at our dear old trusty friend—but she kept her head dreamily bent downwards. Her gait, once so elate and spirited, yet gliding, was now as it were in ecclesiastical measure, her steps were gloomy and Catholic, she moved as if to the music of an organ on some high festival day, and as her limbs had in other nights been inspired by Sin, so they now seemed to be inspired by Religion. On the way she crossed her head and breast before every saint's image; and in vain did I attempt to aid her in this. But when we, on the Market Place, passed the Church of San Michele, where the marble Mother of Pain gleamed forth dimly from her dark niche, with a gilded sword in her heart and a crown of lamps on her head, Francesca suddenly cast her arms around my neck, kissed me, and whispered, "Cecco, Cecco, *caro* Cecco!"

I calmly took charge of the kiss, though I

well knew that it was really intended for a Bolognese abbé, a servant of the Roman Catholic Church. As a Protestant, I did not scruple to appropriate to my use the goods of the Catholic Church, and I consequently secularised the pious kiss of Francesca on the spot. I know that when the priests come to hear of this they will rage, they will scream out church robbery at me, and, if possible, would gladly apply to me the French Law of Sacrilege. To my sorrow, I must confess that the aforesaid kiss was the only one which I got hold of that night. Francesca had determined to devote the night, kneeling and in prayer, to the safety of her soul. In vain did I beg leave to share her pious exercises;—when she reached her room she shut the door in my face. In vain did I stand a whole hour without, begging for entrance, sighing every possible sigh, feigning pious tears, and swearing the most sanctified oaths—of course with clerical reservation. —I felt that I was, little by little, becoming a Jesuit, I grew altogether depraved, and finally offered for *one* night to become Catholic.

"Francesca!" I cried, "Star of my thoughts! Thought of my soul! *vita della mia vita!* my beautiful, oft-kissed, slender, Catholic Francesca! for this *one* night, if thou wilt grant it to me, I will become a Catholic—but only for this night! Oh the beautiful, blessed, Catholic night! I will

lie in thy arms, with deepest Catholicism, I will believe in the heaven of thy love, we will kiss the sweet confession from our lips, the Word will be made flesh, Faith will become corporeal in body and in form! oh what religion! Ye priests, ring forth meanwhile in joy your Kyrie Eleison, ring, burn incense, sound the bells! let the organ be heard, peal out the mass of Palestrina—that is the Body!—I believe, I am blest, I sleep—but so soon as I awake on the next morning, I will rub away sleep and Catholicism from my eyes, and see again clearly the sunlight and the Bible, and be as before, Protestant, reasonable, and sober.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the next day the sun smiled gloriously down from heaven, it banished all the sad thoughts and sombre feelings which the procession of the previous night had awakened in me, and had made life appear like a sickness and the world like a hospital.

All the town was alive with a cheerful multitude—gaily decked mortals—while here and there among them hastened along a black little priest. All was noise and laughter and gossip; scarce could we hear the chiming of the bells,

which summoned us to grand mass in the Cathedral. This is a beautiful simple church, whose façade of variegated marble is ornamented with those short pillars, rising one above the other, and which look with such a merry melancholy on us. Within, pillars and walls were clad in scarlet drapery, and serene music swelled forth over the wave-like masses of human beings. Francesca leaned upon my arm, and as I, on entering, gave her holy water, and as our souls were electrified by the delicious damp touch of each other's fingers, I received, simultaneously, such an electric shock on my leg that I very nearly tumbled for terror over the kneeling peasant women who, clad all in white and loaded with long ear-rings and necklaces of yellow gold, covered in masses the floor. As I looked around I saw another kneeling female, fanning herself, and behind the fan I spied my Lady's merry eyes. I bent towards her, and she breathed at the same time languishingly into my ear, "*Delightful!*"

"For God's sake!" I whispered to her, "be serious! If you laugh we shall certainly be turned out of doors!"

But prayer and entreaty were in vain. Fortunately no one understood the language in which we spoke, for when my Lady arose and accompanied us through the throng to the high

altar she gave herself entirely up to her wild caprices without the slightest caution, as though we had stood alone on the Apennines. She ridiculed everything; even the poor painted pictures on the wall did not escape her arrows.

"Look there," she cried, "at Lady Eve *née* Rib, how she chats with the Serpent! It was a good idea, that of the painter, to give the snake a human head with a human countenance; but it would have been much more sensible if he had adorned the face of the seducer with a military moustache. Look there, Doctor, at the angel announcing to the highly blest Virgin her blessed 'situation,' and who laughs at the same time so ironically. I know what the rascal is thinking of. And that other Maria, at whose feet the holy alliance of the East are kneeling with their offerings of gold and incense, doesn't she look like Catalani?"

Signora Francesca, who, on account of her ignorance of English, understood nothing of all this chatter, save the word Catalani, quickly remarked that the lady of whom our friend spoke had really lost most of her celebrity. But our friend did not suffer herself to be in the least put out, and passed her comments on the pictures of the Passion to that of the Crucifixion, an exquisitely beautiful painting, where, among others, three stupid idle faces were painted,

looking on at their ease at the divine martyrdom, and which my Lady insisted represented the deputies plenipotentiary of Austria, Russia, and France.

Saint Joseph had to endure the most. She made the maddest remarks on the Flight to Egypt, where Mary sits with the babe on the ass, while Joseph follows on foot. My Lady declared that the artist had made the donkey resemble its driver; and it is true that in both their long ears hang down from their melancholy heads.

"Ah, what a terrible mess and perplexity the poor man is in!" cried Matilda. "If he believes that the Lord has let himself down to his level as rival and fellow-labourer, he has good cause to give himself to the devil; and if he does not, then he is a heretic, and must go to the devil to a certainty. What an awful dilemma! Therefore he bows his head so mournfully. And they have adorned his head with a glory which looks like a crown of horns. How the history of the poor ass-driver goes to my heart! Never unto this day did anything in any church move me so deeply."

Meanwhile the old frescoes, which occasionally appeared between the folds of scarlet drapery, had, with their wondrous innate earnestness, some influence in subduing the British love of

mockery. There were among them faces from the heroic age of Lucca, of which so much is said in Machiavelli, that romantic Sallust, whose spirit sweeps towards us with such fire from the songs of Dante, the Catholic Homer. In those faces the strong feelings and barbaric thoughts of the Middle Age are well expressed, although on the mouth of many a silent youth there quivers a smiling confession that in those days all the roses were not of stone or unblown, and although through the pious down-drooping eyelashes of many a Madonna of the day there twinkles a roguish leer of love, as though she were willing to present us with another infant Jesus. At all events it is a higher spirit which speaks to us from those old Florentine paintings; it is the truly heroic which we recognise in the marble images of the gods of antiquity, and which does not consist, as our æsthetic philosophers suppose, in eternal calm without passion, but in an eternal passionate emotion without unrest. We also see, in several oil paintings of a later day which hang in the Cathedral of Lucca, the same old Florentine spirit, perhaps as a traditional echo. I was particularly pleased with a "Wedding of Cana," by a scholar of Andrea del Sarto, and which was somewhat harshly and stiffly painted. In it the Saviour sits between the soft fair bride and a Pharisee,

whose stony law-table countenance is in amazement at the genial prophet who so cheerfully mingles with the merry guests and treats them to miracles far surpassing those of Moses; for the latter, though he struck with all his force on the rocks, brought forth nothing but water, while the latter needed only to speak a single word to fill all the jars with the best of wine. Far softer, almost Venetian in colour, is the picture by an unknown artist hanging near it, and in which the pleasant blending of hues is strangely qualified by a pain which thrills the soul. It represents Mary anointing the feet of Jesus with a pound of pure and costly nard, and drying them with her hair. Christ sits there among his disciples, a beautiful, intelligent God, who with human sorrow feels a fearful pious commiseration for his own body, which ere long must suffer so much, and to whom the flattering unction of honour which the dead receive is already due and already realised. He smiles calmly on the kneeling woman, who, impelled by a presentiment of loving anguish, performs her pitying task, a deed which will never be forgotten so long as suffering humanity shall endure, and which will breathe forth a perfume for the refreshing of those suffering for thousands of years. With the exception of the youth who rested on the bosom of Christ, and who remarks

the deed, none of the apostles appear to realise its peculiar significance, and the one with the red beard appears, even as the Scripture states, to make the morose remark, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" This economical apostle was the one who carried the purse — familiarity with money and business appears to have rendered him insensible to all the unselfish perfume of love; he would gladly exchange it for pence for a practical purpose, and it was just he, the penny-changer, who betrayed the Saviour for thirty pence. Thus does the Bible symbolically, in the history of the Banker among the Apostles, reveal the unholy power of seduction which lurks in the money-bag and warn us against the faithlessness of business men. Every rich man is a Judas Iscariot.

"You are making faces as though you were trying to choke down your piety, dear Doctor," whispered my Lady. "I was just looking and —excuse me if the remark is slanderous—but I really thought that you looked like a good Christian."

"Between you and me, I am so; yes, Christ——"

"Do you believe, perhaps, that he is a God?"

"That of course, my good Matilda. He is the God whom I mostly love—not because he is a legitimate God whose Father since time imme-

morial ruled the world, but because he, though a born Dauphin of Heaven, is democratically-minded, loving no courtly ceremonial splendour; because he is not a God of shaven and shorn bookish pedants and laced men-at-arms; and because he is a modest God of the People, a citizen-God, *un bon dieu citoyen.* Truly, if Christ were no God, I would vote that he should be such, and much rather than an absolute God who has forced himself to power would I obey him, the elected God, the God of my choice."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Archbishop, a solemn, grey old man, read mass in person; and, to tell the truth, not only I, but even, to a certain degree, my Lady, was moved by the spirit latent in this holy ceremony and by the sanctity of the old man who officiated;—albeit every old man is in and by himself a priest, and the ceremonies of the Catholic world are so primævally old that they are perhaps the only ones which have remained from the infancy of the world and have a claim on our pious feelings as a memorial of the first forefathers of all mankind. "Look, my Lady," said I; "every gesture which you here behold,

the manner of laying on the hands and the spreading out of the arms, this bowing, this washing of the hands, this burning and offering of incense, this cup,—yes, the entire clothing of the man from the mytra[1] to the hem of the stole, all is ancient Egyptian and the remains of a priesthood of whose wondrous existence the oldest records only tell us a little, an early hierarchy which investigated the first wisdom of the world, which discovered the first gods, which invented the first symbols, and by whom young humanity——"

"Was first cheated and betrayed," added my Lady in a bitter tone; "and I believe, Doctor, that of this earliest age of the world there remains nothing but a few dreary formulas of deceit, and they are still active and potent. Only look there, for instance, at the fearfully benighted faces, particularly at that fellow who is planted on his stupid knees, and who, with his wide, staring mouth, looks so much like an ultra-blockhead."

"For Heaven's sake!" I remarked in a soothing manner, "what does it matter if that head has received so little of the light of reason? What is that to us? Why should that irritate you? Don't you see every day oxen, cows, dogs, asses, which are quite as stupid, without suffering

[1] Mithra, mytra, mitre.

your equanimity to be disturbed at the sight or being excited to angry expressions?"

"Ah, that is an entirely different matter," rejoined my Lady, "for those beasts have tails behind, and I vex myself just for that, to think that a fellow who is so bestially stupid has, however, behind him no tail at all."

"Yes, that is a very different matter indeed, my Lady."

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER the mass there was still much to see and to hear, especially the sermon of a great two-fisted monk, whose bold, commanding old Roman countenance contrasted singularly with his coarse cowl, so that he looked like the Emperor of Poverty. He preached of heaven and of hell, falling at times into the wildest enthusiasm. His description of heaven was somewhat barbarously overloaded, since he filled it with gold, silver, jewels, costly food, and wine of the best vintages. He made, too, such inspired mouth-watering grimaces, and rolled himself to and fro in his gown as though he believed himself to be flying among white-winged angels and one of them. Much less delightful—yes, even very practically earnest—was his description of hell.

Here the man was far more in his element. He was especially zealous against those sinners who do not believe, as Christianly as they should, in the old fires of hell, and even think that they have somewhat cooled down of late preparatory to a general extinguishment. "And," he cried, "if hell were going out, then would I with my breath blow up the last glimmering coals till they should blaze up again into all the first fury of their flame." Had any one heard the voice, like the north wind, with which these words were howled forth, and could he have seen the glowing face, the red neck strong as a buffalo's, and the mighty fists of the monk, he would not have regarded this hellish threat as a hyperbole.

"*I like this man,*" said my Lady.

"There you are right," I replied; "and he pleases me too, better than our soft homœopathic spiritual doctors, who dilute their one ten-thousandth grain of reason with a bucket of moral water, and with it preach us to repose of a Sunday."

"Yes, Doctor, I have respect for his hell, but I can't quite agree with him as to his heaven. In fact, I very early had my secret doubts as to the nature of heaven. While I was still very young in Dublin, I often lay on my back in the grass and looked up at heaven and wondered if it really contained so many splendid things as people said.

'And,' thought I, 'if it does, why is it that none of these fine things ever fall down, say a diamond ear-ring or a pearl necklace, or at least a piece of pine-apple cake? And why is it that nothing but hail, snow, or common rain is ever vouchsafed to us? That isn't exactly as it should be,' I thought——"

"Why do you say that, my Lady? Why not rather be silent with such doubts? Unbelievers who put no faith in heaven should not make proselytes. I much less blame—on the contrary, I rather praise—the efforts of those convert-makers who have a splendid heaven, and who, so far from wishing to keep it to themselves, invite their fellow-mortals to share it with them, and who never rest till their invitations are accepted."

"I have always wondered, Doctor, that so many rich people of that sort, such as presidents, vice-presidents, or secretaries of societies for converting unbelievers, take such pains to make, for instance, some rusty old Jew-beggar fit for heaven, and to secure his future society there, without ever so much as dreaming of letting him take part in the things which they enjoy here on earth, such as inviting him during summer to their country-seats, where there are, beyond question, dainties which would taste as good to the poor rogue as though he were in heaven itself."

"That is intelligible enough, my Lady; the heavenly delights cost nothing, and it is often a double pleasure when we can make our fellow-beings happy at so slight an expense. But to what pleasures can the unbeliever invite any one?"

"To nothing, Doctor, but to a long peaceful sleep, which may, however, be very desirable to a suffering mortal, especially if he has been previously tormented with importunate invitations to heaven."

The beautiful woman spoke these words with bitter accents which went to the heart, and it was not without some earnestness that I replied: "Dear Matilda, in all that I have seen and done in this world I have not once troubled myself as to whether there were a heaven or a hell. I am too great and too proud to be tempted by heavenly rewards or alarmed by the punishments of hell. I strive for the good because it is beautiful and irresistibly attracts me, and I hate the bad because it is ugly and repulsive. Even as a boy when I read Plutarch—and I still read him every night in bed, and often feel as if I would fain jump up and take extra-post and become a great man — even then I was pleased with the story of the woman who went through the streets of Alexandria, bearing in one hand a burning torch, and in the other a leathern

bottle of water, crying to the multitude that with the water she would quench the fire of hell, and with the torch would set fire to heaven, so that people should not cease to do evil merely from fear of punishment and do good for the sake of reward. All our deeds should spring from the source of an unselfish love, whether there is to be a continuance after death or not."

"Then you do not believe in immortality?"

"Oh, you are shrewd, my Lady! *I* doubt it? *I*, whose heart ever strikes deeper and deeper root into the most distant millenniums of the past and of the future. I, who am myself one of the most immortal of men, whose every breath is an eternal life, whose every thought is an undying star—*I* disbelieve in immortality!"

"I think, Doctor, that it must require an inordinate share of vanity and presumption, too, after enjoying so much that is good and beautiful on earth, to ask immortality of the Lord in addition to it all. Man, the aristocrat among animals, who thinks himself better than his fellow-creatures, would like also to work out for himself this privilege of endless life by court-like hymns of adoration and praise and kneeling-prayer. Oh, I know what that twitching of the lips means, my immortal gentleman!"

CHAPTER X.

THE Signora begged us to accompany her to a convent where a miraculous cross, the most remarkable in all Tuscany, was preserved. And it was well that we left the Cathedral, for my Lady's eccentricities would have soon got us into a scrape. She foamed over with brilliant caprices, pretty and pleasant foolish fancies, which leaped about self-willed and wild as kittens jumping about in spring sunlight. On leaving the Cathedral she dipped her forefinger three times in the holy water, and sprinkled herself with it each time, murmuring, "*Dem zefardeyim kinnim,*" which is, according to her assertion, the Arabic formula used by sorceresses to transform a human being to an ass.

On the *Piazza,* or open place before the Cathedral, a body of troops, nearly all clad in Austrian uniform, were exercising, the word of command being given in German. At least I heard the German words, "*Præsentirts Gewehr! Fuss Gewehr! Schulters Gewehr! Rechts um! Halt!*"[1] I believe that in all the Italian as

[1] "Present arms! Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Right-about face! Halt!"

well as in several other European states they command in German. Ought we Germans to plume ourselves on it? Have we so many orders to give in this world that German has even become the language of command? Or have we been ordered about so much that those who are obedient and subject best understand the German tongue?

My Lady did not seem to be a friend to parades and reviews. "I do not like," said she, "to be near such men with sabres and guns, particularly when they march along in great numbers, and in regular rows in great reviews. What if some one among these thousands of men should suddenly go mad, and stab me dead on the spot with the weapon which he holds in his hand? Or what if he should suddenly become rational and think, 'What have I to risk or lose, even if they should take my life? Perhaps the other world which they promise us isn't so brilliant, after all, as they say; and if it be ever so bad, they certainly cannot give me less than six kreutzers a day. Suppose, then, just for the joke of the thing, that I stab that little English lady with the impertinent nose?' Wouldn't I be in the greatest danger of my life then? If I were a king I would divide my soldiers into two classes, and one of them should believe in immortality, so that they might be brave in

battle and not fear death, and I would only use them in war. But the others should be employed in parades and reviews; and lest it should come into their heads that they have nothing to lose, and so kill somebody for the sake of a joke, I would forbid them on pain of death to believe in immortality—yes, I would even give them some butter on their ammunition-bread, so that they might have a real fancy to live. But the first, those immortal heroes, should have a right hard life of it, so that they might despise mortality and regard the roar of the cannon as the introduction to a better life."

"My Lady," said I, "you would be but an indifferent ruler. You know but little of government, and nothing at all of politics. If you had read the *Political Annals*——"

"I understand them, perhaps, even better than you, my dear Doctor. While I was very young I tried to instruct myself in them. While I was still young in Dublin——"

"And lay on your back in the grass, reflecting or not, as at Ramsgate——"

A glance as of a light reproach of ingratitude shot from my Lady's eyes, but she then smiled again, and continued, "While I was yet young in Dublin, and used to sit on a corner of the cricket where mother's feet rested, I had all sorts of questions to ask: what the tailors, the shoe-

makers, the bakers—in short, what all sorts of people had to do in the world. And mother explained that the tailors made clothes, the shoemakers made shoes, the bakers baked bread. And when I asked what the kings did, mother told me that they governed. 'Dear mother,' I replied, 'do you know that if I were a king I'd go one whole day without reigning, just to see how it looked in the world.' 'Dear child,' said mother, 'many a king does that, and yet the world looks just the same as ever.'"

"Yes, my Lady, your mother was really in the right. Particularly here in Italy are there such kings, as we see, for instance, in Piedmont and Naples——"

"Well, Doctor, we shouldn't blame an Italian king for not reigning on some days when it is so terribly warm. The only danger is that the Carbonari may turn such a day to account, for I have remarked that now-a-days revolutions always break out on those days when no reigning is going on. If the Carbonari made a mistake and believed that it was a day without reigning, when, contrary to all expectation, the king *did* reign, they all lost their heads. Therefore the Carbonari can never be careful enough, and must be particular in choosing their time. So that the most delicate and difficult duty of the king is to keep secret those days when there

is no reigning; and then they should at least sit down three or four times on the throne, and perhaps mend a pen, or seal up envelopes, or rule white paper—all for show, of course—so that the people outside who peep into the palace windows may believe in all sincerity that the reigning is still going on."

While such remarks came from my Lady's delicate little mouth there swam a smile of tranquil happiness around the full, rosy lips of Francesca. She scarcely spoke, but her gait was no longer inspired with the sighing rapture of self-denial so manifest on the previous evening. She now walked triumphantly along, every step the sound of a trumpet; and yet it seemed to be rather a spiritual victory than one of this world which inspired her movements. She was almost the ideal image of a Church triumphant, and around her head swept an invisible glory. But the eyes, as if smiling through tears, were again those of a child of this world; and in the varied stream of humanity which swept past us, no single article of clothing had escaped her searching glance.

"*Ecco!*" was her exclamation, "what a shawl! — the Marquis shall buy me such a cashmere for my turban when I dance Roxelana. Ah! and he has promised me a diamond cross too!"

Poor Gumpelino! you will agree to the shawl without much demurring; the cross, however, will cost you many a bitter hour. But Signora will torture you so long and keep you so long on the rack that you must at last give in to her wishes!

CHAPTER XI.

THE church in which the miraculous crucifix of Lucca is to be seen belongs to a monastery the name of which at this instant has escaped me.

As we entered the church there lay on their knees before the high altar a dozen monks in silent prayer. Only now and then they spoke, as if in chorus, a few broken words, which echoed, as it were, awfully through the solitary columned aisles. The church was dark, except that through small painted windows fell a many-coloured light on bald heads and brown cowls. Unpolished lamps of copper dimly illuminated the blackened frescoes and altar-pieces, while from the wall projected carved wooden heads of saints, coarsely coloured, and which, in the dubious flickering light, seemed grinning at us in grim life. Suddenly my Lady screamed aloud and pointed to a

tombstone beneath our feet, on which, in relief, was the stiff image of a bishop with mitre and crosier, folded hands and trodden-away nose. "Ah!" she whispered, "I just then trod rudely on his stone nose, and now he will appear to me in dreams; and *then* his nose—who knows —— ——"

The sacristan, a pale young monk, showed us the miraculous cross, and narrated the miracle which it had effected. Whimsical as I am, I probably did not appear incredulous on this occasion. I have now and then my attacks of belief in marvels, especially when, as in this instance, the place and the hour are favourable to them, and I then believe that everything in the world is a miracle and all history a legend. Was I inspired with the faith in marvels of Francesca, who kissed the cross with the wildest enthusiasm? I was vexed and annoyed with the wild mockery of the witty English lady—perhaps I was the more irritated by it since I felt that I was not myself entirely free from the contagion, yet still regarded it as by no means praiseworthy. It cannot be denied that the passion for ridicule and mockery, the delight in the incongruity of things, has something evil in it, while seriousness is more allied with the better feelings—virtue, the sense of liberty, and love itself are very serious. Meanwhile there

are hearts in which jest and earnest, the bad and the holy, heat and cold, mingle so strangely that it would be difficult to pass a separate judgment on either. Such a heart swam in the bosom of Matilda; often it was a freezing island of ice on whose polished mirror-like ground there bloomed forth deeply longing, glowing forests of palms; as often an enthusiastic blazing volcano, which was suddenly overwhelmed by a laughing avalanche of snow. She was by no means evilly inclined, with all her *abandon*—not even sensuous; nay, I believe that she had only caught the humorous side of sensuality, and delighted herself with it as with a merry, ridiculous puppet-show. It was a humorous longing, a sweet curiosity to know how this or that queer character would behave when in love. How entirely different was Francesca! There was a catholic unity in all her thoughts and feelings. By day she was a pale yearning moon, by night a glowing sun. Moon of my days! sun of my nights! I shall never see thee again!

"You are right," said my Lady; "I also believe in the wonder-working powers of a cross. I am convinced that if the Marquis does not higgle and hesitate too long over the diamond cross it will certainly work a brilliant miracle on the Signora, and she will be at last so dazzled by its brilliancy as even to be enamoured of his nose.

And I have often heard of the miraculous powers of crosses of nobility which have the power of changing an honest man into a rascal."

And so the beautiful lady ridiculed everything. She flirted with the poor sacristan, made the drollest excuses to the bishop with the worn-out nose, declining in the politest manner any return of her call, and as we came to the holy-water font she again attempted to turn me into an ass.

Whether it was a sincere mood inspired by the place, or whether it was that I felt inclined to rebuff as sharply as possible this jest, which really vexed me, I know not, but I assumed the appropriate pathos, and spoke—

"My Lady, I have no liking for those of your sex who despise religion. Beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume, resembling those cold, sober tulips which look upon us from their porcelain vases, as though they themselves were of porcelain, and which, if they could speak, would without doubt explain to us how very naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

Even at the very mention of a tulip my Lady was in a state of the most passionate excitement, and as I spoke her idiosyncrasy against the

flower acted so powerfully that she held her ears as if desperate. It was half of it acted, but half was piqued earnestness as she cast at me a bitter glance, and asked from her very heart, and with all the sharpness of irony—

"And you, dear flower, which of the current religions do you profess?"

"I, my Lady, have them all; the perfume of my soul rises to heaven and overcomes even the immortal gods themselves."

CHAPTER XII.

As Signora could not understand our conversation, which was carried on principally in English, she conceived the idea—Lord knows how!—that we were quarrelling about the pre-eminence of our respective nations. She therefore began to praise the English and the Germans also, although at heart she regarded the former as wanting sense and the latter as stupid. And she had a peculiarly bad opinion of the Prussians, whose country, according to her geography, lay far beyond England and Germany; while her worst ill-will was reserved for the King of Prussia, the great Federigo, before whom her enemy, Signora Seraphina, had danced the pre-

vious year in a ballet at her benefit; for, singular enough, this King, that is to say, Frederick the Great, still lives on the Italian stage and in the memory of the Italian people.

"No," said my Lady, without paying the slightest attention to Signora's sweet caresses and blandishments—"no, it is not necessary to change this man into an ass. Why, he not only changes his opinions every ten steps and continually contradicts himself, but now he even turns missionary, and, upon my word, I believe he is a Jesuit in disguise. I must make up devout faces myself to be safe, or else he'll give me over to his fellow-hypocrites in Christ, to the dilettanti of the Holy Inquisition, who will burn me in effigy, since the police do not as yet permit them to throw people in person into the fire. Oh! honourable gentleman, dear sir, don't believe that I am as intelligent as I seem to be; indeed, I am not wanting in religion, I am not a tulip; on my honour, no tulip!—for heaven's sake, no tulip—I had rather believe anything! I believe now in the principal things in the Bible. I believe that Abraham begat Isaac, that Isaac begat Jacob, and that Jacob begat Judah, and that Judah in turn 'knew' his daughter-in-law Tamar on the highway. I believe, too, that Lot drank too much with his daughters. I believe that Potiphar's wife kept in her hands the robes

of Joseph. I believe that both the elders who surprised Susanna in her bath were *very* old. Moreover, I believe that the patriarch Jacob cheated first his brother and then his father-in-law, that King David gave Uriah a good appointment in the army, that Solomon got himself a thousand wives and then complained that all was vanity! I believe in the Ten Commandments, too; and even keep most of them. I do not covet my neighbour's ox, nor his maid-servant, nor his cow, nor his ass. I do not work on the Sabbath, the seventh day on which the Lord rested; yet, to be on the safe side, since we don't know exactly which *was* the seventh day of rest, I often do nothing through the whole week. But, as for the commandments of Christ, I always obeyed the one which is most important —that we should love our enemies—for, ah! those persons whom I have best loved were always, without my knowing it, my worst enemies."

"For heaven's sake, Matilda, do not weep!" I cried, as there once more darted forth a tone of the acutest anguish from the most genial mockery, like a serpent from a bed of flowers. I well knew that tone which often thrilled the wild and witty crystal heart of the strange and lovely woman—powerfully, it was true, but never for a long time; and I well knew that it would vanish as readily as it had risen before the first jest

which one would utter to her or which would flit through her own soul. While she stood leaning against the monastery gate, pressing her burning cheeks against the cold stone and wiping the tears from her eyes with her long hair, I tried to revive her merry mood by mystifying poor Francesca, giving the latter the most important particulars of the Seven Years' War, which appeared to be to her a matter of especial interest, and which she believed to be still going on. I told her many interesting things of the great Federigo, the witty gaiter-god of Sans Souci who invented the Prussian monarchy, and when young played right well on the flute and made French verses. Francesca asked me if the Prussians or the Germans would conquer; for, as I have already intimated, she supposed the former to be an entirely different race, and it is indeed common enough in Italy to imply by the name Germans only the natives of Austria. Signora was not a little astonished when I told her that I myself had lived for a long time in the *Capitale della Prussia*, that is to say, in Berelino, a city which lies very far up on the map, not far from the North Pole. She shuddered as I depicted to her the dangers to which one is there exposed from the Polar bears which stray about the streets. "For, dear Francesca," I explained to her, "in Spitzbergen there are by far too many bears,

which lie there in garrison, and they sometimes visit Berlin, either inspired by desire to see the 'bear'[1] and the Bassa, or else to eat a good dinner at Beyermann's in the Café Royal, an indulgence which sometimes costs more money than they have with them, in which case one of the bears is bound down there until his companions return and pay for him, whence the expression 'to bind a bear' originated. Many bears live in the city itself; yes, some people even assert that Berlin owes its origin to the bears and ought really to be called *Bearlin.* The town bears are, however, very tame, and some of them are so highly educated that they write the most beautiful tragedies and compose the finest music. *Wolves* are also very common there, but as they generally go clad in sheep's clothing on account of the cold, they are difficult to recognise. 'Snow-geese'[2] flutter about there and sing bravura airs, while reindeer,[3] who are *dear* enough to their tenants, reign with undis-

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[1] It may be remarked that a "bear" not only signifies a debt, but is also used by students as an abusive epithet. It is in this latter sense as well as the former that Heine here uses it.

[2] *Schneegaense*, from *Schneegans.* Latin, *Anser hyperboræus*, soft white pretty misses of the kind which reminded Thackeray of rabbits.

[3] *Rennthiere*, a reindeer. *Rentirer*, one who lives on his rents.

puted sway as connoisseurs in art. On the whole the Berliners live very temperately and industriously, and most of them sit buried up to their navels in snow, writing works of positive religion, devotional books, religious tales for daughters of the higher classes, catechisms, sermons for every day in the year, Eloha poems, and are meanwhile very moral, for they sit up to the navel in snow."

"Are the Berliners, then, Christians?" cried Signora, in amazement.

"Their Christianity is of a peculiar species. This religion is at bottom utterly and entirely wanting in them, and they are also much too reasonable to seriously practise it. But as they know that Christianity is necessary in a State, so that the subjects may be nicely obedient, and so that people may not steal and murder too much, they endeavour with great eloquence to at least convert their fellow-beings to Christianity, seeking, as it were, 'substitutes' in a religion whose maintenance is desirable to them, and whose strict practice as well as profession would give them too much trouble. In this dilemma they enjoy the zealous service of poor Jews, who are obliged to become Christians for them; and as this race will do anything for gold and for good words, they have at length exercised themselves completely into the very depths of Christianity.

Yes, so deeply that they cry out as well as the best against unbelief, fight as for life and death for the Trinity, believe in it even in the dog-days, rage against the naturalists, slip secretly around in many lands as missionaries and spies of the faith, circulate edifying tracts, roll up their eyes better than any one in the churches, make the most hypocritical faces, and act piety with such success that the old 'two of a trade' envy is beginning already to show itself, and the ancient masters of the business secretly bewail that Christianity is at present entirely in the hands of the Jews."

CHAPTER XIII.

THOUGH Signora did not understand me, you at least, dear reader, will have no difficulty in doing so. My Lady also understood me, and the effect thereof was to revive her good-humour. But as I—(I do not really know if it was done with a serious expression)—undertook to assert that the multitude needed a settled religion, she could not refrain from again attacking me in her peculiar manner.

"People must have a religion!" she cried. "Always must I hear that text preached by a

thousand stupid and by endless thousands of hypocritical lips——"

"And yet, my Lady, it is true. As the mother cannot answer every question to the child with truth because its power of comprehension is not sufficient, so, in like manner, there must be a positive religion, a Church which can answer for the people according to their comprehension and reduce to the test of the senses all such questions as transcend sensation."

"Oh, misery, Doctor! your very comparison puts me in mind of a story, which, in its application, is not very favourable to your theory. While I was yet young in Dublin——"

"And lay on your back——"

"Pshaw! Doctor, there's no speaking a reasonable word with you—stop laughing at me, I say, in that indecent way and listen. While I was still young in Dublin and sat at my mother's feet, I once asked what people did with the old full-moons. 'My dear child,' said mother, 'the Lord breaks the old moons to pieces with the sugar-hammer and makes little stars of them.' One shouldn't blame my mother for telling such a story, for with the very best astronomical knowledge she could never have explained to me the whole system of the sun, moon, and stars, and she accordingly answered the supernatural question in a natural way. But it would have been

better had she put off the question until I was older, or at least told me the plain truth; for when I afterwards was looking with little Lucy at the full-moon, and explained to her how stars were to be made from it, she laughed at me, and said that her grandmother, old Mrs. O'Meara, had told *her* that the full-moons were eaten in hell for fire-melons, and because there was no sugar there they sprinkled them with pepper and salt. As Lucy had at first laughed at my naïve evangelic opinion, so I now laughed at her gloomy Catholic idea. From laughing we got to fighting; we banged and we spit at each other in the real polemic style, until little O'Donnel came out of school and separated us. This boy had been better instructed than we in the heavenly science; he understood mathematics, and calmly explained to us our mutual errors and the folly of our quarrel. And what was the result? Why, we two girls at once stopped our quarrel and united our forces to give the quiet little mathematician a good beating."

"My Lady, I am troubled, grieved at what you say, for you are in the right. But matters can't be changed. People will always go on fighting as to the pre-eminence of the conceptions of religion which were first instilled into their minds, and the reasonable men among them will thereby be doomed to double suffering. Once,

of course, things were different, when it never occurred to any one to particularly extol the doctrines or solemnity of his religion or to press it on any one. Religion was a dear and beautiful tradition; holy narratives, commemorative festivals and mysteries were handed down from ancestors as the sacred family rites of the people, and it would have been a harsh and cruel thing for a Greek if a foreigner, not of his race, had demanded fellowship in the same religion with him; and it would have seemed to him a still more inhuman thing to induce any one by compulsion or cunning to give up the religion to which he was born and to substitute for it a strange one. But there came a race from Egypt, from the fatherland of the crocodile and of priesthood, and in addition to cutaneous diseases and the stolen vessels of gold and silver, this race brought with it a so-called positive religion, a so-called Church, a structure of dogmas, in which men must believe, and holy ceremonies which men must celebrate, the first type of later religions of State. Then arose the endless finding of faults in human nature, the making of proselytes, the compulsion of faith, and all that holy torture which has cost the human race so much blood and so many tears."

"God damn this prim*evil* race!"[1]

[1] *Goddamm: dieses Uruebelvolk.*

"O Matilda! it has long been damned, and has dragged the agonies of its damnation with it for thousands of years. O this Egypt! her works defy time, her pyramids still stand unshattered as of old, her mummies are as imperishable as ever; and not less imperishable is that mummy of a race which wanders over the world wrapped in most ancient swathing-bands of letters, a petrified fragment of the History of the World, a spectre which gets its living by trading in bills of exchange and old pantaloons. My Lady, do you see yonder that old man with a white beard, the point of which seems to be growing black again, a man with ghost-like eyes?"

"Are not the ruins of the old Roman graves there?"

"Yes. And there he sits offering his prayer, a fearful prayer, in which he bewails his sufferings and accuses races which have long since vanished from the earth and now live only in nursery legends, while he, in his pain, scarce marks that he sits on the graves of those very enemies for whose destruction he prays to Heaven."[1]

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[1] The reference here appears to be to the Hebrew prayer-poem, "A kid, a kid," given in full in the Rabbi of Bacharach. The old man with the black-and-white beard indicates the Wandering Jew.—*Note by Translator.*

CHAPTER XIV.

I SPOKE in the previous chapter of positive religions only so far as as they are especially privileged by the State as Churches, under the name of State religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will prove to you in the most convincing manner that the opponent of the ecclesiastical system of such a religion of State is also an enemy of religion and of the State, an enemy of God and of the King, or, as the common formula reads, an enemy of the throne and of the altar. But *I* tell you that it is a lie; I honour the real holiness of every religion, and conform myself to the interests of the State. And if I do not render homage and devote myself to Anthropomorphism, I still believe in the power and glory of God;[1] and even though kings are so insane as to resist the spirit of the people, or even so ignoble as to oppress their organs by neglect and persecution, I still remain, in accordance with my deepest conviction, an adherent to the kingdom and to the monarchical principle. I do not hate the throne, but I *do* those windy nothings of aristocratic vermin which have nestled in the crannies of

[1] This recalls Madame de Stael, who did not believe in ghosts, but was very much afraid of them.—*Note by Translator.*

the old throne, and whose character Montesquieu has described so accurately with the words, "Ambition hand-in-hand with Indolence, Vulgarity allied to Pride, the longing to become rich without labour, the dislike of truth; flattery, treachery, faithlessness, and the breaking of words, the contempt of the duties of the citizen, the fear of princely virtue, and an interest in princely vice!" I do not hate the altar, but I hate the serpents which lurk amid the loose stones of the old altar; those malignantly cunning snakes which can smile innocently as flowers, while they secretly spirt their poison into the cup of life, and hiss slander into the ear of the pious one praying; those glossy gliding worms with soft, sweet words—

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."[1]

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[1] It were a pity to spare the lover of Latin rhymes a line of this fine old proverb, which crackles like a fire of twigs in so many eccentric collections of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:—

"Multis annis jam peractis
Nulla fides est in pactis,
Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis;"

and which is translated as follows in my work, "The Sketch-Book of Meister Karl:"—

"For many years, my friend, the fact is
That honesty is out of practice

And just because I am a friend of the State and of religion do I hate that abortion termed the religion of State, that mockery of a creation, which was born of the lewd love of the worldly and the spiritual powers, that mule which the white stallion of Anti-Christ begot upon the she-ass of Christ. If there were no such religion of State, no privilege of dogma and of a religion, Germany would be united and strong, and her sons lordly and free. But as it is, our poor Fatherland is torn by divisions of creeds; the people are separated into warring parties in religion; Protestant subjects quarrel with Catholic princes, or *vice versâ;* everywhere there is mistrust, or crypto-Catholicism or crypto-Protestantism, accusations of heresy, espionage of views and opinions, pietism, mysticism, smelling of rats by Church journals, sectarian hatred and zeal for conversion; so that while we fight for heaven above, we are all going to the devil here on earth below. An indifferentism in religion would be, perhaps, the only thing which could save us,

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And honied words and fawning smile
Are ever mixed with fraud and guile."

I have somewhere met with another version of these rhymes, in which the first line was given thus:—

"Omnibus rebus jam peractis."

—*Notes by Translator.*

and by becoming weak in faith Germany might grow politically strong.

But it is as ruinous for religion itself, and for her holy existence, when she is clad with privileges, and when her servants are especially endowed by the State with power to represent it, so that one hand, as it were, washes the other, the religious the worldly, and *vice versâ*, from which a wish-wash results which is to the blessed Lord a folly and to man a torture. If the State has opponents, they will become foes to the religion which confers privileges on the State, and consequently renders them allies; and even the innocent believer will become mistrustful when he detects political objects in religion. But the most repulsive of all is the pride of the priests when they, for the service which they think they have done the State, presume to count upon the support of the latter, and when they, in return for the spiritual fetters which they have lent the State to bind the people, betake themselves to the protection of the State's bayonets. Religion can never sink so low as when she is in such a manner raised to a religion of State; her last claim to innocence is then vitiated, and she becomes as brazenly proud as a declared concubine. Of course, more homage and assurances of reverence are then made her; she every day celebrates new conquests in gleaming processions,

where even generals who once served under Buonaparte bear torches; the proudest spirits swear fidelity to her banner, day by day unbelievers are converted and baptized; but all this pouring on of water butters no parsnips, and the new recruits of the religion of State are like those of Falstaff—they fill the churchyard. As for self-sacrifice, no one even speaks of such a thing; the missionaries with their tracts and books travel about like commercial agents with their samples —there is no longer any danger in the business, and all goes on in a regular mercantile economical form.

Only so long as religions are rivals, and more persecuted than persecutors, are they noble and worthy of honour, and only then do we find inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs, and palms. How beautiful, how holy and lovely, how strangely sweet was the Christianity of the early ages while it as yet resembled its Divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! Then there was still the legend of a God, all their own, who, in the form of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine and preached human love, and set forth those doctrines of freedom and of equality which at a later day were recognised as true by the reason of the greatest thinkers, and which as a French gospel inspired our age. But let any one compare that religion of Christ with the

different Christianities which have been formed in different countries as religions of State; for instance, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or even that Catholicism without poetry [1] which we see ruling as "High Church of England;" that dismal, crumbling skeleton of faith from which all fresh life has departed! The monopoly of system is as injurious to religions as to trades; they are only strong and energetic by free competition, and they will again bloom up in their primitive purity and beauty so soon as the political equality of the Lord's service, or, so to speak, so soon as the trades-freedom of the divinities, is introduced.

The noblest-minded men in Europe have long since asserted that this is the only means to preserve religion from an utter overthrow; but its present servants would sooner sacrifice the altar itself than the least thing which is sacrificed on it; just as the nobility would sooner give up to utter destruction the throne and the illustrious Highness seated thereon than that he should seriously give up the most improper of his proper privileges. But is the affected interest for throne and altar only a mocking show played off before the people? He who has been behind the scenes and peeped into the mysteries of the business

[1] This sentence sets forth perfectly Heine's extreme ignorance of the inner life of England.—*Note by Translator.*

knows that the priests do not so much as the laity respect that God whom they, for their own profit and at will, knead from bread and words, and that the nobility respect the king much less than a serf would have them do, and that they in their hearts scorn and despise even that royalty for which they in public manifest so much honour and seek to awaken respect in others; in fact, they resemble those people who exhibit for money to the gaping public in booths on the market-place a Hercules, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a savage, or a fire-eater, or some other remarkable man of whom they praise the strength, size, bravery, and invulnerability; or if he is a dwarf, his wisdom. All this they do with the most incredible readiness of speech, blowing at times their trumpet, and wearing a gaily-coloured jacket, while in their hearts they laugh at the ready faith of the staring people, and mock the poor bepraised subject, who by dint of daily intercourse has become very uninteresting to them, and whose weaknesses and whose arts, acquired by training, they understand only too accurately.

Whether the blessed Lord will long suffer the priests to pass off a bugbear for him and make money by the show is more than I know;—at least it would cause me no suprise if I should some day read in the *Hamburg Impartial Correspondent* that the old Jehovah warns every one against

giving credit in his name to any one, no matter who he be, or even to his own son. But I am convinced—and time will show it—that there will come a day when kings will no longer submit to be the show-puppets of their high-born despisers, when they will burst loose from etiquette and break down the marble booths in which they are shown. Then they will disdainfully cast aside the shining frippery[1] intended to impose upon the people, the red mantle which terrified, in such a headsman-like manner, the diamond tiara which was pulled over their ears that they might not hear the voices of the people, the golden rod given as a sham sign of supremacy into their hands; and the kings set free will become free as other men, and walk freely among them, and feel free, and marry free, and express their opinions freely, and that will be the emancipation of monarchs.

CHAPTER XV.

But what are the aristocrats to do when they shall have been robbed of their crowned means of sub-

[1] *Plunder* in the original meaning frippery, property, trash, baggage, and also plunder. The same word is used in the same senses in the Western United States. "So Tom got Judy and all her plunder" (*Crockett's Almanac*). In America this was derived from the Canadian or French *butin.*—*Note by Translator.*

sistence, when kings are a special property of the people, maintaining an honourable and stable government according to the will of the people —the only source of all power? What will the priests do when kings perceive that a little consecrated oil cannot make any human head guillotine-proof, just as the people on their part learn from day to day that no one can grow fat on sacramental wafers? Well, of course nothing will then remain for the aristocracy and clergy save to join hands and cabal and intrigue against the new order of things in this world.

Vain efforts! The age like a fiery giantess tranquilly advances, giving no heed to the chatter of the snappish priestlings and lordlings down below. How they howl whenever one of them has burnt his snout on the foot of the giantess, or when she has trodden unwittingly upon a head or two, so that the dark reactionary poison spirts forth! Then their vindictiveness turns all the more bitterly against single children of the age, and, powerless against the mass, they seek to assuage their cowardly spark of spirit on individuals.

Ah! we must confess that many a poor child of the age feels none the less the stabs which he receives in the dark from lurking lords and priests; and oh! though a glory gathers around the wounds of the conqueror, yet they still bleed and smart! It is a strange martyrdom that which such con-

querors endure in our days, and one which cannot be done away with by bold confession, as in those early ages when the martyrs found a speedy scaffold, or the burning pile with its wild hurrahs! The spirit of martyrdom to sacrifice all earthly things for a heavenly jest is still the same as ever; but it has lost much of its deepest cheerfulness of faith; it has become rather a resigned endurance, a firm holding out, a life-long dying; and it even happens that in cold grey hours even the holiest martyrs are assailed by doubts. There is nothing so terrible as hours like those wherein Marcus Brutus began to doubt the reality of that virtue for which he had suffered all things. And, ah! he was a Roman who lived in the palmy days of the Stoa; but we are of modern softer stuff, and withal we witness the successful course of a philosophy which grants to any inspiration whatever only a relative significance, and thus in itself annihilates it, or at any rate neutralises it into a self-conscious Don Quixotery.

The cool, calm, cunning philosophers! How compassionately they smile on the self-torture and mad freaks of a poor Don Quixote, yet with all their school-wisdom do not perceive that that Don Quixotery is the most laudable thing in life—yes, life itself—and that it inspires to bolder effort the whole world, and all in it which philosophises, plays, plants, and gapes! For the great mass of

the people with the philosophers is, without knowing it, nothing but a colossal Sancho Panza who, despite all his sober dread of whippings and homely wisdom, still follows the knight in all his dangerous adventures, lured by the promised reward in which he believes because he longs for it, but still more attracted by the mystic power which enthusiasm always exerts on the masses—as we see in all political and religious revolutions, and it may be, also. daily in the smallest events.

Thus, for example, you, dear reader, are in spite of yourself the Sancho Panza of the insane poet whom you follow through the erratic mazes of this book—it may be while shaking your head misgivingly, but whom you still follow.

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE! "The Life and Deeds of the Sagacious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha," written by Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, was the first book which I read after I had attained a tolerably boy-age of discretion and had become to a certain degree familiar with the nature of letters. I can well remember the bit of leisure time when I early one morning stole away from home and hastened to the Court Garden, that I might read

"Don Quixote" without being disturbed. It was a beautiful May-day; the blooming spring lay lurking in the silent morning light, listening to the sweet praises of her flatterer the nightingale; and the bird sang so softly and caressingly, with such melting enthusiasm, that the most shame-faced buds sprang into life, and the love-longing grass and the sun-rays quivering in perfume kissed more hurriedly, and trees and flowers trembled for sheer rapture. But I sat myself down on an old mossy stone-bench in the so-called "Walk of Sighs," near the waterfall, and solaced my little heart with the great adventures of the daring knight. In my childish uprightness of heart, I took it all in sober earnest, and ridiculously as the poor hero was treated by luck, I still thought that it was a matter of course, and must be so, the being laughed at as well as being wounded, and that troubled me sadly as I sympathised with it all in my soul. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony which God had twined into his world as he created it, and I could have found it in my heart to weep the bitterest tears when the noble knight, for all his heroic courage, received only ingratitude and blows; and as I, who was as yet unpractised in reading, pronounced every word aloud, it was possible for birds and trees, brook and flowers, to hear everything with me, and as such innocent beings of nature knew as little as

children of the irony of the great world, they took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight; even a worn-out old oak sighed deeply, and the waterfall shook more rapidly his white beard and seemed to scold at the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroic will of the knight was not the less worthy of admiration when the lion turned tail on him without wishing to fight, and that his deeds were the more praiseworthy in proportion to the weakness and meagreness of his frame, the brittleness of his armour, and the worthlessness of his palfrey. We despised the base mob who treated him with such thrashing rudeness, and still more that mob of a higher rank, which, ornamented with gay silk attire, aristocratic phrase, and ducal titles, scorned a man who was in strength of soul so immeasurably their superior. Dulcinea's knight rose higher in my estimation, and gained more and more in my love, the more I read in that wondrous book—and that I did every day in the same garden, so that by the autumn I had concluded the story—and never, in all my life, shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful combat wherein the knight was so shamefully subdued!

It was a gloomy day; hideous clouds swept along the grey heaven; the yellow leaves fell painfully from the trees; heavy tears hung on the last flowers, which, fading in sorrow, sunk their dying

heads; the nightingales had long been silent; the image of all things passing away stared at me still and death-like on every side,—and my heart was all but broken as I read how the noble knight lay bewildered and crushed on the ground, and without removing his vizor, spoke with weak and sickly voice to the victor as though from the grave: "Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth; but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, knight!"

Ah! this gleaming knight of the silver moon, who conquered the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a disguised barber!

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT was all long, long ago. Many fresh springs have bloomed since then, but they were all wanting in their greatest charm; for, alas! I no longer believe in the sweet falsehoods of the nightingale, the flatterer of spring, I know how quickly the bloom passes away; and when I see the latest rosebuds, I see them blooming forth glowing with pain, growing pale and scattering in the wind. On every hand I perceive a winter in disguise.

But in my breast that flaming love still blooms, which rises full of longing over the whole earth and sweeps dreamily and then wildly through the yawning realms of heaven, is struck back by the cold stars, sinking again to this little ball of earth, and which, with sighs and shouts of exultation, must confess that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful or better than the heart of man. This love is Inspiration, ever of a divine nature, whether her deeds be of folly or of wisdom. And so it happened that the little boy by no means lavished those tears in vain which he shed over the sorrows of the mad knight, any more, indeed, than the youth did in later years, when he many a night in his narrow study wept over the death of the holiest heroes of liberty—over King Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over Jesus of Jerusalem, and over Robespierre and Saint Just of Paris. Now that I have donned the *toga virilis*, and must myself be a man, there is an end to weeping, and the business in hand is to act like a man, after the manner of great predecessors, and, if God so wills, to be wept in turn in future years by boys and youths. Yes, these are the ones on whom we may count in this cold age; for they will be inspired by the gloomy breath which is wafted to them from ancient lore, and it is thus that they appreciate the hearts of flame of the

present age. Youth is unselfish in thought and in feeling, and therefore thinks and feels the truth most deeply, and is not backward when a bold participation in faith or deed is called for. Older people are selfish and small-souled; they think more of the interest of their money than of the interest of mankind; they let their little boat swim calmly along in the ditch of life, troubling themselves but little as to the sailor who on the high seas fights the billows; or they creep with sticky obstinacy to the summit of a mayoralty, or to the presidency of a club, and shrug their shoulders at the images of heroes which the storm cast down from the pillars of renown; telling, perhaps, meanwhile, how they too, when young, also ran their heads against the wall, but that they afterwards made friends with the wall, because the wall was the Absolute, that which was appointed so to be, the existing in and for itself, that which because it is, is also reasonable, and that therefore he is unreasonable who will not endure a sublimely reasonable, undeniably existing, firmly grounded Absolutism. Alas! these rejecters and challengers, who philosophise us into a mild servitude, are always more worthy of regard than the rejected; who, in the defence of despotism, never take stand on the reasonable ground of reason, but, strong in their familiarity with history, defend it as a right of prescription

and custom with which men have gradually grown familiar in the course of time, and which is now legally and equitably impregnable.

Ah! I will not, like Ham, lift the cloth from the shame of the Fatherland, but it is terrible how it has been agreed on among us to make slavery a matter of gossip, and how German philosophers and historians who torment their brains about every despotism, however stupid or crazy it may be, defend it as reasonable or just. "Silence is the honour of slaves," says Tacitus; those philosophers and historians assert the contrary, and point to the ribbons of honour in their button-holes.

Perhaps you are in the right, and I am only a Don Quixote; and the reading of all manner of strange books has turned my head, as the knight of La Mancha's was turned; and Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis de Gaul, Mirabeau was my Roldan or Agramanto, and I have studied too deeply in the heroic deeds of the French Paladins, and of the Round Table of the National Convention. It is true that my madness and the fixed ideas which I have gathered from those books are of a diametrically different description from the monomania and madness of the Manchan. He was desirous of restoring decaying chivalry to its pristine splendour, while I, on the contrary, would utterly destroy all that there is as yet remaining

from those days; and we, consequently, work with views at utter variance. My colleague regarded windmills as giants; I, however, in the braggart giants of the day see only noisy windmills. He thought that leathern wine-sacks were mighty magicians, while I in our cotemporary enchanters see nothing but leather-headed wine-sacks. He took beggarly pothouses for castles, ass-drivers for cavaliers, low prostitutes for court-ladies; while I take our castles for mere inns for blackguards, our knights for ass-drivers, our court-ladies for common whores; and, as he mistook a puppet-show for the deeds of a State, so do I regard our State deeds as mere puppet-comedies; yet just as bravely as the bold knight of La Mancha do I let drive into the wooden trash. Ah! such a heroic deed often costs me as much as it did him, and I must, like him, often suffer much for the honour of my lady. If I would only be false to her from fear or base avarice, I might live comfortably in this absolute existing reasonable world, and I could lead some lovely Maritornes to the altar, and be blessed by sleek magicians and banquet with noble ass-drivers, and beget harmless novels and the like base little slaves! Instead of that, adorned with the three colours of my lady, I must constantly be taking my place on the combating-ground, and dash onward through fearful toil and tumult; and I fight my way through no victory

which does not also cost me some heart's blood. By day and night I am in extremity, for those enemies are so treacherous that many whom I long ago struck down to death still give themselves the guise of living forms, and, changing into every shape, weary and disgust me by day and by night. How many sufferings have I endured through these wretched ghosts! Where love bloomed for me they stole in, the false stealthy spectres, and broke even the most innocent buds. Everywhere, and most unexpectedly, I found on the ground their silvery trace of slime, and, unless I beware, I may slip on it to my destruction in the house of the nearest and dearest love. You may laugh, and regard such anxious feeling as to idle phantoms as the delusions of a Don Quixote. But imagined woes pain none the less; and if one believes that he has drunk hemlock he may waste away, and, at least, certainly will not fatten on the thought. And it is a slander to say that I have grown fat on it; at least I have as yet gained no fat sinecure, though I have the talent which would qualify me for one. As for fat, my fatality drives every trace of it from me.[1] I fancy that every means has been taken to keep me lean; when I hungered they fed me with snakes;

[1] Auch is von dem Fett der Vetterschaft nichts an mir zu verspuren.

when I thirsted they gave me wormwood to drink, and they poured hell into my heart till I wept poison and sighed fire. Yes; they stole by night into my very dreams, and there I see horrible spectres, the noble lackey faces with gnashing teeth, the threatening banker noses, the deadly eyes glaring from cowls, the white ruffled hands with gleaming knives.

Even the old lady who lives next to me, my neighbour through the wall, thinks that I am insane, and declares that I talk the maddest stuff in my sleep, and that last night she distinctly heard me call out that "Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth; but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, knight!"

POSTSCRIPT.

NOVEMBER 1830.

I DO not know what the peculiar feeling of reverence was which impelled me to modify even the most trivial of several expressions in the foregoing pages, and which, on a subsequent reading, appeared to be rather too harsh. The manuscript had already become as yellow as a corpse, and I could not persuade myself to mutilate it. Everything which has been written for years seems to have an inherent right to remain uninjured; even these pages, which to a certain degree belong to a dark past. For they were written nearly a year before the third Hegira of the Bourbons, at a time which was harsher than the harshest phrase; a time when it seemed as if the battle for liberty might yet be delayed for a century. It was, to say the least, a matter for critical and nice reflection, when we saw our knightly nobility looking so confident; how they had their faded coats-of-arms freshly painted; how they tourneyed with shield and spear at Munich and Potsdam; and how they sat so proudly on their high steeds, as

though they would ride to Quedlinburg to have themselves retouched by Gottfried Basse.

Still more insufferable were the triumphant and treacherous eyes of our priests, who hid their long ears so slily under their cowls that we continually anticipated the most deadly wiles. No one could know beforehand that the noble knights would shoot so wretchedly wide of the mark, and generally from an ambuscade, or at least in galloping away with averted heads, like flying Bashkirs. Just as little could one know beforehand that the serpent-like sagacity of our priests could be so brought to shame. Ah! it is enough to awaken one's pity to see how stupidly they use their best poison, and how, in their rage, they throw the arsenic in great lumps at our heads, instead of sprinkling it by the ounce and amiably in our soup; how they rummage among the long-forgotten children's clothes of their enemies to discover some obsolete baby wrappings from which to nose out trouble; how they even rake the fathers of their enemies out of their graves to see if they perhaps were circumcised. Oh, the fools! who imagine that they have discovered that the lion belongs to the feline race; and with this natural historical discovery go hissing about so long, that finally the great cat exemplifies the *ex ungue leonem* on their own flesh. Oh, the obscure wights! upon whom no light shines until they

hang in person on the lamp-post! With the entrails of an ass would I string my lyre that I might worthily sing them—the shorn blockheads!

A mighty joy seizes on me! While I sit and write, music sounds under my window; and in the elegiac grimness of the long-drawn-out melody I recognise that Marseilles hymn with which the beautiful Barbaroux and his companions greeted the city of Paris; that *rans des vaches* of liberty, whose tones gave the Swiss in the Tuileries the home-sickness, that triumphant death-song of the Gironde—the old sweet cradle-song.

What a song! It shudders through me with fire and joy, and lights up in me the glowing stars of inspiration and the rockets of scorn and mockery. Yes, they shall not be wanting in the great fireworks of the age. Ringing fire-streams of song shall pour forth in bold cascades from the summit of Freedom's revels, as the Ganges leaps from Himalaya! And thou, dear Satyra, daughter of the just Themis and of goat-footed Pan, lend me thine aid, for thou art, by the mother's side, of Titanic blood, and hatest like me the enemies of thy kin, the weak usurpers of Olympus. Lend me the sword of thy mother that I may execute the hated brood, and give me the pipes of thy father that I therewith may pipe them to death.

Already they hear the deathly piping and panic

fears seize them, and they again take to flight in bestial forms as of old, when we piled Pelion upon Ossa :—

"Aux armes, citoyens !"

They did great injustice to us poor Titans when they blamed the dark ferocity with which we raged upward in that storming of heaven. Ah! down there in Tartarus it was terrible and dark; we heard there only the howls of Cerberus and the rattling of chains; and it is pardonable if we appear somewhat savage in comparison with those divinities, *comme il faut,* who, so refined and elegant in manners, enjoyed in the cheerful saloons of Olympus so much exquisite nectar, and so many sweet concerts given by the Muses.

I can write no more, for the music under my window intoxicates my head, and still more forcibly am I moved by the refrain—

"Aux armes, citoyens !"

"Aux gares, citoyens !
Montez dans les wagons."
Bordeaux, 1914, 1940.

ENGLISH FRAGMENTS.

(1828.)

"Happy Albion! merry old England! why did I leave thee? —to fly from the society of gentlemen, and to be among a pack of blackguards, the only one who lives and acts with consciousness?"—W. ALEXIS' *Honourable People.*

THE "English Fragments" were partly written two years ago for the "Universal Political Annals," which I at that time published with Lindner, to supply a want of the time, and believing them to be appropriate, I have added them as a completion of the "Pictures of Travel."

I trust that the amiable reader will not misapprehend my object in giving these "English Fragments." Perhaps I may, at a proper time, supply further contributions of the same nature. Our literature is by no means too richly provided with them. Though England has been frequently described by our novelists, Willibald Alexis is the only one who has set forth her local peculiarities and customs with true outline and colour. I believe that he was never in the country, and knows its physiognomy only by that strange in-

tuition which renders a personal examination of the reality needless to a poet. In like manner, I myself wrote, eleven years ago, "William Ratcliffe," to which I here the more emphatically refer, since it not only contains an accurate picture of England, but also the germ of my later observations of the country, which I had not then seen. The piece may be found in the "Tragedies, with a Lyrical Intermezzo, by Henry Heine. Berlin, 1823, published by F. Duemmler."

As for books of travel in England, I am confident that, with the exception of those of Archenholtz and Gœde, there are none which set forth matters as they really are there, which can be compared to a work published this year by Frankh, in Munich. I refer to "Letters of a Dead Man. A Fragmentary Diary kept in England, Wales, Ireland, and France in the Years 1828 and 1829."

It is, moreover, in many other respects an admirable book, and fully deserves the praise which Goethe and Varnhagen Von Ense have lavished on it in the "Berlin Annals of Scientific Criticism."

HENRY HEINE.

HAMBURG,
Nov. 15, 1830.

I.

DIALOGUE ON THE THAMES.

. . . . THE sallow man stood near me on the deck, as I gazed on the green shores of the Thames, while in every corner of my soul the nightingales awoke to life. "Land of Freedom!" I cried, "I greet thee! Hail to thee, Freedom, young sun of the renewed world! Those older suns, Love and Faith, are withered and cold, and can no longer light nor warm us. The ancient myrtle woods, which were once all too full, are now deserted, and only timid turtle-doves nestle amid the soft thickets. The old cathedrals, once piled in towering height by an arrogantly pious race, which fain would force its faith into heaven, are brittle, and their gods have ceased to believe in themselves. Those divinities are worn out, and our age lacks the imagination to shape new. Every power of the human breast now tends to a love of Liberty, and Liberty is, perhaps, the religion of the modern age. And it is a religion not preached to the rich, but to the poor, and it has in like manner its evangelists, its martyrs, and its Iscariots!"

"Young enthusiast," said the sallow man, "you will not find what you seek. You may be in the right in believing that Liberty is a new religion

which will spread itself over all the world. But as every race of old, when it received Christianity, did so according to its requirements and its peculiar character, so, at present, every country adopts from the new religion of liberty only that which is in accordance with its local needs and national character.

"The English are a domestic race, living a limited, peaceable family life, and the Englishman seeks in the circle of those connected with and pertaining to him that easy state of mind which is denied to him through his innate social incapacity. The Englishman is, therefore, contented with that liberty which secures his most personal rights and guards his body, his property, and his conjugal relations, his religion, and even his whims, in the most unconditional manner. No one is freer in his home than an Englishman, and, to use a celebrated expression, he is king and bishop between his four stakes; and there is much truth in the common saying, 'My house is my castle.'

"If the Englishman has the greatest need of personal freedom, the Frenchman, in case of need, can dispense with it, if we only grant him that portion of universal liberty known as equality. The French are not a domestic but a social race; they are no friends to a silent *tête-à-tête*, which they call *une conversation Anglaise;* they run

gossiping about from the *café* to the casino, and from the casino to the *salons;* their light champagne-blood and inborn talent for company drives them to social life, whose first and last principle, yes, whose very soul is equality. The development of the social principle in France necessarily involved that of equality, and if the ground of the Revolution should be sought in the Budget, it is none the less true that its language and tone were drawn from those wits of low degree who lived in the *salons* of Paris, apparently on a footing of equality with the high *noblesse*, and who were now and then reminded, it may have been by a hardly perceptible, yet not on that account less aggravating, feudal smile, of the great and ignominious inequality which lay between them. And when the *canaille roturière* took the liberty of beheading that high *noblesse*, it was done less to inherit their property than their ancestry, and to introduce a noble equality in place of a vulgar inequality. And we are the better authorised to believe that this striving for equality was the main principle of the Revolution, since the French speedily found themselves so happy and contented under the dominion of their great Emperor, who, fully appreciating that they were not yet of age, kept all their *freedom* within the limits of his powerful guardianship, permitting them only the pleasure of a perfect and admirable equality.

"Far more patient than the Frenchman, the Englishman easily bears the glances of a privileged aristocracy, consoling himself with the reflection that he has a right by which it is rendered impossible to the others to disturb his personal comfort or his daily requirements. Nor does the aristocracy here make a show of its privileges as on the Continent. In the streets and in places of public resort in London, coloured ribbons are only seen on women's bonnets, and gold and silver signs of distinction on the dresses of lackeys. Even that beautiful coloured livery which indicates with us military rank is in England anything but a sign of honour, and as an actor after a play hastens to wash off the rouge, so an English officer hastens, when the hours of active duty are over, to strip off his red coat and again appear like a gentleman, in the plain garb of a gentleman. Only at the theatre of St. James are those decorations and costumes, which were raked from the off-scourings of the Middle Ages, of any avail. There we may see the ribbons of orders of nobility; there the stars glitter, silk knee-breeches and satin trains rustle, golden spurs and old-fashioned French styles of expression clatter; there the knight struts and the lady spreads herself. But what does a free Englishman care for the Court comedy of St. James, so long as it does not trouble him, and so long

as no one interferes when he plays comedy in like manner in his own house, making his lackeys kneel before him, or plays with the garter of a pretty cook-maid? '*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*'

"As for the Germans, they need neither freedom nor equality. They are a speculative race, ideologists, prophets, and after-thinkers, dreamers who only live in the past and in the future, and who have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a *present;* with them every day has its field of action, its opposing element, its history. The German has nothing for which to battle, and when he began to realise that there might be things worth striving for, his philosophising wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things. It cannot be denied that the Germans love liberty. But it is in a different manner from other people. The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife, and if he does not treat her with remarkable tenderness, he is still ready in case of need to defend her like a man, and woe to the red-coated rascal who forces his way to her bedroom—let him do so as a gallant or as a catchpoll. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride. He burns for her; he is a flame; he casts himself at her feet with the most extravagant protestations; he will fight for her to the death; he commits for her sake a thousand

follies. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother."

Men are strange beings! We grumble in our Fatherland; every stupid thing, every contrary trifle, vexes us there; like boys, we are always longing to rush forth into the wide world; and when we finally find ourselves out in the wide world, we find it a world too wide, and often yearn in secret for the narrow stupidities and contrarieties of home. Yes, we would fain be again in the old chamber, sitting behind the familiar stove, making for ourselves, as it were, a "cubby-house" near it, and nestling there, read the *German General Advertiser*. So it was with me in my journey to England. Scarcely had I lost sight of the German shore ere there awoke in me a curious after-love for the German night-caps and forest-like wigs which I had just left in discontent, and when the Fatherland faded from my eyes I found it again in my heart.

And, therefore, it may be that my voice quivered in a somewhat lower key as I replied to the sallow man—"Dear sir, do not scold the Germans! If they are dreamers, still many of them have dreamed such beautiful dreams that I would hardly incline to change them for the waking realities of our neighbours. Since we all sleep and dream, we can perhaps dispense with freedom; for our tyrants also sleep, and only dream their

tyranny. We only awoke once—when the Catholic Romans robbed us of our dream-freedom; then we acted and conquered, and laid us down again and dreamed. O sir! do not mock our dreamers, for now and then they speak, like somnambulists, wondrous things in sleep, and their words become the seeds of freedom. No one can foresee the turn which things may take. The splenetic Briton, weary of his wife, may put a halter round her neck and sell her in Smithfield. The flattering Frenchman may perhaps be untrue to his beloved bride and abandon her, and, singing, dance after the Court dames (*courtisanes*) of his royal palace (*palais royal*). But the German will never turn his old grandmother quite out of doors; he will always find a place for her by his fireside, where she can tell his listening children her legends. Should Freedom ever—which God forbid—vanish from the entire world, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams."

While the steamboat, and with it our conversation, swam thus along the stream, the sun had set, and his last rays lit up the hospital at Greenwich, an imposing palace-like building which in reality consists of two wings, the space between which is empty, and a green hill crowned with a pretty little tower, from which one can behold those passing by. On the water the throng of

vessels became denser and denser, and I wondered at the adroitness with which the larger avoided contact. While passing, many a sober and friendly face nodded greetings—faces whom we had never seen before, and were never to see again. We sometimes came so near that it was possible to shake hands in joint welcome and adieu. One's heart swells at the sight of so many swelling sails, and we feel strangely moved when the confused hum and far-off dancing-music and the deep voices of sailors resound from the shore. But the outlines of all things vanished little by little behind the white veil of the evening mist, and there only remained visible a forest of masts, rising long and bare above it.

The sallow man still stood near me and gazed reflectively on high, as though he sought for the pale stars in the cloudy heaven. And still gazing on high, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said in a tone as though secret thoughts involuntarily became words — "Freedom and equality! they are not to be found on earth below nor in heaven above. The stars on high are not alike, for one is greater and brighter than the other; none of them wander free, all obey a prescribed and iron-like law—there is slavery in heaven as on earth!"

"There is the Tower!" suddenly cried one of our travelling companions, as he pointed to a

high building which rose like a spectral, gloomy dream above the cloud-covered London.

II.

LONDON.

I HAVE seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am still astonished; and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred —I mean London.

Send a *philosopher* to London, but, for your life, no poet! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at a corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly; for if London is the right hand of the

world—its active, mighty right hand—then we may regard that route which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street as the world's pyloric artery.

But never send a poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. And should you ever send a German poet thither —a dreamer, who stares at everything, even a ragged beggar-woman, or the shining wares of a goldsmith's shop—why, then, at least he will find things going right badly with him, and he will be hustled about on every side, or perhaps be knocked over with a mild "*God damn!*"[1] *God damn!*—damn the knocking about and pushing! I see at a glance that these people have enough to do. They live on a grand scale, and though

[1] The English or American reader has doubtless heard the expression, "God damn *it!*" and also "Damnation!" but I am not aware that the interjection quoted by Heine is used in our language. Popular opinion in America ascribes it exclusively to Germans who have but a limited familiarity with English. Many eminent French writers also seem to labour under an erroneous impression that a mysterious expletive written by them, "Goddem!" or "Godam!" is used in English. The foreign conception of the word is amusingly set forth by Monier in "Haji Baba in England."—*Note by Translator.*

food and clothes are dearer with them than with us, they must still be better fed and clothed than we are—as gentility requires. Moreover, they have enormous debts, yet occasionally, in a vain-glorious mood, they make ducks and drakes of their guineas, pay other nations to box about for their pleasure, give their kings a handsome *douceur* into the bargain; and, therefore, John Bull must work to get the money for such expenditure. By day and by night he must tax his brain to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes, without much looking around, from the Docks to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Strand; and therefore it is quite pardonable if he, when a poor German poet, gazing into a print-shop window, stands bolt in his way on the corner of Cheapside, should knock the latter sideways with a rather rough "God damn!"

But the picture at which I was gazing as I stood at Cheapside corner was that of the French crossing the Beresina.

And when I, jolted out of my gazing, looked again on the raging street, where a parti-coloured coil of men, women, and children, horses, stage-coaches, and with them a funeral, whirled groaning and creaking along, it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina Bridge, where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of

life; where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian; where every one who falls is lost for ever; where the best friends rush, without feeling, over each other's corpses; and where thousands in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.

How much more pleasant and home-like it is in our dear Germany! With what dreaming comfort, in what Sabbath-like repose, all glides along here! Calmly the sentinels are changed, uniforms and houses shine in the quiet sunshine, swallows flit over the flag-stones, fat Court-councilloresses smile from the windows, while along the echoing streets there is room enough for the dogs to sniff at each other, and for men to stand at ease and chat about the theatre, and bow deeply—oh, how deeply!—when some small aristocratic scamp or vice-scamp, with coloured ribbons on his shabby coat, or some Court-marshal-low-brain[1] struts along as if in judgment, graciously returning salutations:

I had made up my mind in advance not to be astonished at that immensity of London of which I had heard so much. But I had as little success as the poor schoolboy who determined beforehand not to feel the whipping which he was to receive.

[1] Hofmarschalkchen.

The facts of the case were, that he expected to get the usual blows with the usual stick in the usual way on the back, whereas he received a most unusually severe licking on an unusual place with a cutting switch. I anticipated great palaces, and saw nothing but mere small houses. But their very uniformity and their limitless extent impress the soul wonderfully.

These houses of brick, owing to the damp atmosphere and coal smoke, are all of an uniform colour, that is to say, of a brown olive-green, and are all of the same style of building, generally two or three windows wide, three storeys high, and finished above with small red tiles, which remind one of newly extracted bleeding teeth; while the broad and accurately squared streets which these houses form seem to be bordered by endlessly long barracks. This has its reason in the fact that every English family, though it consist of only two persons, must still have a house to itself for its own castle, and rich speculators, to meet the demand, build wholesale entire streets of these dwellings, which they retail singly. In the principal streets of the city where the business of London is most at home, where old-fashioned buildings are mingled with the new, and where the fronts of the houses are covered with signs, yards in length, generally gilt, and in relief, this characteristic uniformity is less striking—the less

so, indeed, because the eye of the stranger is incessantly caught by the new and brilliant wares exposed for sale in the windows. And these articles do not merely produce an effect, because the Englishman completes so perfectly everything which he manufactures, and because every article of luxury, every astral lamp and every boot, every tea-kettle and every woman's dress, shines out so invitingly and so *finished.* There is also a peculiar charm in the art of arrangement, in the contrast of colours, and in the variety of the English shops; even the most commonplace necessaries of life appear in a startling magic light through this artistic power of setting forth everything to advantage. Ordinary articles of food attract us by the new light in which they are placed; even uncooked fish lie so delightfully dressed that the rainbow gleam of their scales attracts us; raw meat lies, as if painted, on neat and many-coloured porcelain plates, garlanded about with parsley—yes, everything seems painted, reminding us of the highly polished yet modest pictures of Franz Mieris. But the human beings whom we see are not so cheerful as in the Dutch paintings, for they sell the jolliest wares with the most serious faces, and the cut and colour of their clothes is as uniform as that of their houses.

On the opposite side of the town, which they call the West End—"*the west end of the town*"—

and where the more aristocratic and less occupied world lives, the uniformity spoken of is still more dominant; yet here there are very long and very broad streets, where all the houses are large as palaces, though anything but remarkable as regards their exterior, unless we except the fact that in these, as in all the better class of houses in London, the windows of the first *étage* (or second storey) are adorned with iron-barred balconies, and also on the *rez de chaussée* there is a black railing protecting the entrance to certain subterranean apartments. In this part of the city there are also great "squares," where rows of houses like those already described form a quadrangle, in whose centre there is a garden, enclosed by an iron railing and containing some statue or other. In all of these places and streets the eye is never shocked by the dilapidated huts of misery. Everywhere we are stared down on by wealth and respectability, while crammed away in retired lanes and dark, damp alleys Poverty dwells with her rags and her tears.

The stranger who wanders through the great streets of London, and does not chance right into the regular quarters of the multitude, sees little or nothing of the fearful misery existing there. Only here and there at the mouth of some dark alley stands a ragged woman with a suckling babe at her weak breast, and begs with her eyes.

Perhaps, if those eyes are still beautiful, we glance into them, and are shocked at the world of wretchedness visible within. The common beggars are old people, generally blacks, who stand at the corners of the streets cleaning pathways—a very necessary thing in muddy London—and ask for "coppers" in reward. It is in the dusky twilight that Poverty with her mates Vice and Crime glide forth from their lairs. They shun daylight the more anxiously since their wretchedness there contrasts more cruelly with the pride of wealth which glitters everywhere; only Hunger sometimes drives them at noonday from their dens, and then they stand with silent, speaking eyes, staring beseechingly at the rich merchant who hurries along, busy and jingling gold, or at the lazy lord who, like a surfeited god, rides by on his high horse, casting now and then an aristocratically indifferent glance at the mob below, as though they were swarming ants, or rather a mass of baser beings, whose joys and sorrows have nothing in common with his feelings. Yes —for over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil soar, like beings of a higher nature, England's nobility, to whom their little island is only a temporary resting-place, Italy their summer garden, Paris their social saloon, and the whole world their inheritance. They sweep along, knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering,

and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

Poor Poverty! how agonising must thy hunger be, where others swell in scornful superfluity! And when some one casts with indifferent hand a crust into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thine own tears. Well art thou in the right when thou alliest thyself to Vice and Crime. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than those cool, reproachless town burghers of virtue, in whose white hearts the power of evil, it is true, is quenched—but with it, too, the power of good. And even vice is not always vice. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity. I have seen women—I would that I saw them again!——

III.

THE ENGLISH.

UNDER the archways of the London Exchange every nation has its allotted place, and on high tablets we read the names of Russians, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Maltese, Jews, Hanseatics,

Turks, &c. Now, however, you would seek them there in vain, for the men have been jostled away; where Spaniards once stood Dutchmen now stand, the citizens of Hanse Towns have elbowed out the Jews, Russians are now where Turks once were, Italians are on the ground formerly held by Frenchmen; even the Germans have advanced a little.

As in the London Exchange, so in the rest of the world the ancient tablets have remained, and men have been moved away while other people appear in their place, whose new heads agree very indifferently with the old inscriptions. The old stereotyped characteristics of races, as we find them in learned compendiums and ale-houses, are no longer profitable, and can only lead us into dreary errors. As we during the last ten years have observed a striking change in the character of our Western neighbours, just so has there been, since the continent was thrown open, a corresponding metamorphosis on the other side of the canal. Stiff, taciturn Englishmen go pilgrim-like in hordes to France, there to learn to speak and move their limbs; and on returning we observe with amazement that their tongues are loosened, they no longer have two left hands, and are no longer contented with beef-steak and plum-puddings. I myself have seen such an Englishman, who in Tavistock Tavern asked for some sugar with his cauliflowers—a heresy against

the stern laws of the English *cuisine*, which nearly caused the waiter to fall flat on his back; for, certainly, since the days of the Roman invasion, cauliflower was never cooked otherwise than by simply boiling in water, nor was it ever eaten with sweet seasoning. It was the self-same Englishman who, although I had never seen him before, sat down opposite to me and began to converse so genially in French that I could not for my life help telling him how delighted I was to meet, for once, an Englishman who was not reserved towards strangers; whereupon he, without smiling, quite as candidly remarked that he merely talked with me for the sake of practice in French.

It is amazing how the French, day by day, become more reflecting, deeper, and more serious, while the English, on the other hand, strive to assume a light, superficial, and cheerful manner, not merely in life, but in literature. The London presses are fully busied with fashionable works, with romances which move in the glittering sphere of "high life," or mirror it; as, for instance, "Almacks," or "Vivian Grey," "Tremaine," "The Guards," and "Flirtation." This last romance bears a name which would be most appropriate for the whole species, since it indicates that coquetry with foreign airs and phrases, that clumsy refinement, that heavy bumping lightness, that sour style of honeyed compliment, that

ornamented coarseness; in a word, the entire lifeless life of those wooden butterflies who flutter in the saloons of West London.

But, on the contrary, what a literature is at present offered us by the French press—that real representative of French spirit and volition! When their great Emperor undertook, in the leisure of his captivity, to dictate his life, to reveal the most secret solutions of the enigmas of his divine soul, and to change the rocks of St. Helena to a chair of history, from whose height his cotemporaries should be judged and latest posterity be taught, then the French themselves began to employ the days of their adversity and the period of their political inactivity as profitably as possible. They also are now writing the history of their deeds, the hands which once grasped the sword are again becoming a terror to their enemies by wielding the pen, the whole nation is busied in publishing its memoirs, and if it will follow my advice it will prepare a particular edition *ad usum Delphini*, with nicely coloured engravings of the taking of the Bastille and storming of the Tuileries.

If I have above remarked that the English of the present day are seeking to become light and frivolous, and endeavouring to creep into the monkey's skin which the French are gradually stripping off, I must also add that the ten-

dency in question proceeds rather from the nobility and gentry, or aristocratic world, than from the citizens. On the contrary, the trading and working portion of the people, especially the merchants in the manufacturing towns, and nearly all the Scotch, bear the external marks of pietism —yes, I might almost say of Puritanism, so that this blessed portion of the people contrast with the worldly-minded aristocrats, like the cavaliers and Roundheads so truthfully set forth by Scott in his novels.

Those readers honour the Scottish bard too highly who believe that his genius imitated and penetrated the outer form and inner manner of feeling of those two historical parties, and that it is an indication of his poetic greatness that he, free from prejudice as a god in his judgment, does justice to both and treats them with equal love. Let any one cast a glance into the prayer-meetings of Liverpool and Manchester, and then into the fashionable saloons of the West End, and he will plainly see that Walter Scott has simply described his own times, and clothed forms which are altogether modern in dresses of the olden time. And if we remember that he himself from one side, as a Scotchman, sucked in by education and national influence a Puritan spirit, while on the other side, as a Tory who even regarded himself as a scion of the Stuarts, he must have been

right royally and aristocratically inclined, and that therefore his feelings and thoughts must have embraced either tendency with equal love, and must also have been neutralised by their opposition, we can very readily understand his impartiality in describing the democrats and aristocrats of Cromwell's time, an impartiality which might well lead us into error if we hoped to find in his "History of Napoleon" an equally "fair-play" description of the heroes of the French Revolution.[1]

He who regards England attentively may now find daily opportunities of observing those two tendencies, the frivolous and the Puritanic, in their most repulsive vigour, and with them, of course, their mutual contest. Such an opportunity was recently manifested in the famous suit at law of Mr. Wakefield, a gay cavalier, who, in an off-hand manner eloped with the daughter of the rich Mr. Turner, a Liverpool merchant, and married her at Gretna Green, where a blacksmith lives who forges the strongest sort of fetters. The entire head-hanging community, the whole race of the elect of the Lord, screamed murder at such horrible conduct; in the conventicles of Liverpool the vengeance of Heaven

[1] With change of name and circumstance one might accept this as an accurate description of Heine himself.—*Note by Translator.*

was evoked on Wakefield and his brother who assisted; they prayed that the earth's abyss might swallow them as it once swallowed the host of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; while, to make celestial anger more certain, they brought the thunders of the King's Bench, of the Lord Chancellor, and even of the Upper House to bear on this profaner of the holy sacrament; while in the fashionable saloons people merely laughed merrily and jested in the most liberal manner at the bold damsel-stealer. But the contrast of the two states of thought or feeling was recently shown me in the most delightful manner as I sat in the Grand Opera near two fat Manchester ladies who visited this *rendezvous* of the aristocratic world for the first time in their lives, and who could not find words strong enough to express the utter detestation and abhorrence which filled their hearts as the ballet began, and the short-skirted beautiful dancing-girls exhibited their lasciviously graceful movements, and fell passionately, like burning Bacchantes, into the arms of the male dancers who leaped towards them. The inspiring music, the primitive clothing of flesh-coloured stockinet, the bounds so like the exuberance of nature, all united to force the sweat of agony from the poor ladies; their bosoms flushed with repugnance; they continually heaved out in chorus, "*Shocking! For shame!*

for shame!" and were so benumbed with horror that they could not for an instant take their opera-glasses from their eyes, and consequently remained in that situation to the last instant when the curtain fell.

Despite these diametrically opposed tendencies of mind and of life, we still find in the English people an unity in their way of thinking, which comes from the very fact that they are always realising that they are a people by themselves; the modern cavaliers and Roundheads may hate and despise one another mutually and as much as they please; they do not, for all that, cease to be English; as such they are at union and together, like plants which have grown out of the same soil and are strangely interwoven with it. Hence the secret unity of the entire life and activity and intercourse of England, which at the first glance seems to us but a theatre of confusion and of contradiction. Excessive wealth and misery, orthodoxy and infidelity, freedom and serfdom, cruelty and mildness, honour and deceit—all of these incongruities in their maddest extremes; over all a grey misty heaven, on every side buzzing machines, reckoning, gas-lights, chimneys, pots of porter, closed mouths—all this hangs together in such-wise that we can hardly think of the one without the other; and that which singly, really ought to excite our astonishment or laughter

appears to be, when taken as a part of the whole, quite commonplace and serious.

But I imagine that such would be the case everywhere, even in countries of which we have much more eccentric conceptions, and where we anticipate a much richer booty of merriment or amazement. Our earnest longing to travel, our desire to see foreign lands, particularly as we feel it in early youth, generally results from an erroneous anticipation of extraordinary contrasts, and from that spiritual pleasure in masquerades which makes us involuntarily expect to find the men and manner of thought of our own home, and to a certain degree our nearest friends and acquaintances, disguised in foreign dress and manners. If we think, for example, of the Hottentots, at once the ladies of our native town dance around in our imaginations, but painted black and endowed with the proper *a posteriori* developments, while our *beaux esprits* climb the palm-trees as bush-beaters; and if we think of the North Polanders, we see there also the well-known faces; our aunt glides in her dog-sleigh over the ice road; the dry Herr Conrector lies lazily on the bearskin and calmly sips his morning train-oil; Madame the inspector's wife, Madame the tax-gatherer's lady, and Madame the wife of the Councillor of Infibulation gossip together and munch candles. But when we are really in those

countries, we at once observe that mankind has there grown up from infancy with its manners and modes; that people's faces harmonise with their thoughts and clothes to their needs—yes, that plants, animals, human beings, and the land itself form a harmonious whole.

IV.

JOHN BULL.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ENGLISH DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

It would seem to be an immutable law of the nature of the Irish that they regard idleness as the characteristic of a gentleman, and as all of this race cannot cover their genteel backs, yet are all the same aristocrats, it comes to pass that comparatively few of the sprouts of Green Erin flourish among the merchants of the City. Those Irishmen who have had little or no education—and these are in the majority—are *gentlemen day-labourers*, and the rest gentlemen for and by themselves. If they could, by a bold stroke—*coup de main*—attain the enjoyment of mercantile wealth, they would gladly go into business; but they can-

not sit on the three-legged stools of a counting-house or bend over desks and account-books so as to win treasure by long hard work.

On the other hand, this is just what suits a Scotchman. His desire to climb to the top of the tree is also pretty keen, but his hopes are not so sanguine as they are determined, and unwearied application with him takes the place of momentary fiery enthusiasm. The Irishman springs and jumps like a squirrel; and when he, as often happens, does not keep firm hold of the twig or bough, down he goes into the mud, and finds himself defiled if not damaged. These numerous jumps and springs are the preparations for a fresh effort, which probably results in the same manner. The cautious Scotchman, on the contrary, chooses his tree with the greatest care; examines if it be well grown, well rooted, and strong enough to bear him, so that it cannot be blown down by the storms of fortune or accident. And he takes good care that the lowest twigs are within his reach, and that there is a convenient series of knots or ridges in the bark to aid his climbing. He begins from the bottom, looks carefully at every twig before he trusts to it, and never advances one foot till he is sure that the other is firmly planted. Other people, more enthusiastic and less careful, climb over him, and ridicule the anxious slowness of his pace; but he, patient and persevering, cares

little for that; and when they tumble and he is on the top, it is his turn to laugh, and he does so with all his heart.

This admirable ability of the Scotchman to make his way in business, his extraordinary docility and obedience to superiors, the invariable promptness with which he trims his sails to the winds, has had the result that we find in London firms not only an incredible number of Scottish clerks, but also Scottish partners. And yet, notwithstanding their number and their influence, the Scotch have not succeeded in impressing their national character on this sphere of London society. For the very gifts which enable them to become first the best of *employés*, and then the best of associates, cause them to adopt the manners and style or tastes of those around them.

For they soon find that those things to which they attached the utmost importance in their native land are of no account whatever in their new home. Their small feudal ties, their boasted relationship to some unshorn proprietor of two or three barren mountains, their legends of two or three wonderful men whose names were never heard of out of Scotland, the Puritanical temperance in which they were brought up, and the frugality which they have made their own—all is far from agreeing with the positive and lavish habits of John Bull.

The stamp of John Bull is as deeply impressed and as sharp as that on a Greek medal; and wherever we find him, be it in London or in Calcutta, as master or man, he is alway perfectly recognisable. He is everywhere a plump fact, very honourable, but cold and absolutely repelling. He has all the solidity of a material substance, and one cannot fail to remark that, wherever or with whom he may be, John Bull regards himself always as the chief person present; also that he will accept no counsel or advice from any one, though he may have intimated that he required it. And be he where he may, we remark that his own comfort—comfort personal and peculiar—is the great subject of all his efforts and desires.

Should John Bull think there is an opening or opportunity to profit, he will fraternise with any one at the first interview. But to make an intimate friend of him he must be courted like a girl, and when his friendship is won it is generally found that it was not worth the trouble it cost. What he gave before he was sought was cold, correct politeness, and all that he gave afterwards was little more. We find in him a mechanical formality and an open avowal of that selfishness or egoism which other people perhaps possess just as much as he does, but which they conceal so carefully that the costliest banquet of

an Englishman does not taste so pleasantly as a handful of dates from a Bedouin in the desert.[1]

But while John Bull is the coldest friend, he is the surest of neighbours and the most straightforward and generous enemy. While he guards his own castle like a Pacha, he never seeks to penetrate into another's. Comfort and independence are the essentials with him; by the one he understands the right to buy whatever can contribute to his most convenient comfort, by the other to do whatever he pleases and say whatever he chooses — and this allowed, he troubles himself little with the chance and perhaps chimerical distinctions which cause so much plague and pain in the rest of the world. His pride—and he has it in full measure—is not that of Haman. Little would it trouble him that Mordecai the Jew sat full-spread before the door of his house; all that he would guard against would be to keep Mordecai from entering without his special permission, which he would assuredly only grant under the condition that it should

[1] To an impartial foreign observer who really knows the English to their hearts, these remarks of Heine on them are the most amusing in his works. And yet they are strangely mingled here and there with searching truths. It is as if some Malay of genius, who had only heard of Russians from Chinese, had written on the inner nature of the Muscovite.—*Note by Translator.*

perfectly accord with his special comfort and be to his advantage.

His pride is an English growth, and though he boasts somewhat, his boasting is not that of other people. No one ever sees him take on airs because of his ancestors; if John Bull has his pockets full of guineas, and has become one who is "warm," he cares not a mushroom whether his grandfather was a duke or a hand-carter. "Every man is himself, and not his father," is John's theory, and according to this he regulates his acts. He only boasts that "he is an Englishman;" that he first saw the light of day somewhere between Lowestoft and Saint David's, between Penzance and Berwick, and he is more rejoiced at this than if he had been born on any other spot in this planet. For Old England belongs to him, and he belongs to Old England; there is nothing like it in all the world, for it can support and teach all the world, and, if it should come to that, conquer it.

But this is only so generally speaking. For if we go to details and examine John closely, we find that, after all, in this so greatly praised England there is nothing with which he is really contented except himself.

Say anything to him, for example, about the king—the same king whose throne he bears with such pride on his shoulders—and lo! at once

he wails or rails at extravagance in the royal expenditure, venality and royal favouritism, the growing, threatening influence of the Crown, and declares that if serious and speedy action and restraint are not resorted to, England will soon be England no more. Mention Parliament, and he begins to grumble, and damns both Houses—the Upper because it is inspired with Court-patronage, and the Lower by faction and favour; nay, he may declare, over and above all, that England would be better off if it had no Parliament at all. Say aynthing to him about the Church—he breaks out into a death-shriek at tithes and fattened parsons who have turned the Word of God into priestly property and devour at their leisure the hard-earned fruits of the labour of others. Speak of Public Opinion, and the great advantage of the rapid dissemination of information—he regrets that Error travels as quickly on these improved roads as Truth, and that the people abandon old follies only to embrace new. In short, there is not in all England an institution with which John is perfectly contented. Even the elements incur his blame, and he grumbles from the beginning of the year to the end at the climate, as much as at things which are of human cause.

He is discontented even with the property which he has acquired, as you will find on close examination. Though he may have amassed

great riches, it is his endless refrain that he is going to the dogs; and is poor as a beggar, while he sits between piles of gold in a palace; and is dying of hunger, while he is fed so fat that he can hardly waddle from one end of the room to the other. One thing only does he praise with all his heart—even if you mention it—and that is the fleet, the ships of war, the wooden walls of Old England—and these he praises because perhaps he never sees them.

Yet we will not blame this passion for blaming almost everything, for it has contributed to make and keep England what it is. This instinct for grumbling of the rough and stiff-necked but honourable John Bull is perhaps the bulwark of British greatness abroad and of British freedom at home; and though many of the British provinces do not properly esteem it, still the real prosperity which they enjoy is due far more to John Bull's endless grumbling than it ever could be to the docile, pliant philosophy of the Scotchman or the stormy fire of the Irishman. These two races in the present crisis do not seem to have the strength or endurance requisite to maintain their rights and achieve their own prosperity, and whenever there is to be resistance to attacks on popular liberty or a measure to be advanced for the common weal, then the records of Parliament, and petitions which are brought there, show that in most cases, be they

of defence or reform, no other comes forward than John Bull—the grumbling, selfish, and growling, yet bold, manly, independent, unyielding, on and through-pushing John Bull.[1]

V.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Poor Walter Scott! Hadst thou been rich thou wouldst not have written that book, and so hadst not become a poor Walter Scott! But the trustees of the Constable estate met together, and reckoned up and ciphered, and after much subtraction and division, shook their heads, and there remained for poor Walter Scott nothing but laurels and debts. Then the most extraordinary of all came

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[1] If this chapter was not suggested by the *John Bull* of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," all that can be said is, that we have here one of the most marvellous coincidences in literature. It is probably, or certainly, to this that our author refers when he says that it is translated from an English description of London. It is curious and pleasing to observe that, while the genial "Geoffrey Crayon" says the same things, he does it in such a kindly, merry vein that no Englishman, in all probability, ever took exception to them.—*Note by Translator.*

to pass, the singer of great deeds wished for once to try his hand at heroism, he made up his mind to a *cessio bonorum*, the laurels of the great unknown were taxed to cover great and well-known debts; and so there came to life in hungry haste, in bankrupt inspiration, the "Life of Napoleon," a book to be roundly paid for by the wants of the English people in general, and of the English Ministry in particular.

Praise him, the brave citizen! praise him, ye united Philistines of all the earth! praise him, thou beautiful shopkeeper's virtue, which sacrificest everything to meet a note on the day when it is due! only do not ask of me that I praise him too.

Strange! the dead Emperor is, even in his grave, the bane of the Britons, and through him Britannia's greatest poet has lost his laurels!

He *was* Britannia's greatest poet, let people say and imagine what they will. It is true that the critics of his romances carped and cavilled at his greatness, and reproached him that he assumed too much breadth in execution, that he went too much into details, that his great characters were only formed by the combination of a mass of minor traits, that he required an endless array of accessories to bring out his bold effects; but, to tell the truth, he resembled in all this a millionaire, who keeps his whole property in the form of small specie, and who must drive up three or four wag-

gons full of sacks of pence and farthings when he has a large sum to pay. Should any one complain of the ill-manners of such a style of liquidation, with its attendant troubles of heavy lifting and hauling and endless counting, he can reply with perfect truth that, no matter *how* he gives the money, he still gives it, and that he is in reality just as well able to pay and quite as rich as another who owns nothing but bullion in bars; yes, that he even has an advantage greater than that of mere facility of transport, since in the vegetable market gold bars are useless, while every huckster woman will grab with both hands at pence and farthings when they are offered her. *Now* all this popular wealth of the British poet is at an end, and he, whose change was so current that the duchess and the cobbler's wife received it with the same interest, has at last become a poor Walter Scott! His destiny recalls the legend of the mountain elves, who, mockingly benevolent, gave money to poor people, which was bright and profitable so long as they spent it wisely, but which turned to mere dust when applied to unworthy purposes. Sack by sack we opened Walter Scott's new load, and lo! instead of gleaming smiling pence, there was nothing but idle dust, and dust again! He was justly punished by those mountain elves of Parnassus, the Muses, who, like all noble-minded women, are enthu-

siastic Napoleonists, and who were consequently doubly enraged at the misuse of the spirit-treasure which had been loaned.

The value and tendency of this work of Scott's have been shown up in the journals of all Europe. Not only the embittered French, but also the astonished fellow-countrymen of the author have uttered sentence of condemnation against it. In such a world-wide discontent the Germans must also have their share, and therefore the Stuttgart *Literary Journal*[1] spoke out with a fiery zeal difficult to restrain within due limit, while the Berlin *Annals of Scientific Criticism*[2] expressed itself in tones of cold tranquillity; and the critic, who was the more readily swayed by that tranquillity the less he admired the hero of the book, characterises it with these admirably appropriate words:—

"In this narration we find neither substance nor colour, harmony nor life. The mighty subject drags heavily along, entangled in superficial, not in profound perplexities, uncertain and changeable, without any manifestation of the characteristic; no leading principle strikes us in its affected singularity, its violent points are nowhere visible, its connection is merely external, its subject-

[1] *Stuttgarter Literaturblatt.*

[2] *Berliner Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Critik.*

matter and significance are hardly appreciable. In such a manner of portrayal all the light of history must be quenched, and itself be reduced to, not wonderful, but commonplace stories. The unnecessary remarks and reflections which often intrude themselves on the subject under consideration are of a corresponding description. Such a watery, transparent preparation has long been out of date in our reading world. The scanty pattern of a moral, applicable only to certain particulars, is unsatisfactory." . . .

I would willingly pardon poor Scott for such, and even worse, things, to which the sharp-witted Berlin reviewer, Varnhagen von Ense, gives utterance. We are all mortal, and the best of us may once in a while write a bad book. People then say that the thing is below criticism, and that ends the matter. But it is really extraordinary that in this new work we do not find a trace of Scott's beautiful style. The colourless commonplace strain is sprinkled in vain with sundry red, green, and blue words; in vain do glittering patches from the poets cover the prosaic nakedness; in vain does the author rob all Noah's ark to find bestial comparisons; and in vain is the Word of God itself cited to heighten the colour of stupid thoughts. Stranger still is it that Walter Scott has not here succeeded in a single effort to bring into play his inborn talent of sketching

characters, and of catching the traits of the outer Napoleon. Walter Scott learned nothing from those beautiful pictures which represent Napoleon surrounded by his generals and statesmen, though every one who regards them without prejudice must be deeply moved by the tragic tranquillity and antique severity of those features, which contrast in such fearful sublimity with the modern, excitable, picturesque faces of the day, and which seem to announce something of the incarnate God. But if the Scottish poet could not comprehend the form, how much less capable must he have been of grasping the character of the Emperor! And I therefore willingly pardon his blasphemy of a divinity whom he never knew. And I must also forgive him that he regards his Wellington as a god, and in deifying him, falls into such excessive manifestations of piety, that, rich as he is in figures of beasts, he knows not wherewith to compare him. Everywhere on earth as men are so are their gods. Stupid black savages adore poisonous snakes; cross-eyed Baschkirs pray to ugly logs; idiotic Laplanders reverence seals. Sir Walter Scott, in nothing behind them, worships his Wellington.

But if I am tolerant towards Walter Scott, and forgive him the emptiness, errors, slanders, and stupid things in his book—nay, if I even pardon him the weariness and *ennui* which its reading

caused me, I cannot, for all that, forgive him its tendency. This is nothing less than the exculpation of the English Ministry as regards the crime of St. Helena. "In this case of equity between the English Ministry and public opinion," as the Berlin reviewer expresses it, "Walter Scott makes himself judge of its merits;" he couples legal quibblings with his poetic talent, in order to distort both facts and history, and his clients, who are at the same time his patrons, may well afford, beside the regular fees, to privately press an extra *douceur* into his hand.

The English have merely murdered the Emperor —but Walter Scott sold him. It was a real Scotch trick, a regular specimen of Scottish national manners, and we see that Scotch avarice is still the same old dirty spirit as ever, and has not changed much since the days of Naseby, when the Scotch sold their own king, who had confided himself to their protection, for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds sterling. That king was the same Charles Stuart whom the bards of Caledonia now sing so gloriously—the Englishman murders, but the Scotchman sells and sings.[1]

The English Ministry, to aid in the work, threw

[1] Charles I. was sold, certainly; but Heine errs in stating that the Scotch sing of him gloriously. The Charles Stuart of whom so many Jacobite lyrics were written was his great-grandson, "Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier."—*Translator.*

open the archives of the Foreign Office to their advocate, and he has, in the ninth volume of his work, scrupulously availed himself of every official document which could throw an advantageous light upon his own side, and a corresponding darkness upon that of his enemies. On this account the ninth volume in question still possesses a peculiar interest, despite all its æsthetic worthlessness, in which it is in no respect behind its predecessors. We expect in it important public papers, and since we find none, it is a proof that there were none in existence which spoke in favour of the English Ministers,—and this negative content of the book is an important result.

All the booty thus obtained from the English archives was limited to a few credible documents from the noble Sir Hudson Lowe and his myrmidons, and a few verbal expressions of General Gourgaud, who, if he really uttered them, deserves to be regarded as a shameless traitor to his imperial master and benefactor. I will not inquire into the authenticity of these expressions; it even seems to be true that Baron Turner, one of the three mute supernumeraries of the great tragedy, has borne witness to them; but I do not see to what favourable result they lead, save that Sir Hudson Lowe was not the only blackguard in St. Helena. With such assistance, and with pitiable suggestions of his own, Walter Scott

treats the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, and labours to convince us that the ex-Emperor—so the ex-poet terms him—could not have acted more wisely than to yield himself to the English, although he must have foreseen his banishment to St. Helena, and that he was there treated in the most charming manner, since he had plenty to eat and to drink; and that he, finally, fresh and sound, and as a good Christian, died of a cancer in his stomach.

Walter Scott, by thus admitting, to a certain degree, that the Emperor foresaw how far the generosity of the English would extend, viz., to St. Helena, frees him at least from the common reproach: the tragic sublimity of his ill fortune so greatly inspired him that he regarded civilised Englishmen as Parisian barbarians, and looked upon the beef-steak kitchen of St. James as the fireside of a great monarch—and so committed a heroic blunder. Sir Walter Scott also makes of the Emperor the greatest poet who ever lived, since he very seriously insinuates that all the memorable writings which set forth his sufferings in St. Helena were collectively dictated by himself.

I cannot here refrain from the remark that this part of Walter Scott's book, with the writings themselves of which he speaks, especially the memoirs of O'Meara and the narrative of Captain Maitland, remind me sometimes so pointedly of

the drollest story in the world, that the bitterest vexation of my soul suddenly bursts out in merry laughter. And the story of which I speak is none other than the "History of Lemuel Gulliver," a book over which I, as a boy, once had rare times, and in which much that is exquisitely delightful may be read—how the little Liliputians could not conceive what was to be done with their great prisoner; how they climbed upon him by thousands, and bound him down with innumerable fine hairs; how they, with preparations on a grand scale, built for him a great house, all to himself; how they bewailed the vast amount of victuals with which they must daily provide him; how they continually blackened his character in the State Council, always grieving that he was too great a cost to the country; how they would gladly have destroyed him, but feared lest in death his corpse might bring forth a pestilence; how they finally made up their minds to be most gloriously magnanimous and leave him his titles, only putting out his eyes, &c. Truly, Liliput is everywhere where a great man is subjected to little ones, who torment him incessantly in the most pitifully petty manner, and who in turn endure from him great suffering and dire extremity; but had Dean Swift written his book in our day, the world would have seen, in his brilliantly polished mirror, only the history of the im-

prisonment of the Emperor, and have recognised even in the very colour of the coats and countenances those dwarfs who tormented him.

Only, the conclusion of the story of St. Helena is somewhat different, for in it the Emperor dies of a cancer in the stomach, and Walter Scott assures us that it was the sole cause of his death. In this I will not contradict him. The thing is not impossible. It is possible that a man who lies stretched on the rack may suddenly, and very naturally, die of an apoplexy. But the wicked world will say that the tormentor was the cause of his death. And the wicked world has taken it into its head to regard the affair in question in a very different light from our good Walter Scott. If this good man, who is in other respects so firm in his Bible, and who so readily quotes the Gospel, sees in that uproar of elements, and in that hurricane which burst forth at the death of Napoleon, nothing but an event which also took place at the death of Cromwell, the world will still have its own peculiar thoughts regarding it. It regards the death of Napoleon as a most terrible, tremendous, and revolting crime, and its wild burst of agonised feeling becomes adoration. In vain does Walter Scott play the *advocatus diaboli*— the canonisation of the dead Emperor flows from every noble heart; every noble heart of the great European fatherland despises his petty execu-

tioners, and with them the great bard who has sung himself into being their accomplice. The Muses will yet inspire better singers in honour of their favourite; and should men be dumb, then the stones will speak, and the martyr-cliffs of St. Helena will rise fearfully from the waves of the sea, and tell to thousands of years their terrible story.

VI.

OLD BAILEY.

THE very name of "Old Bailey" sends a shudder through the soul. We at once think of a great, black, repulsive building—the palace of misery and of crime. The left wing, which forms the real Newgate, serves as a prison for criminals. In it we see nothing but a high wall of square, weather-blackened stones, in which are two niches with equally black, allegorical figures, one of which, unless I err, represents Justice, whose right hand, with the scales, is, as usual, broken off, so that nothing remains but a blind female figure with a sword. Not far off, and about the centre of the building, is the altar of this goddess, that is to say, the window by which the gallows

is erected; and, finally, to the right is the Criminal Court, where the quarter-sessions are held. Here is a gate which, like that of Dante's "Hell," should bear the inscription:—

> "Per me si va ne la citta dolente,
> Per me si va ne l'eterno dolore,
> Per me si va tra la perduta gente."

Through this gate we come to a small court, where the scum of the people assemble to see criminals pass, and here their friends and enemies also assemble—relations, beggar-children, weak-minded people, and especially old women, who discuss the criminal cases of the day, perhaps with more insight into their merits than judge and jury possess, despite the time so pleasantly passed in ceremonies or so drearily lost in law. Why, I have seen, outside the court door, an old woman who, amid her gossips, defended poor Black William better than his very learned counsel did within; and as she wiped away her last tear with a ragged apron, it seemed to me that with it vanished the last trace of William's guilt.

In the court-room itself, which is not very large, there is below—beyond the so-called "bar"—little room for the public; but in the upper portion there are, on both sides, very spacious galleries, with raised benches, where the specta-

tors stand, their heads appearing as if piled in rows, step above step.

When I visited Old Bailey I obtained a place in one of these galleries, for which I gave the old portress a shilling. I arrived just at the instant in which the jury were about to determine whether Black William was guilty or not guilty of the accusation.

Here, as in other courts of justice in London, the judges sit in blue-black togas, which are trimmed with light-blue violet, and wear white powdered wigs, with which black eyes and whiskers frequently contrast in the drollest manner. They sit around a long green table on high chairs at the upper end of the hall, just where a Scripture text, warning against unjust judgments, is placed before their eyes. On either side are benches for the jurymen, and places where the prosecutors and witnesses stand. Directly opposite the judges is the place for the accused, which latter do not sit on "the poor sinners' bench," as in the criminal courts of France and Rhenish Germany, but must stand upright behind a singular plank, which is carved above like a narrow arched gate. In this an optic mirror is placed, by means of which the judge is enabled to accurately observe the countenance of the accused. Before the latter certain green leaves or herbs are placed to strengthen

their nerves[1]—and it may be that this is sometimes necessary, when a man is in danger of losing his life. On the judges' table I saw similar green leaves, and even a rose. I know not why it was, but the sight of that rose affected me strangely. A red blooming rose, the flower of love and of spring, upon the terrible judges' table of the Old Bailey! It was close, gloomy, and sultry in the hall. Everything seemed so fearfully vexatious, so insanely serious! The people present looked as though spiders were creeping over their shy and fearful faces. The iron scales rattled audibly over the head of poor Black William.

A jury had also formed itself in the gallery. A fat woman, above whose red, bloated cheeks two little eyes glittered like glowworms, made the remark that Black William was a very good-looking fellow. But her neighbour, a delicate, piping soul in a body of bad post-paper, declared that he wore his black hair too long and matted, and that his eyes gleamed like those of Kean in Othello; "while, on the other hand," she continued, "Thompson is a very different sort of a person, mem, I assure you, with light hair; and a very well-educated person, too, mem—for he plays

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[1] Rosemary, anciently a supposed preventive of the plague, gaol-fever, &c. There are terrible tales of the judge and jury dying of disease communicated by criminals.—*Translator.*

the flute a little, and paints a little, and speaks French a little."

"And steals a little, too, hey?" added the fat woman.

"Fiddlesticks on stealing!" replied the lean body; "that isn't half so bad, mem, as forgery, you know; for a thief, if he's stolen nothing but a sheep, gets Botany Bay for it, but if a man counterfeits somebody's hand, why, he hangs for it, mem, as sure as fate, without pity or mercy."

"Without pity or mercy!" sighed a half-starved man in a widower-looking black coat. "Hang! why—why, no man has a right to put another to death, and Christians ought to be the last to think of it; for they ought to remember that Christ, our Lord and Saviour, who gave us our religion, was innocent when he was tried and executed!"

"Pshaw!" cried the lean woman, and smiled with her thin lips; "if they didn't hang such a forger, no rich man would ever be sure of his money; for instance, the fat Jew in Lombard Street, Saint Swithin's Lane, or our friend Mr. Scott, whose writing was imitated so well. And then Mr. Scott has worked so hard to get his money —trouble enough, mem, I assure you—and folks *do* say that he got rich by taking other people's diseases on himself. Yes, mem, they say the very children run after him in the street and cry, 'I'll give ye sixpence if you'll take my toothache!' or

'We'll give ye a shilling if you'll take Jimmy's hump-back!'"

"Well, that's odd!" interrupted the fat woman. "And it's odd, too, that Black William and Thompson used to be such cronies together, and lived and ate and drank together, and now James Thompson accuses his old friend of forgery! But why isn't Thompson's sister here? Why, she used to be a-running everywhere after her sweet William!"

A pretty girl, on whose lovely face lay a deep expression of grief, like a dark veil over a rose-bouquet, here whispered with tears a long, sad story, of which I could only understand that her friend, the pretty Mary, had been cruelly beaten by her brother, and lay sick to death in her bed.

"Pshaw! don't call her pretty Mary!" grumbled the fat woman discontentedly; "she's too slim, too much like a stick, to be called pretty; and if her William is hung——"

Just at this instant the jury appeared, and declared that the accused was guilty of forgery. As Black William was led from the hall he cast a long, long glance upon Edward Thompson.

There is an Eastern legend that Satan was once an angel, and lived in heaven with other angels, until he sought to seduce them from their allegiance, and therefore he was thrust down by Divinity into the endless night of hell. But as

he sank from heaven he looked ever on high, ever at the angel who accused him; the deeper he sank, more terrible and yet more terrible became his gaze. And it must have been a fearful glance, for the angel whom it met became pale—red was never again seen in his cheeks, and since that time he has been called the Angel of Death.

Pale as that Angel of Death grew Edward Thompson.

VII.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND.

I CANNOT declare decidedly enough how much opposed I am to whipping in general, and how indignant I am whenever I see my fellow-creatures beaten. The proud lord of the earth, the lofty spirit who rules the sea and investigates the laws of the stars, is degraded by nothing so much as by corporal punishment. The gods, to quench the flaring pride of men, invented the lash. Then men, whose spirit of invention was sharpened by a brooding spirit of resistance, invented against it the *point d'honneur*. Frenchmen, Japanese, Indian Brahmins, have best developed this invention; they have reduced the vengeance to blood to formal paragraphs, and

duelling, though discouraged by religion, law, and even reason, is still a blossom of fair humanity.

But among the English, who have refined every other invention to highest perfection, the *point d'honneur* has not received its ultimate polish. The Briton by no means regards a beating as an evil bad as death, and while I was in England I was present at many a scene which suggested the reflection that blows in free England have by no means such evil effects on personal honour as in Germany. I have seen lords thrashed, and they seemed to suffer only from the bodily pain of the insult. In the races at Epsom and Brighton I saw jockeys who, to make room for the horses running, ran right and left with horse-whips, which they laid on liberally to the lords and gentlemen who were in the way. And what did the same so-disturbed gentlemen? They laughed sourly.

Though bodily punishment in England is not so dishonourable as with us, still the reproach of its cruelty is not by any means the milder for that. But this does not concern the English people, but the aristocracy, who by the welfare of England only understand the safety of their own ruling position. Free men with an independent sense of honour would not trust this despotic gang; it requires the blind obedience of whipped slaves. The English soldier must be

a mere machine, a complete automaton which marches and fires by word of command. Therefore he requires no commander of imposing individual character. Free Frenchmen need, however, one who inspires enthusiasm, and it was under such a great leader they, as if drunken from his fiery soul, conquered the world. English soldiers need no marshal, not even a general, but only a corporal's stick, which carries out calmly and accurately the assigned Ministerial instructions, as a stick of wood is expected to do. And—ah me!—since I must praise him for once, a most admirable stick of this kind is—WELLINGTON, this cowed puppet who moves entirely by the string by which the aristocracy pull him—this wooden vampire of the people, with a wooden loop, as Byron says, and I would add, with wooden heart. Verily old England may add him to the wooden walls of protection of which she for ever prates.

General Foy has, in his "History of the War in the Pyrenean Peninsula," admirably sketched the contrast between the French and English soldiery and their discipline, and this description shows us what a feeling of honour and what whipping make of soldiers.[1]

[1] Heine here makes out a case against himself. The German army is more harshly disciplined than the English, and both English and Germans have defeated the French.

It is to be hoped that the cruel system followed by the British aristocracy will not long endure, and that John Bull will break in twain his ruling corporal's cane. For John is a good Christian; he is mild, and wishes well; he sighs over the severity of his country's laws, and in his heart dwells Humanity. I could tell a pleasing tale of that—another time!

VIII.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

LAST summer I made in Bedlam the acquaintance of a philosopher, who, with mysterious looks and whispers, communicated to me many weighty conclusions as to the origin of evil. Like many of his colleagues, he held the opinion that it involved a history. So far as I was concerned, I also assented to what he assumed and declared, that the fundamental evil of the world arose from the fact that the blessed Lord had not created money enough.

"You're right," replied the philosopher; "the blessed Lord was uncommonly short of funds when he created the world. He had to borrow money of the Devil, and mortgage the world to him as a pledge. But as the Lord, according to

every law of God and of justice, is still in debt to him for the world, common politeness of course hindered him from preventing his creditor going about in the property and making all sorts of trouble and mischief. But the Devil, for his part, is deeply interested in the preservation of the world, lest he lose his pledge, so that he takes good care that things do not go altogether to the devil, and the blessed Lord, who is not stupid by any means, and who knows very well that he has his secret guarantee in the Devil's selfishness, often goes so far as to give over the whole government of the world to Old Nick—that is to say, tells him to form a Ministry. Then, as a matter of course, Samiel takes command of the armies of hell, Beelzebub becomes Chancellor, Vitzliputzli is Secretary of State, the old grandmother gets the Colonies, and so forth. These allies then carry on business according to their own evil will; but as their own interests compel them to take good care of the world, they make up for this necessity by always employing the vilest means to bring about their good aims. Lately, they carried this to such an extent that God in heaven could no longer endure their rascality, and commissioned an angel to form a new Ministry. He of course gathered about him all the good spirits. A pleasant, joyful heat again ran through the world, there was light, and the evil spirits vanished. But they

did not quietly fold their claws and kick their hoofs in idleness—no, they went to work in secret against all that was good, they poisoned the new springs of health, they spitefully snapped every rosebud of the fresh spring, they disturbed the tree of life with their amendments, a chaotic destruction threatened everything, and the blessed Lord will have, after all, to hand things over to the Devil, so that he, even by employing bad means, may at least keep things together. Just see, all that is the evil result of a debt."

This theory of my Bedlamite friend possibly explains the present change in the English Ministry. The friends of Canning are now subdued—those friends, whom I call the good spirits of England, because their opponents are devils, and, with the dumb devil, Wellington, at their head, now raise their cry of victory. Let no one scold poor George—he has been compelled to yield to circumstances. No one can deny that after Canning's death the Whigs were no longer in condition to maintain peace in England, since the measures which they were in consequence obliged to adopt were constantly nullified by the Tories. The King, to whom the maintenance of public tranquillity—*i.e.*, the security of his crown —seemed the principal thing, was therefore obliged to transfer the government to the Tories. And oh! they will now again, as of old, govern all the

fruits of the people's industry into their own pockets; like reigning corn-market Jews, they will be bulls themselves, and raise the price of bread-stuffs, while poor John Bull becomes lean with hunger, and finally must sell himself with body-service to the high gentlemen. And then they will yoke him to the plough, and lash him, and he will not so much as dare to low, for on one side the Duke of Wellington will threaten with the sword, and on the other the Archbishop of Canterbury will bang him on the head with the Bible—and there will be peace in the land.

The source of all the evil is the debt, the "national debt," or, as Cobbett says, "the King's debt." Cobbett remarks on this, and justly, that while the name of the King is prefixed to all institutions—as, for instance, the "King's army," "the King's navy," "the King's courts," "the King's prisons," &c.—the debt, which really sprang from these institutions, is never called the King's debt, and that it is the only case in which the nation has been so much honoured as to have anything called after it.

The greatest evil is the debt. It cannot be denied that it upholds the English State, and that so firmly that the worst of devils cannot break it down; but it has also resulted in making of all England one vast tread-mill, where the people

must work day and night to fatten their creditors. It has made England old and grey with the cares of payment, and banished from her every cheerful and youthful feeling; and, finally—as is the case with all deeply indebted men—has bowed the country down into the most abject resignation —though nine hundred thousand muskets, and as many sabres and bayonets, lie in the Tower of London, while those who guard them, the fat, red-coated beef-eaters, might be easily subdued.[1]

IX.

THE DEBT.

WHEN I was a boy there were three things which especially interested me in the newspapers. I first of all was accustomed to seek, under the head "Great Britain," whether Richard Martin had not presented a fresh petition to Parliament for the more humane treatment of poor horses, dogs, and asses. Then, under "Frankfort," I looked to see whether Dr. Schrieber had addressed the Diet on the subject of the Grand-Ducal purchasers of Hessian domains. Then I

[1] Heine, who had no inkling of Political Economy, never seems to have understood that a national debt may, by stimulating industry, be a national blessing.

at once attacked "Turkey," and read through the long Constantinople, merely to find if a Grand Vizier had not been honoured with the silken noose.

This last subject always supplied me with the most copious food for reflection. That a despot should strangle his servants without ceremony seemed to me to be natural enough; for I had once seen, in a menagerie, how the king of beasts fell into such a majestic rage that he would, beyond question, have torn to pieces many an innocent spectator, had he not been caged in a secure constitution of iron bars. But what really astonished me was, that after the strangulation of the old Mr. Grand Vizier, there was always a new one willing to become Grand Vizier in turn.

Now that I am older grown, and busy myself more with the English than with their friends, the Turks, a like amazement seizes me when I see how, after the resignation of a Prime Minister, another at once forces himself into his place, although the new one is always a man who has wherewithal to live, and who (with the exception of Wellington) is anything but a blockhead. This has been especially the case since the French Revolution; care and trouble have multiplied themselves in Downing Street, and the burden of business is well-nigh unbearable.

Affairs of State, and their manifold relations, were much simpler in the olden time, when reflecting poets compared the Government to a ship and the Minister to a steersman. Now, however, all is more complicated and entangled; the common ship of State has become a steamboat, and the Minister no longer has a mere helm to control, but must, as responsible engineer, take his place below, amid the immense machinery, and anxiously examine every little iron rivet, every wheel which could cause a stoppage—must look by day and by night into the blazing fire, and sweat with heat and vexation, since, through the slightest carelessness on his part, the boiler might burst and vessel and passengers be lost. Meanwhile the captain and passengers walk calmly on the deck—as calmly flutters the flag from its staff; and he who sees the boat gliding so pleasantly along never thinks of the terrible machinery, or of the care and trouble hidden in its bowels.

They sink down to early graves, those poor, responsible engineers of the English ship of State! The early death of the great Pitt is touching; still more so that of the yet greater Fox. Percival would have died of the usual ministerial malady, had he not been more promptly made away with by a stab from a dirk. It was the ministerial malady, too, which brought Castlereagh to such a state of desperation that he cut his throat at

North Cray, in the county of Kent. Lord Liverpool in like manner sank into the death of madness. We saw the god-like Canning poisoned by High-Tory slanders, and fall like a sick Atlas under his world-burden. One after the other they are interred in Westminster, those poor Ministers, who must think day and night for England's kings; while the latter, thoughtless and in good condition, have lived along to the greatest age of man.

But what is the name of the great care which preys by night and by day on the brains of the English Ministers, and kills them? It is—the debt, the debt!

Debts, like patriotism, religion, honour, &c., belong, it is true, to the special distinctions of the humanity—for animals do not contract debts—but they are also a special torment to mankind, and as they ruin individuals, so do they also bring entire races to destruction, and appear to replace the old destiny, in the national tragedies of our day. And England cannot escape this destiny; her Ministers see the dire catastrophe approach, and die in the swoon of despair.

Were I the royal Prussian head calculator, or a member of the corps of geniuses, then would I reckon in the usual manner the entire sum of the English debt in silver groschen, and tell you precisely how many times we could cover with them

the great Frederick Street or the entire earth. But figures were never my forte, and I had rather leave to an Englishman the desperate business of counting his debts, and of calculating from them the resulting ministerial crisis. For this business no one is better than old Cobbett, and I accordingly communicate the following conclusions from the last number of his *Register*.

The condition of things is as follows[1]:—

1. "This Government, or rather this aristocracy and Church; but if you will have it so, this Government, borrowed a large sum of money, for which it has purchased many victories both by land and sea—a mass of victories of every sort and size.

2. "I must, however, remark by the way, on what occasions and for what purposes these victories were bought. The occasion was that of the French Revolution, which destroyed all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes; while the

[1] I have preferred, for reasons which will be intelligible to those who are desirous of closely following Heine's conceptions, to give an accurate version of his translation, rather than the original. The point in question is not Cobbett, but Cobbett as Heine understood him. To use Cobbett's own words in reference to one of his own versions as given in the very *Register* referred to, I can say with truth that, "as to the translation, it was originally done at Philadelphia," though I trust it will not be found, as Cobbett admits of himself, that "the translator has made some addition to the authorities referred to."—*Note by Translator.*

object was the prevention of a preliminary reform in England, which would probably have had, as its consequence, a similar destruction of all aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

3. "To prevent the example set by the French from being followed by the English, it was necessary to attack the French, to impede their progress, to render dangerous their newly obtained freedom, to drive them to desperate acts, and finally, to make such a scarecrow and bugbear of the Revolution to the people that the very name of liberty should suggest nothing but an aggregate of wickedness, cruelty, and blood; while the English people, in the excitement of their terror, should go so far as to fairly fall in love with the same despotic Government which once flourished in France, and which every Englishman has abhorred from the days of Alfred the Great down to those of George the Third.

4. "To execute these intentions the aid of divers foreign nations was needed, and these nations were consequently subsidised with English gold. French emigrants were sustained with English money; in short, a war of twenty-two years was carried on, to subdue that people which had risen up against aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes.

5. "Our Government, therefore, gained 'numberless victories' over the French, who, as it seems, were always conquered; but these, our number-

less victories, were bought—that is to say, they were fought by mercenaries, whom we hired for this purpose, and we had in our pay at one and the same time whole swarms of Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Swiss, Italians, Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, Hessians, Hanoverians, Prussians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Neapolitans, Maltese, and God knows how many nations besides.

6. "By thus seeking foreign service, and by using our own fleet and armies, we *bought* so many victories over the French (the poor devils being without money to do business in like manner) that we finally subdued their Revolution and restored their aristocracy to a certain degree, although all that could be done was of no avail to restore the clerical tithes.

7. "After we had successfully finished this great task, and had also by means of it put down every Parliamentary reform in England, our Government raised a roar of victory which strained their lungs not a little, and which was sustained as loudly as possible by every creature in this country who, in one way or another, lived by public taxes.

8. "This excessive intoxication of delight lasted nearly two years in this once so happy nation; to celebrate our victories, they heaped together public feasts, theatrical shows, arches of triumph, mock battles, and similar pleasures,

which cost more than a quarter of a million pounds sterling, and the House of Commons unanimously voted a vast sum (I believe three million pounds sterling) to erect triumphal arches and other monuments to commemorate the glorious events of the war.

9. "Since the time of which I speak we have constantly had the fortune to live under the Government of the same persons who conducted our affairs during the aforesaid glorious war.

10. "Since that time we have been at profound peace with all the world; we may indeed assume that such is still the case, despite our little difficulty with the Turks; and therefore one might suppose that there is no reason in the world why we should not now be happy. We are at peace; our soil brings forth its fruits abundantly; and, as the philosophers and lawgivers of our time declare, we are the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth. We really have schools everywhere, to instruct the rising generation; we have not merely a rector, or vicar, or curate in every diocese in the kingdom, but we also have in each of these dioceses perhaps six more teachers of religion, of which each is of a different kind from his four colleagues, so that our country is abundantly supplied with instruction of every kind, in order that no human being of all this happy land shall live in ignorance—and conse-

quently our astonishment must be all the greater that any one who will become Prime Minister of this happy land should regard the office as such a heavy and painful burden.

11. "Alas! we have one misfortune, and it is a real misfortune, viz., we have bought several victories; they were splendid, and we got them at a bargain; they were worth three or four times as much as we gave for them, as Lady Teazle says to her husband when she comes home from buying; there was much inquiry and a great demand for victories; in short, we could have done nothing more reasonable than to supply ourselves at such cheap rates with so great a quantity of reputation.

12. "But—I confess it with a heavy heart—we have, like many other people, *borrowed* the money with which we bought these victories as we wanted them, and now we can no more get rid of the debt than a man can of his wife, when he has once had the good luck to load himself with the lovely gift.

13. "Hence it comes that every Minister who undertakes our affairs must also undertake the payment of our victories, not a farthing of which has as yet been counted off.

14. "It is true that he is not obliged to see that the whole sum which we borrowed to pay for our victories is paid down in the lump, capital

and interest; but he must see—more's the pity! —to the regular payment of the interest; and this interest, reckoned up with the pay of the army, and other expenses coming from our *victories*, is so significant that a man must have pretty strong nerves if he will undertake the business of paying them.

15. "At an earlier date, before we took to buying victories and supplying ourselves too freely with glory, we already had a debt of rather more than two hundred millions, while all the poor-rates in England and Wales together did not annually amount to more than two millions, which was before we had any of that burden which, under the name of dead-weight, is now piled upon us, and which is entirely the result of our thirst for glory.

16. "In addition to this money which was borrowed from creditors who cheerfully lent it, our Government, in its thirst for victories, also indirectly raised a great loan from the poor; that is to say, they raised the usual taxes to such a height that the poor were far more oppressed than ever, and so that the amount of poor and of poor-rates increased incredibly.

17. "The poor taxes annually increase from two to eight millions; the poor have therefore, as it were, a mortgage or hypotheca on the land, and this causes, again, a debt of six millions,

which must be added to those other debts caused by our passion for glory and by the purchase of our victories.

18. "The dead-weight consists of annuities, which we pay, under the name of pensions, to a multitude of men, women, and children, as a reward for the services which those men have rendered, or should have rendered, in gaining our victories.

19. "The capital of the debt which this Government has contracted in getting its victories consists of about the following sums:—

Sums added to the National Debt,	£800,000,000
Sums added to the actual debt for Poor-rates, ...	150,000,000
Dead-weight, reckoned as capital of a debt, ...	175,000,000
	£1,125,000,000

That is to say, eleven hundred and twenty-five millions, at five per cent., is the sum-total of those annual fifty-six millions; yes, this is about the present total, only that the Poor-rates Debt is not included in the accounts which were laid before Parliament, since the country pays them at once into the different parishes. If any one, therefore, will subtract that six millions from the forty-six millions, it follows that the creditors holding the State Debt, and the dead-weight people, really swallow up all the rest.

20. "The poor-rates are, however, just as much a *debt* as the debt held by the State's creditors, and apparently sprang from the same source. The poor are crushed to the earth by the terrible load of taxes; every other person has borne, of course, some of the burden, but all, except the poor, contrived to shift it more or less from their shoulders, until it finally fell with a fearful weight entirely on the latter,[1] and they lost their beer-barrels, their copper kettles, their pewter plates, their clocks, their beds, and even the tools of their trades; they lost their clothes, and were obliged to dress in rags—yes, they lost the very flesh from their bones. It was impossible to go further; and of that which had been taken from them, something was restored under the name of increased Poor-rates. These are, in consequence, a *real debt*—a real mortgage on the land. The interest of this debt may, it is true, be withheld; but were this done, the people, who have a right to require it, would rise in a body and demand, no

[1] This simile forcibly recalls a common newspaper paragraph to the following effect:—"The Revenue is the great subject which interests England, and especially when associated with the present National Debt. Not long ago an Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested. 'That stone,' said he, 'resembles the National Debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight is on the lowest.'"—*Note by Translator.*

matter how, payment of the whole amount. This is consequently a *real debt*, and a debt which must be paid to the uttermost farthing; and, as I distinctly declare, preference will be demanded for it before all other debts.

21. "It is therefore unnecessary to wonder at the hard case of those who undertake such duties. It would be rather a matter of astonishment if any one would attempt such a task, were it not left to his free will to also undertake as he pleased a radical change in the whole system.

22. "To this add: The two first-mentioned debts, namely, the State debt and the dead-weight debts, were previously paid, or, to speak more correctly, the interest on them was paid in depreciated paper money, of which currency fifteen shillings were hardly worth a Winchester bushel of wheat. This was the manner in which those creditors were paid for many years; but in the year 1819 a shrewd Minister, Peel, made the discovery that it would be better for the nation should their debts be paid in actual money (at par), of which five shillings instead of fifteen in paper money were worth a Winchester bushel of wheat.

23. "The *nominal sum* was not to be changed. This all remained the same; nothing was done save that Mr. Peel and his Parliament *changed the value of the sum*, and required that the debt should be paid in a kind of money of which five shillings

should be of such value that they realise so much work or so much property as fifteen shillings of that currency in which the debts were contracted, *and in which the interests of those debts were paid during many years.*

24. "From 1819 till to-day the nation lived in a most distressing condition, devoured by creditors, who are generally Jews, or, to speak more correctly, Christians who act like Jews, and who were not to be brought so easily to attack less eagerly their prey.

25. "Many attempts were made to moderate to a certain degree the change which was made in 1819 in the currency, but these efforts failed, and once came near exploding the whole system.

26. "Here there is no possibility of relief should one undertake to lower the annual expenditure of the State creditors' debt, and of the dead-weight debt, and to expect such a diminution of the debt, or such a reduction from the country, or to hinder its causing great commotion, or to prevent half-a-million human beings, in or about London, from perishing of hunger, it is necessary that far more appropriate and proportional reductions be made *in other directions* before the reduction of those two debts or their interest be attempted.

27. "As we have already seen, these victories were purchased with the view of preventing a reform of Parliament in England, and to maintain

aristocratic privileges and clerical tithes; and it would be, in consequence, a deed of cruelty which would cry aloud to Heaven should we take their lawful dues from those persons who lent us the money, or if we withdrew payment from the people who hired us the hands with which we won the victories. It would be a deed of cruelty which would bring down the vengeance of God on us should we commit such things, while the profitable posts of honour of the aristocracy, their pensions, sinecures, royal gifts, military rewards, and, finally, the tithes of the clergy remained untouched.

28. "*Here, here,* therefore, lies the difficulty; he who becomes Minister must be Minister of a country which has a great passion for victories, which is sufficiently supplied with them, and has obtained incomparable military glory; but which, more's the pity, has not yet paid for these splendid things, and which now leaves it to the Minister to settle the bill, without his knowing where he is to get the money."

These be things which bear down a Minister to his grave, or at least make of him a madman. England owes more than she can pay. Let no one boast that she possesses India and rich colonies. As it appears from the last parliamentary debates, England does not draw a single farthing of income from her vast, immeasurable India; no

she must pay thither several millions from her own resources. This country only benefits England by the fact that certain Britons, who there grow rich, aid the industry and the circulation of money at home by their wealth, while a thousand others gain their bread from the East India Company. The Colonies, therefore, yield no income to the State, require supplies, and are of service simply to commerce,[1] and to enrich an aristocracy, whose younger sons and nephews are sent thither as governors and subordinate officials. The payment of the National Debt falls, consequently, altogether upon Great Britain and Ireland. But here too the resources are not so great as the debt itself. Let us hear what Cobbett says of this:—

"There are people who, to suggest some sort of relief, speak of the resources of the country. These are the scholars of the late Colquhoun, a thief-catcher, who wrote a great book to prove that our debt need not trouble us in the least, since it is so small in proportion to the resources of the nation; and in order that his shrewd reader may get an accurate idea of the vastness of these resources, he makes an estimate of all that the land contains, down to the very rabbits, and really seems to regret that he could not, in addition to them, reckon up the rats and mice. He makes

[1] Simply to commerce!—*Note by Translator.*

his estimate of the value of the horses, cows, sheep, sucking-pigs, poultry, game, rabbits, fish, the value of household stuff, clothes, fuel, sugar, groceries; in short, of everything in the country; and after he has assumed the whole, and added to them the value of the farms, trees, houses, mines, the yield of the grass, corn, turnips, and flax, and brought out of it a sum of God knows how many thousand millions, he struts and sneers in his sly, bragging, Scotch fashion, something like a turkey-cock, and laughing with scorn, asks people like me, 'How, with resources like these, can you fear a national bankruptcy?'

"The man never reflects that all the houses are wanted to live in, the farms to yield fodder, the clothes to cover our nakedness, the cows to give milk to quench thirst, the horned cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, and rabbits to eat; yes—the devil take the contrary, obstinate Scotchman!—these things are not where they are to be *sold* so that people can pay the National Debt with the proceeds. In fact, he has actually reckoned up the daily wages of the working-men among the resources of the nation! This stupid devil of a thief-catcher, whose brethren in Scotland made a doctor of him because he wrote such an excellent book, seems to have altogether forgotten that labourers want their daily hire themselves to buy with it something to eat and drink. He might as

well have set a value upon the blood in our veins, as if it were stuff to make blood-puddings of!"

So far Cobbett. While I translate his words into German, he bursts forth, as if in person, in my memory as he appeared during last year at the noisy dinner in the Crown and Anchor tavern. I see him again with his scolding red face and his Radical laugh, in which the most venomous, deathly hatred combined terribly with the scornful joy which sees beforehand in all certainty the downfall of his enemies.

Let no one blame me for quoting Cobbett! Accuse him as much as you please of unfairness, of a passion for reviling, and of an altogether too vulgar personality; but no one can deny that he possesses much eloquence of spirit, and that he very often, as in the above assertions, is in the right. He is a chained dog,[1] who attacks at once in a rage every one whom he does not know, who often bites the best friends of the family in the legs, who always barks, and who on that account

[1] This comparison of Cobbett to a bull-dog, "the dog of England," must strike the reader as particularly felicitous. Cobbett, indeed, appears to have entertained a remarkable affection for the animal in question. In speaking of abolishing the baiting of bulls with dogs, he bursts forth against the abolition of "that ancient, hardy, and anti-Puritanical sport, and of extirpating a race of animals which are peculiar to this island, peculiarly characteristic of its people." *Vide* Cobbett's *Register*, May 22 to May 29, 1802.—*Note by Translator.*

is not minded even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the aristocratic thieves who plunder England do not regard it as necessary to cast the snarling Cobbett a crust, and so stop his mouth. This aggravates him most bitterly, and he shows his hungry teeth.

Old Cobbett! dog of England! I do not love you, for every vulgar nature is hateful to me,[1] but I pity you from my deepest soul, when I see that you cannot break loose from your chain, nor reach those thieves who, laughing, slip away their plunder before your eyes, and mock your fruitless leaps and unavailing howls.

X.

THE OPPOSITION PARTY.

A FRIEND of mine has very aptly compared the Opposition in Parliament to an opposition coach. Every one knows that this is a public stage-coach which some speculating company start at their own expense, and run at such low rates that the travellers give it the preference over the already

[1] Cobbett was plain and rough, but not *vulgar*. There was nothing of the snob in his nature, nor did he affect or parade familiarity with aristocracy.—*Translator.*

established line. The latter must also put down their prices to keep passengers, but are soon outbid, or rather underbid, by the new opposition coach, ruin themselves by the competition, and are obliged eventually to give up the business. If the opposition coach has at last and after this fashion gained the day, and finds itself the only one on a certain route, it at once puts up the prices, often higher than those of the old coach, and the poor passengers, far from gaining, often lose by the change, and must curse and pay until a new opposition coach renews the old game, and then new hopes and new deceptions follow in turn.

How full of blood and pride were the Whigs when the Stuart party were defeated and the Protestant dynasty ascended the English throne! The Tories then formed the Opposition, and John Bull, the poor State passenger, had good cause to roar with joy when they got the upper hand. But his joy was of short duration. He was annually obliged to pay a higher and still higher fare; there was dear paying and bad riding; more than that, the coachmen were very rude, there was nothing but jolting and bumping, every corner-stone threatened an upset, and poor John Bull thanked the Lord, his Maker, when at last the reins of the State-coach were held by other and better hands.

Unfortunately the joy did not last long this

time either; the new Opposition coachman fell dead from the coach-box, others got off cautiously when the horses became restive, and the old drivers, the old courtly riders with golden spurs, again took their old places, and cracked away with the old whips.

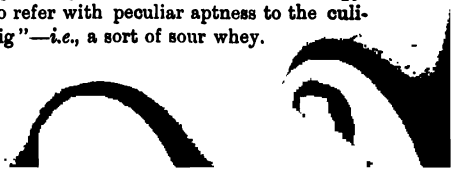
I will not run this figure of speech to the ground, and I therefore turn again to the words "Whigs" and "Tories," which I have already used to indicate the two opposition parties, and a discussion of the names will be all the better, since they have for a long time been a source of confusion of ideas.

As the names of Ghibellines and Guelfs acquired by mutations and new events, during the Middle Ages, the vaguest and most opposite significations, so also at a later date in England did those of Whigs and Tories, the origin of which is at present scarcely known. Some assert that they were formerly abusive terms which eventually became honest party names, which often happens; as, for instance, when a party in Holland baptized themselves "beggars" from *les gueux*, as at a later date the Jacobins often called themselves *sans culottes*, and as perhaps the serviles and dark-lantern folks of our own time will perhaps, at same future day, bear these names as glorious epithets of honour—a thing which, it must be admitted, they cannot now do. The word *Whig*

is said to have signified in Ireland something disagreeably sour,[1] and was there used to ridicule the Presbyterians or new sects in general. The word *Tory*, which was used about the same time as a party name, signified in Ireland a sort of scabby thieves. Both nicknames became general in the time of the Stuarts, and during the disputes between the sects and the dominant Church.

The general view is, that the Tories incline altogether to the side of the throne, and fight for the crown's privileges; while, on the other hand, the Whigs lean towards the people, and protect their rights. These explanations are, however, vague, and are rather bookish than practical. The terms may be regarded rather as coterie names. They indicate men who cling together on certain opposing questions, whose predecessors and friends held together on the same grounds, and who, through political storms, bore in common their joys, sorrows, and the enmity of the opposite party. Principles never enter into consideration; they do not unite on certain ideas, but on certain rules of State government—on the abolition or maintenance of certain abuses—on certain bills,

[1] *Sauertopfisch.* This word as used by Heine signifies sour or crabbed, but its component parts of *sauer* or sour, and *Topf*, a pot or pipkin, seem to refer with peculiar aptness to the culinary meaning of "Whig"—*i.e.*, a sort of sour whey.



certain hereditary questions, — no matter from what point of view, generally from mere custom. The English do not, however, let themselves be led astray by these party names. When they speak of Whigs, they do not form in so doing a definite idea, as we do in speaking of Liberals, when we at once bring before us men who are, from their very souls, sincere as to certain privileges of freedom; but they think of an external union of people, of whom each one, judged by his private manner of thought, would form a party by himself, and who, as I have already said, fight against the Tories through the impulse of extraneous causes, accidental interests, and the associations of enmity or friendship. In such a State as this we cannot imagine a strife against aristocracy in our sense of the term, since the Tories are really not more aristocratic than the Whigs, and often even not more so than the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, themselves, who regard the aristocracy as something unchangeable as the sun, moon, and stars; who see in the privileges of the nobility and clergy that which is not merely profitable to the State, but is actually a necessity of nature, and who would perhaps fight for these privileges with far more zeal than the aristocrats themselves, since they believe more implicitly in them, while the latter have very generally lost their faith. In this point of view, we must admit

that the spirit of the English is still overclouded by the night of the Middle Ages—the holy idea of a citizen-like equality has not, as yet, enlightened them; and many a citizen-statesman in England who has Tory tendencies ought not, by any means, to be regarded as servile, or be counted among those servile hounds who *could* be free, and still creep back into their old kennel and bay the sun of freedom.

The names of Whig and Tory are consequently utterly useless, so far as comprehending the British Opposition is concerned, and Francis Burdett, at the beginning of the session of last year, very correctly declared that these names have now lost all their significance. On this remark Thomas Lethbridge, a man whom the Lord has not endowed with too much wit, made a very good joke—perhaps the only one of his life—which was as follows:—"He has un-toried the Tories and un-wigged the Whigs."

Far more significant are the names, "Reformers," or Radical Reformers, or, in short, "Radicals." They are generally regarded as one and the same, and they aim at the same defects in the State and suggest the same remedies, differing only in the moderation or intensity of their views. The defect alluded to is the well-known evil manner of popular representation, by which the so-called rotten-boroughs — obsolete, uninhabited places—or, to

speak more correctly, the oligarchs to whom they belong, have the right to send representatives for the people to Parliament, while great and populous cities, among them many manufacturing towns, have not a single representative. The wholesome cure of this defect is naturally in the so-called Parliamentary Reform. This, of course, is not regarded as an ultimate aim, but as a means. It is hoped that by it the people will attain a better representation of its interests, and the abolition of aristocratic abuses, and help in their affliction. As may be supposed, the Reform —this just and moderate demand—has its champions among moderate men, who are anything but Jacobins; and when they are called *Reformers*, it has a meaning differing, as widely as earth from heaven, from that of *Radicals*, which is pronounced in an altogether different tone—as, for instance, when Hunt or Cobbett is mentioned, or any of the impulsive, raging, revolutionary men, who cry for Parliamentary reform that they may bring about the overthrow of all forms, the victory of avarice, and complete mob-rule. The shades in the coryphæi of these parties are consequently innumerable. But, as before said, the English know their men very well; names do not deceive the public, and the latter decides, with great accuracy, where the battle is in earnest and where it is mere show. Often, for years together,

the strife in Parliament is little more than an idle game, a tournament, where the champions contend for a colour chosen for a freak; but when there is a real strife we see them all hasten, each man to the flag of his natural party. This we saw in the days of Canning. The most passionate opponents united when it came to a war of positive interests—Tories, Whigs, and Radicals formed a phalanx around the bold citizen-Minister who sought to diminish the pride of the oligarchy. But I still believe that many a high-born Whig who sat proudly behind Canning would have wheeled right-about-face to the old fox-hunting order had the question of abolishing all the privileges of the nobility been suddenly agitated. I believe (God forgive me the sin!) that Francis Burdett himself, who during his youth was one of the hottest Radicals, and is not as yet classed among the moderate reformers, would, in such a case, have very quickly have seated himself by Sir Thomas Lethbridge. The plebeian Radicals are perfectly aware of this, and they hate, therefore, the so-called Whigs who advocate Parliamentary reform—yes, almost more than the utterly hostile high Tories.

At present the English Opposition consists more of actual reformers than of Whigs. The leader of the Opposition in the Lower House belongs unquestionably to the latter. I allude to Brougham.

We daily read in the papers the reports of the speeches of this bold hero of Parliament. The personal peculiarities which are manifested in the delivery of these speeches are not so well known, and yet we must know them to duly appreciate the latter. The sketch which an intelligent Englishman has made of Brougham's appearance in Parliament may be appropriately given here:—

"On the first bench, at the left side of the Speaker, sits a figure, which appears to have cowered so long by the study-lamp, that not only the bloom of life, but even life's strength, seem to have begun to exhaust themselves; and yet it is this apparently helpless form which attracts every eye in the House, and which, as it rises in a mechanical, automatic manner, excites all the reporters behind us into rapid movement, while every corner of the gallery is filled as though it were a massy stone vault, and the mob of men without presses in through both the side-doors. In the House below, an equal interest seems to manifest itself; for, as that form slowly unfolds itself in a vertical curve, or rather into a vertical zig-zag of stiff lines joined together, the two zealots on either side, who just before sought in crying out to check each other, have suddenly sunk back into their places, as though they had espied an air-gun hidden under the Speaker's robe.

"After this bustle of preparation, and during the breathless stillness which follows, Henry Brougham has slowly and with thoughtful step approached the table, and there stands bent together—his shoulders elevated, his head inclined forward, his upper lip and nostrils quivering, as though he feared to utter a word. His external appearance, his manner, almost resembles that of one of those preachers who hold forth in the open air—not a modern man of the kind who attracts the indolent crowd on Sunday—but one of those preachers of the olden time who sought to uphold purity of faith, and to spread it forth in the wilderness, when it was banished from the city and even from the church. The tones of his voice are full and melodious, but they rise slowly, thoughtfully, and, as we are tempted to believe, even with difficulty, so that we know not whether the intellectual strength of the man is incapable of mastering the subject, or whether his physical strength is inadequate to express it. His first sentence, or rather the first members of his sentence—for we soon find that with him every sentence goes further than the entire speeches of many other people—come forth very coldly and without confidence, and are especially so far from the real question under discussion that no one can comprehend how he will bring them to bear upon it. It is true that every one of these

sentences is deep, clear, and satisfactory in itself, evidently drawn with artistic selection from the most chosen materials; and let them come from what department of science they may, they still contain its purest essence. We feel that they will all be bent in a determined direction, and that, too, with wondrous force; but the force is as yet invisible as the wind, and, like it, we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

"But when a sufficient number of these beginning sentences have gone forth in advance; when every lemma which human knowledge can supply to confirm a conclusion has been rendered serviceable; when every exception has, by a single impulse, been successfully thrust forward; and when the whole army of political and moral truth stands in battle-array, then it moves forwards to a determination, firmly closed as a Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as Highlanders when they charge with fixed bayonets.

"When a leading point has been won with this apparent weakness and uncertainty, behind which, however, a real strength and firmness lies concealed, then the orator rises both physically and mentally, and with a bolder and shorter attack he conquers a second position. After the second he conquers a third, after the third a fourth, and so on until all the principles and the entire philosophy of the question in dispute are, as it were,

conquered, and until every one in the House who has ears to hear and a heart to feel is as irresistibly convinced of the truths which he has just heard as of his own existence; so that Brougham, if he would pause here, could pass unconditionally for the greatest logician of St. Stephen's Chapel. The intellectual resources of the man are really marvellous, and he almost recalls the old Northern legend of one who always slew the first masters of every branch of learning, and thereby became sole heir to all their united spiritual abilities. Let the subject be as it may, sublime or commonplace, abstruse or practical, Henry Brougham still understands it, and understands it fundamentally. Others may rival him—yes, one or the other may even surpass him in the knowledge of the external beauties of ancient literature, but no one is more deeply penetrated than he by the spirit of the glorious and glowing philosophy which gleams like a precious gem from the caskets left us by antiquity. Brougham does not use the clear, faultless, and at the same time somewhat courtly language of Cicero, and his speeches are as little in the form of those of Demosthenes, though they have something of their colour; but he is not wanting either in the strongly logical conclusions of the Roman orator nor the terrible words of scorn of the Greek. Add to this that no one understands better than he how to use the know-

ledge of the day in his parliamentary speeches, so that they sometimes, apart from their political tendency and signification, merit our admiration merely as lectures on philosophy, literature, and art.

"It is, however, altogether impossible to analyse the character of the man while hearing him speak. When he, as already described, has laid the foundation of his speech on a good philosophical ground and in the depths of reason; when he, again returned to the work, applies to it plummet and measure to see if all is in order, and seems to try with a giant's hand if all holds together securely; when he has firmly bound together the thoughts of all hearers with arguments as with ropes which no one can rend asunder, then he springs in power on the edifice which he has built, he raises his form and his voice, he conjures the passions from their most secret hiding-place, and subdues and overwhelms his gaping parliamentary cotemporaries and the whole murmuring House. That voice, which was at first so slow and unassuming, is now like the deafening roar and the endless billows of the sea; that form, which before seemed sinking under its own weight, now looks as though it had nerves of steel and sinews of copper—yes, as though it were immortal and unchangeable as the truths which it has just spoken; that face, which before was pale and cold as a stone, is now

animated and gleaming, as though its inner spirit were still mightier than the words spoken; and from those eyes, which at first looked so humbly at us, with their blue and tranquil rings, as though they would beg our forbearance and forgiveness, there now shoots forth a meteoric fire which lights up every heart with admiration. In this manner he concludes the second, the passionate or declamatory part of his oration.

"When he has attained what might be regarded as the summit of eloquence, when he looks around as if to behold with a scornful laugh the admiration which he has excited, then his form again shrinks together and his voice sinks to the most singular whisper which ever came from human breast. This strange lowering, or rather letting fall, of expression, gesture, and voice, which Brougham possesses to a perfection such as was never found in any other orator, produces a wonderful effect, and those deep, solemn, almost murmured-out words, which are, however, fully audible, even to the breathing of every single syllable, bear with them a magic power which no one can resist, even when he hears them for the first time, and has not learned their real significance and effect. But let no one believe that the orator or the oration is exhausted. These subdued glances, these softened tones, signify nothing less than the beginning of a peroration, wherewith the orator,

as though he feels that he has gone too far, will again soothe his opponent. On the contrary, this contraction of the body is no sign of weakness, and this lowering of the voice is no prelude to fear and exhaustion; it is the loose, hanging inclination of the body in a wrestler who looks for an opportunity by which he can grasp his adversary the more powerfully; it is the recoil of the tiger, who, an instant after, leaps with more certain claws upon his prey; it is the indication that Henry Brougham puts on all his armour and grasps his mightiest weapons. He was clear and convincing in his arguments; in conjuring up the passions he was, it is true, somewhat supercilious, yet powerful and triumphant; now, however, he puts the last and longest arrow to his bow—he will be terrible in his invectives. Woe to the man on whom that eye, which was once so calm and blue, now flashes from the mysterious darkness of its contracted brows! Woe to the wight to whom these half-whispered words are a portent of the terrible fate which hangs over him!

"He who as a stranger visits to-day, perhaps for the first time, the Gallery of Parliament does not know what is coming. He merely sees a man who convinces him with his arguments, who has warmed him with his passion, and who now appears to arrive, with that strange whispering, at a weak and impotent conclusion. O stranger!

wert thou acquainted with the phenomena of this House, and on a seat whence thou couldst see all the Members of Parliament, thou wouldst soon mark that they are by no means of thy opinion so far as concerns a lame and impotent conclusion. Thou wouldst see many a man whom party feeling or presumption has driven, without proper ballast or needful helm, into this stormy sea, and who now glances around as fearfully and anxiously as a sailor on the China Seas when he on one side of the horizon discovers the dark calm, which is a sure presage that on the other, ere a minute has passed away, the typhoon will blow with its destructive breath—thou wouldst perceive some shrewd man well-nigh groaning, and who trembles in body and soul like a small bird, which, yielding to the fascination of a rattlesnake, feels with terror its danger, yet cannot help itself, and which yields in a miserably foolish manner to destruction; or thou wouldst observe some tall antagonist who clings with shaking legs to the benches, lest the approaching storm should drive him away; or thou wouldst perhaps even see a stately, pursy representative of some fat county, who digs both fists into the cushions of his bench, fully determined, in case a man of his weight should be cast from the House, still to keep his seat and to bear it thence, beneath him. And now it comes—the

words, which were so deeply whispered and murmured, swell out so loudly that they outsound even the rejoicing cry of his own party; and after some unlucky opponent has been flayed to the bones, and his mutilated limbs have been stamped on through every figure of speech, then the body of the orator is as if broken down and shattered by the power of his own soul, he sinks back on his seat, and the assenting applause of the assembly bursts forth without restraint."

I was never so fortunate as to be able to see Brougham at my leisure during the delivery of such a speech in Parliament. I only heard him speak in fragments, or on unimportant subjects, and I seldom saw his face while so doing. But always, as I soon observed, whenever he began to speak an almost painful silence at once followed. The sketch of him given above is most certainly not exaggerated. His figure, of ordinary stature, is very meagre and in perfect keeping with his head, which is thinly covered with short black hair which lies smooth towards the temples. This causes the pale, long face to look even thinner; its muscles are ever in strange, nervous movement, and he who observes them sees the orator's thoughts before they are spoken. This spoils his witty outbursts; since jests, like borrowers, should, to succeed, surprise us unawares. Though his black dress is altogether gentlemanly, even to the

very cut of the coat, it still gives him a certain clerical appearance. Perhaps this is owing more to his frequent bending of the back, and the lurking, ironic suppleness of his whole body. One of my friends first called my attention to this "clerical" appearance in Brougham's manner, and the above sketch fully confirms the acurateness of the remark. The "lawyer-like" in his general appearance was first suggested to me by the manner in which he continually demonstrates with his pointing finger, while he nods assentingly with his head.

The restless activity of the man is his most wonderful feature. These speeches in Parliament are delivered after he has been eight hours at his daily tasks, that is to say, practising law in the courts, and when he perhaps has sat up half the night writing an article for the *Edinburgh Review,* or labouring on his improvements of Popular Education and Criminal Law. The last-mentioned work, that on Criminal Legislation, with which Brougham and Peel are now principally busied, is perhaps the most useful, certainly the most necessary; for England's laws are even more cruel than her oligarchs. Brougham's celebrity was first founded by the suit against the Queen. He fought like a knight for this high dame, and, as any one might suppose, George IV. will never forget the service rendered to his wife.

Therefore, when in April last the Opposition conquered, Brougham did not enter the Ministry; although, according to old custom, such an entry was due to him, as leader of the Opposition.

XI.

THE EMANCIPATION.

TALK *politics* with the stupidest Englishman, and he will be sure to say something sensible; but so soon as the conversation turns on *religion*, the most intelligent Englishman utters nothing but silly speeches.[1] Hence arises all that confusion of ideas, that mixture of wisdom and nonsense, whenever Catholic Emancipation is discussed in Parliament, a question in which politics and religion come into collision. It is seldom possible for the English, in their parliamentary discussions, to give utterance to a principle; they discuss only the profit or loss of things, and bring forth *facts, pro* or *con.*

With mere *facts* there can, indeed, be much

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[1] An amusing opinion from a writer who has himself uttered more inconsistent, and often more flippant and even nonsensical, remarks on religion than any cotemporary or predecessor.—

fighting, but no victory; they induce nothing but blows on one or the other side; and the spectacle of such a strife reminds us of the well-known *pro patria* conflicts of German students, the results of which are that so and so many lunges are exchanged, and so and so many carte and tierce thrusts made, and nothing gained with it all.

In the year 1827, as a matter of course, the Emancipationists again fought the Orangemen in Westminster, and, as another matter of course, nothing came of it. The best "hitters" of the Emancipation party were Burdett, Plunkett, Brougham, and Canning. Their opponents, with the exception of Peel, were the well-known, or, more correctly speaking, the not-at-all-known, fox-hunting squirearchy.

At all times the most intelligent and gifted statesmen of England have fought for the civil liberty of the Catholics, and this they did inspired as much by the deepest sense of right as by political shrewdness. Pitt himself, the discoverer of the firm system, held to the Catholic party. In like manner, Burke, the great renegade of freedom, could not so far suppress the voice of his heart as to act against Ireland. Even Canning, while yet a slave to Toryism, could not behold, without emotion, the misery of Ireland; and at a time when he was accused of luke-warmness, he showed, in a naïvely touching manner, how dear

its cause was to him. In fact, a great man can, to attain great aims, often act contrary to his convictions, and go ambiguously from one party to another; and, in such cases, we must be complacent enough to admit that he who will establish himself on a certain height must yield accordingly to circumstances, like the weather-cock on a church-spire, which, though it be made of iron, would soon be broken and cast down by the storm-wind if it remained obstinately immovable, and did not understand the noble art of turning to every wind. But a great man will never so far contradict his own feelings as to see, or, it may be, increase, with cold-blooded indifference, the misfortunes of his fellow-countrymen. As we love our mother, so do we love the soil on which we were born; and even so do we love the flowers, the perfume, the language, and the men peculiar to that soil. No religion is so bad, and no politics so good, that they can extinguish such a love in the bosoms of its devotees; and Burke and Canning, though Protestants and Tories, could not, for all that, take part against poor, green Erin. Those Irishmen who spread terrible misery and unutterable wretchedness over their fatherland are men—like the late Castlereagh.

It is a regular matter of course that the great mass of the English people should be opposed to the Catholics, and daily besie[illegible]nt for

the purpose of withholding privileges from the latter. There is a love of oppression in human nature, and when even we, as is constantly done, complain of civil inequality, our eyes are always directed upwards—we see only those who stand over us, and whose privileges abuse us. But we never look downwards when complaining thus—the idea never comes into our heads to raise to our level those who are placed by unjust custom below us; yes, we are soundly vexed when they seek to ascend, and we rap them on the head. The Creole demands equality with the European, but oppresses the Mulatto, and flares up in a rage when the latter puts himself on an equality with him.[1] Just so does the Mulatto treat the Mestizo, and he in turn the Negro. The small citizen of Frankfort worries himself over the privileges of the nobility, but he worries himself much more when any one suggests to him the emancipation of his Jews. I have a friend in Poland who is wild for freedom and equality, but who, to this hour, has never freed his peasants from their serfdom.

No explanation is requisite to show why the Catholics are persecuted, so far as the English clergy is concerned. Persecution of those who

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[1] Heine appears to have laboured under the common, ~~but erroneous~~, European idea that a *Creole* is one of mixed blood or of inferior race and social position.—*Note by Translator.*

think differently is everywhere a clerical monopoly, and the Anglican Church strongly asserts her rights. Of course, tithes are the main thing with her; by emancipating the Catholics she would lose a great part of her income, and the sacrifice of *self-interest* is a talent manifested as little by the priests of love as by sinful laymen. Hence it happened that that glorious revolution to which England owes most of her present liberty sprang from religious Protestant zeal; a circumstance which imposes special duties of gratitude towards the dominant Church, and causes her to regard the latter as the main bulwark of her freedom. Many a fearful soul may at present really dread Catholicism and its restoration, and think of the flaming piles of Smithfield—and a burnt child dreads the fire! There are also timid Members of Parliament who dread a new Gunpowder Plot —those fear powder most who have not discovered it—and so they often feel as if the green benches on which they sit in St. Stephen's Chapel became, little by little, warmer; and when an orator, as very often happens, mentions the name of Guy Fawkes, they cry out "Hear, hear!" as if in terror. As for the Rector of Göttingen, who has an appointment in London as King of England, he is fully familiar with his policy of moderation and forbearance; he declares himself in favour of neither party; he sees both mutually weaken

themselves by combat; he smiles in his hereditary manner when they peaceably court him; he knows everything, does nothing, and in cases of difficulty leaves everything to his head catch-poll, Wellington.

I trust that I may be pardoned for treating in a flippant tone a question on whose solution depends the happiness of England, and with it, perhaps directly, that of all the world. But just the weightier the subject, so much the more merrily must we manage it; the bloody butchery of battles, the fearful whetting of the sickle of death, would be beyond all bearing did there not ring out with it, and through it, deafening military music, with joy-inspiring drums and trumpets. This the English know right well, and therefore their Parliament displays a cheerful comedy of the most unrestrained wit, and of the wittiest unrestraint. In the most serious debates, where the lives of thousands and the welfare of whole countries is at stake, it never occurs to any one to make a stiff German district-representative face,[1] or to declaim French pathetically, and their minds, like their bodies, act freely and without restraint. Jest, self-quizzing, sarcasms, natural disposition and wisdom, malice and good-nature, logic and verse, spray forth in the freshest variations of

[1] *Landstœndegesicht*—in American a face for Bunkum.

colour, so that the annals of Parliament, years after, afford us a most glorious entertainment. How strongly do these debates contrast with the empty, bolstered-up, blotting-paper speeches of our South German Chambers, whose tiresomeness defies the patience of the most unwearied newspaper reader; yes, whose very aroma suffices to scare away any living reader, so that we must believe that the tiresomeness in question is a secret and deliberate intention to frighten the public from reading their acts, and thereby to keep them secret, despite their publicity!

If the manner in which the English treat the Catholic question in Parliament is but little adapted to produce a result, it is not the less true that the reading of these debates is on that account all the more interesting, because facts are more entertaining than abstractions, and they are especially amusing when a contemporary event is narrated in a story-telling form, which handles it with witty persiflage, and thereby illustrates it, it may be, in the best possible manner. In the debate on the Royal Speech, December 3, 1825, we had in the Upper House one of these parallel histories such as described, and which I here literally translate (*vide* "Parliamentary History and Review during the Session of 1825–1826," page 31):—

"Lord King remarked that if England could be

called flourishing and happy, there were, notwithstanding, six millions of Catholics in an altogether different condition on the other side of the Irish Channel, and that the bad government there was a shame to our age and to every Briton. The whole world, said he, is now too reasonable to excuse Governments which oppress their subjects, or rob them of a right, on account of differences in religion. Ireland and Turkey could be regarded as the only countries in Europe where whole classes of men were oppressed and made to suffer on account of their creeds. The Grand Sultan had endeavoured to convert the Greeks in the same manner in which the English Government had attempted the conversion of the Catholics, but without result. When the unfortunate Greeks bewailed their sufferings, and begged in the humblest manner to be treated a little better than Mohammedan dogs, the Sultan summoned his Grand Vizier to give counsel. This Grand Vizier had been formerly a friend, and more recently an enemy, of the Sultana. He had thereby suffered considerably in the favour of his lord, and was obliged to endure, in his own Divan, many contradictions from his own officers and servants. (Laughter.) He was an enemy of the Greeks. The second person in influence in the Divan was the Reis Effendi, who was favourably inclined to the just demands of that unlucky race.

This officer, as was well known, was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his policy merited and received general approbation. He manifested in this field extraordinary liberality and talent; he did much good, and would have effected much more had he not been impeded in all his measures by his less enlightened colleagues. He was, in fact, the only man of real genius in the whole Divan—(laughter)—and he was esteemed as an ornament to the statesmen of Turkey, since he was also endowed with poetic talent. The Kiaya-Bey, or Minister of the Interior, and the Kapitan Pasha were also opposed to the Greeks; the leader of the whole opposition to the demand for rights of this race was the Grand Mufti, or the head of the Mohammedan Faith. (Laughter). This officer was an enemy to every change. He had regularly opposed every improvement in commerce, every improvement in justice, every improvement in foreign policy. (Laughter). He declared and showed himself on every occasion to be the great champion of existing abuses. He was the most finished intriguer in the whole Divan. (Laughter). At an earlier time he had declared for the Sultana, but he had turned against her so soon as he feared that he thereby might lose his seat in the Divan, and had even gone over to the party of her enemies. The proposition was once made to enlist some Greeks into the corps of regular

troops or Janissaries, but the Head-Mufti raised against this such a terrible hue-and-cry—something like our No-Popery cry—that those who adopted the measure were obliged to quit the Divan. He gained the upper hand, and so soon as this was done he declared himself in favour of the very cause against which he previously displayed all his zeal. He took care of the Sultan's conscience and of his own; but it had been remarked that his conscience was never in opposition to his interests. (Laughter). Having studied the Turkish Constitution with the utmost accuracy, he had found in it that it was substantially Mohammedan—(laughter)—and consequently must be inimical to all the rights of the Greeks. He had therefore determined to adhere firmly to the cause of intolerance, and was soon surrounded by Mollahs, Imans, and Dervishes, who confirmed him in his noble determinations. To complete this picture of a perfect division in the Divan, it should also be mentioned that its members had agreed to unite on certain questions, and to oppose one another on others, without breaking up their union. After the evil arising from such a Divan had been seen, after it had been seen, too, how the Mussulman realm had been torn, and that by their intolerance to the Greeks and by their own want of harmony, we should pray Heaven to preserve the fatherland from such a division in the Cabinet."

It requires no remarkable acuteness to guess who the persons are here disguised in Turkish names; still less is it necessary to set forth the moral of the tale in dry words. The cannon of Navarino have spoken it out loud enough; and when the Sublime Porte shall be shattered—and shattered it will be, despite Pera's plenipotentiaried lackeys, who oppose the ill-will of the people—then John Bull may call to mind that, with changed names, the fable applies to him. England may already surmise something of the kind, since its best journalists have declared against the war of intervention, and signified, naïvely enough, that the other nations of Europe might, with equal right, take up the part of Catholic Ireland, and compel the British Government to a better treatment of it. They think that they have thereby fully refuted the right of intervention, whereas they have simply illustrated it more perfectly and intelligibly. Of course, the nations of Europe would have the most sacred right to remedy, by force of arms, the sufferings of Ireland; and this right would soon be realised were not injustice the stronger. It is no longer crowned heads, but the people themselves, who are the heroes of modern times, and these heroes have also formed their holy alliance. They hold together wherever there is a question of the common weal, or the popular rights of political and

religious liberty; they are connected by the *Idea;* they have sworn themselves to it, and bleed for it—yes, they themselves have become an idea—and therefore it runs like a sharp pain through the hearts of all the people when the Idea is made to suffer, though it be in the uttermost corner of the earth.

But I wander from my topic. I meant to repeat old parliamentary jokes, and see! the spirit of the time turns my jest to earnest. But now I will give something merrier; that is to say, an address which Spring Rice, on the 26th of May of the same year, delivered in the Lower House, and in which he jested most admirably at the Protestant terror at the possible supremacy of the Catholics.[1]

"In the year 1753," he said, "there was brought before Parliament a Bill for the nationalisation of Jews—a measure against which, to-day, in all this land, not so much as an old woman would have a word to say, but which in its time provoked the most violent opposition, resulting in a mass of petitions from London and other places, much like those which we now see presented against the Catholic Bill. In the one from the citizens of London it was declared that, should

[1] *Vide* "Parliamentary History and Review," &c., page 52.

the Bill for the Jews receive legal sanction, it would terribly endanger the Christian religion and undermine the State and our holy Church. (Laughter.) Especially would it injure the interests of trade, and to an extraordinary degree those of the city of London. (Laughter.)

"However, notwithstanding this powerful denunciation, the next Chancellor of the Exchequer found that the dire results threatened had not taken place when the Jews were admitted to citizenship in London, and even to Downing Street. (Laughter.) At that time a newspaper called *The Artisan*, in denouncing the countless disasters to which such a measure would lead, expressed itself as follows:—'I must beg leave to set forth separately the consequences of this Bill. There is grace and mercy in God, but none in the Jews, and they have seventeen hundred years of oppression to revenge on us. Should this Bill pass we shall all become slaves of the Jews, and without hope of rescue, save by the goodness of God. The King will be subjected to Jews, and no longer look to the interests of the free landed proprietors. He will do away with our British soldiers, and establish a great army entirely of Jews, who will force us to renounce our Royal Family and be naturalised under a Jewish monarch. Therefore awake, my Christian and Protestant brothers! It is not Hannibal but

the Jews who are before your gates, and they demand the keys of your church-doors.' (Long-continued laughter.)

"In the debates on this Bill in the House, a baron from the West—(laughter)—declared that if naturalisation should be granted to the Jews we should be in danger of soon seeing them in Parliament. 'They will,' he said, 'divide our counties among their race, and sell our landed properties to the highest bidder.' (Laughter.) Another Member of Parliament was of the opinion that 'if the Bill should pass, the Jews will increase so rapidly that they will spread over the greatest part of England, and deprive the people of their land and of their power.' The Member for London, Sir John Bernard, regarded the matter from a deeper theological point of view, one which is repeated exactly in the late petition from Leicester, whose signers reproach the Catholics as being descendants of those who burned their ancestors. 'And, in like manner,' he cried, 'the Jews are the descendants of those who crucified the Saviour, and for that are cursed by God unto their latest descendants.' He (Spring Rice) cited these instances to show that the old alarm-cry was as much founded in reason as the new outcry against the Catholics. (Hear, hear!) In the time of the Jewish Bill there was published a jesting mock Jewish journal, in which the follow-

ing notice appeared:—'Since our last number the post-coach from Jerusalem has arrived. The last week in the lying-in hospital, Brownlow Street, twenty-five boys were publicly circumcised. Yesterday evening the Bill for naturalising Christians was unanimously rejected in the Sanhedrim. The report of a rising of the Christians in North Wales is without foundation. Last Friday the annual celebration of the Crucifixion was celebrated with great gaiety throughout the kingdom.'

"In this manner, and at all times, both as regards the Jewish and the Catholic Bills, the most laughable opposition was provoked by the most absurd means; and if we seek for the causes of such alarms, we find that they were quite alike. If we investigate the causes of the opposition to the Jewish Bill in 1753, we find as leading authority Lord Chatham, who declared in Parliament that 'he, as well as most other gentlemen, was convinced that religion itself had nothing to do with this question, and that it was only *the old High Church's persecuting spirit* which had succeeded in persuading the people to the contrary.' (Hear, hear!) So it is in this case, and it is their love of exclusive power and precedence which now impels the old exalted Church to stir up the people against the Catholics; and he (Spring Rice) was convinced that many who use such arts knew perfectly well how little religion was really in-

volved in the last Catholic Bill—just as little as in a Bill for regulating weights and measures, or for determining the length of a pendulum according to the number of its swings. There had just then appeared in the *Hardwick Journal*, in reference to the Jewish Bill, a letter from Dr. Birch to Mr. Philip York, in which he declared that all this alarm was only intended to influence the next elections. (Hear! and laughter.) It had happened then, even as it has in this our time, that a reasonable, sensible Bishop of Norwich had come forward in favour of the Jewish Bill. Dr. Birch relates that the Bishop, on his return to his church district, was for this insulted. 'As he went to Ipswich to confirm certain boys, he was mocked by the way, people asking him to circumcise them, and it was also announced that the Lord Bishop would on the next Sabbath confirm the Jews, and the next day circumcise the Christians.' (Laughter.) In like manner the outcry against liberal measures in all ages was equally unreasonable and brutal. (Hear, hear!) Those fears as regarded the Jews could be compared with the alarm which had been excited in certain places by the Bill for the Catholics. The danger which men feared, should more power be granted to the Catholics, was just as absurd—the power to work mischief, should they be so inclined, could not be given them by law in even so high

a degree as they now possessed simpl
oppression. For it is by this oppress
such men as Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shie
become so popular. These men were not n
to make them suspicious characters; on the c
trary, one should respect them, and they hav
deserved well of their country; but it would be better if power were in the laws instead of in the hands of individuals, no matter how deserving of respect they may be. The time will come when the resistance of Parliament to such concessions of justice will be regarded, not merely with amazement, but contempt. The religious wisdom of an earlier age was often the subject of contempt to the following generation." (Hear, hear!)

XII.

WELLINGTON.

THE man has the bad fortune to meet with good fortune everywhere, and wherever the greatest men in the world were unfortunate; and that excites us, and makes him hateful. We see in him only the victory of stupidity over genius—Arthur Wellington triumphant where Napoleon Bonaparte is overwhelmed! Never

was a man more ironically gifted by Fortune, and it seems as though she would exhibit his empty littleness by raising him high on the shield of victory. Fortune is a woman, and perhaps in womanly wise she cherishes a secret grudge against the man who overthrew her former darling, though the very overthrow came from her own will. Now she lets him conquer again on the Catholic Emancipation question—yes, in the very fight in which George Canning was destroyed. It is possible that he might have been loved had the wretched Londonderry been his predecessor in the Ministry; but it happens that he is the successor of the noble Canning—of the much-wept, adored, great Canning—and he conquers where Canning was overwhelmed. Without such an adversity of prosperity, Wellington would perhaps pass for a great man; people would not hate him, would not measure him too accurately, at least not with the heroic measure with which a Napoleon and a Canning is measured, and consequently it would never have been discovered how small he is as man.

He is a small man, and smaller than small at that. The French could say nothing more sarcastic of Polignac than that he was a Wellington without celebrity. In fact, what remains when we strip from a Wellington the field-marshal's uniform of celebrity?

I have here given the best apology for Lord Wellington—in the English sense of the word. My readers will be astonished when I honourably confess that I once praised this hero—and clapped on all sail in so doing. It is a good story, and I will tell it here:—

My barber in London was a Radical, named Mr. White—a poor little man in a shabby black dress, worn until it almost shone white again; he was so lean that even his full face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his bosom were visible ere they rose. These sighs were caused by the misfortunes of Old England—by the impossibility of paying the National Debt.

"Ah!" I generally heard him sigh, "why need the English people trouble themselves as to who reigns in France, and what the French are a-doing at home? But the high nobility, sir, and the High Church were afraid of the principles of liberty of the French Revolution; and to keep down these principles John Bull must give his gold and his blood, and make debts into the bargain. We've got all we wanted out of the war—the Revolution has been put down, the French eagles of liberty have had their wings cut, and the High Church may be cock-sure that none of them eagles will come a-flying over the Channel; and now the high nobility and the High Church between 'em ought to pay, any way, for the debts

which were made for their own good, and not for any good of the poor people. Ah! the poor people!"

Whenever Mr. White came to the "poor people" he always sighed more deeply than ever, and the refrain then was, that bread and porter were so dear that the poor people must starve to feed fat lords, stag-hounds, and priests, and that there was only one remedy. At these words he was wont to whet his razor, and as he drew it murderously up and down the strop, he murmured grimly to himself, "Lords, priests, hounds!"

But his Radical rage boiled most fiercely against the Duke of Wellington; he spat gall and poison whenever he alluded to him, and as he lathered me he himself foamed with rage. Once I was fairly frightened when he, while barbering away at my neck, burst out in wonted wise against Wellington, murmuring all the while, "If I only had him *this* way under my razor, *I'd* save him the trouble of cutting his own throat, as his brother in office and fellow-countryman, Londonderry, did, who killed himself that-a-way at North Cray in Kent—God damn him!"

I felt that the man's hand trembled, and fearing lest he might imagine, in his excitement, that I really was the Duke of Wellington, I endeavoured to allay his violence, and in an underhand manner, to soothe him, I called up his national pride, I

represented to him that the Duke of Wellington had advanced the glory of the English, that he had always been an innocent tool in the hands of others, that he was fond of beefsteak, and that he finally—but the Lord only knows what fine things I said of Wellington as I felt that razor tickling around my throat!

What vexes me most is the reflection that Wellington will be as immortal as Napoleon Bonaparte. It is true that, in like manner, the name of Pontius Pilate will be as little likely to be forgotten as that of Christ. Wellington and Napoleon! It is a wonderful phenomenon that the human mind can at the same time think of both these names. There can be no greater contrast than the two, even in their external appearance. Wellington, the dumb ghost, with an ashy-grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile in his freezing face—and by the side of *that* think of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god![1]

That figure never disappears from my memory. I still see him, high on his steed, with eternal eyes in his marble-like, imperial face, glancing calm as destiny on the Guards defiling past—he

[1] This remark, in such a train of argument, suggests the fact that Heine—not unlike Carlyle—was chiefly influenced in historical judgments by the melo-dramatic or theatrical. Like the American lady, he would have been opposed to the Republican party "because Abe Lincoln was so ugly."—*Translator.*

was then sending them to Russia, and the old Grenadiers glanced up at him, so terribly devoted, so all-consciously serious, so proud in death—

"Te, Cæsar, morituri, salutant!"

There often steals over me a secret doubt whether I ever really saw him, if we were ever contemporaries, and then it seems to me as if his portrait, torn from the little frame of the present, vanished away more proudly and imperiously in the twilight of the past. His name even now sounds to us like a word of the early world, and as antique and as heroic as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It has already become a rallying word among races, and when the East and the West meet they fraternise on that single name.

I once felt in the deepest manner how significantly and magically that name can sound. It was in the harbour of London, at the India Docks, and on board an East Indiaman just arrived from Bengal. It was a giant-like ship, fully manned with Hindoos. The grotesque forms and groups, the singularly variegated dresses, the enigmatical expressions of countenance, the strange gestures, the wild and foreign ring of their language, their shouts of joy and their laughter, with the seriousness ever rising and falling on certain soft yellow faces, their eyes like black

flowers which looked at me as with wondrous woe —all of this awoke in me a feeling like that of enchantment, I was suddenly as if transported into Scherezade's story, and I thought that broad leaved-palms, and long-necked camels, and gold-covered elephants, and other fabulous trees and animals must forthwith appear. The supercargo who was on the vessel, and who understood as little of the language as I myself, could not, in his truly English narrow-mindedness, narrate to me enough of what a ridiculous race they were, nearly all pure Mohammedans collected from every land of Asia, from the limits of China to the Arabian Sea, there being even some jet-black, woolly-haired Africans among them.

To one whose whole soul was weary of the spiritless West, and who was as sick of Europe as I then was, this fragment of the East which moved cheerfully and changingly before my eyes was a refreshing solace; my heart enjoyed at least a few drops of that draught which I had so often tasted in gloomy Hanoverian or Royal Prussian winter nights, and it is very possible that the foreigners saw in me how agreeable the sight of them was to me, and how gladly I would have spoken a kind word to them. It was also plain from the very depths of their eyes how much I pleased them, and they would also have willingly said something pleasant to me, and it was a vexa-

tion that neither understood the other's language. At length a means occurred to me of expressing to them with a single word my friendly feelings, and stretching forth my hands reverentially as if in loving greeting, I cried the name, "Mohammed!"

Joy suddenly flashed over the dark faces of the foreigners, and folding their arms as reverentially in turn, as a cheerful greeting they exclaimed, "Bonaparte!"

XIII.

THE LIBERATION.

SHOULD the time for leisurely research ever return to me, I will prove, in the most tiresomely fundamental manner, that it was not India but Egypt which originated that system of castes which has for two thousand years disguised itself in the garb of every country, and has deceived every age in its own language; which is now perhaps dead, yet which, counterfeiting the appearance of life, wanders about among us, evil-eyed and mischief-making, poisoning our blooming life with its corpse vapour; yes, which, like a vampire of the Middle Ages, sucks blood from the nations and light from their hearts. It was not merely crocodiles, who knew so well how to weep, who

sprang from the mud of the Nile, but also priests who understand it far better, and that privileged hereditary race of warriors who, in their lust of murder and ravenous appetites, far surpass any crocodiles.

Two deeply-thinking men of the German nation discovered the soundest and best counter-charm to the worst of all Egyptian plagues, and by the black art—by gunpowder and the art of printing—they broke the force of that clerical and laical hierarchy which had formed itself from an union of the priesthood and warrior caste; that is to say, from the so-called Catholic Church and from the feudal nobility, and which enslaved all Europe both in body and in the spirit. The printing-press burst asunder the walls of the building of dogmas in which the high priest of Rome had imprisoned souls, and Northern Europe again breathed freely, freed from the nightmare of that clergy which had indeed abandoned the *form* of Egyptian inheritance of rank, but which remained all the truer to the Egyptian priestly spirit, since it presented itself with greater sternness and asperity, as a corporation of old bachelors, continued not by natural propagation, but by a Mameluke system of recruiting. In like manner we see how the warlike caste has lost its power since the old routine of the business is worth nothing in the modern methods of war. For the strongest castles are now thrown down by the

trumpet-tones of the cannon, as the walls of Jericho were thrown down of old; the iron harness of the night is no better protection against the leaden rain than the linen blouse of the peasant; powder makes men equal; a citizen's musket fires as well as a nobleman's—the people rise.

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The earlier efforts of which we read in the history of the Lombard and Tuscan Republics, of the Spanish Communes, and of the free cities in Germany and other countries do not deserve the honour of being classed as a movement on the part of the people; they were not efforts to attain liberty, but merely liberties; not battles for right, but for municipal power; corporations fought for privileges, and all remained fixed in the bonds of guilds and trades-unions.

Not until the days of the Reformation did the battle assume general and spiritual proportions, and then liberty was demanded, not as an imported but as an aboriginal, not as an inherited but as an inborn, right. Principles were brought forward instead of old parchments; and the peasants in Germany and the Puritans in England fell back on the Gospel, whose texts then were of as high authority as our modern reasoning.[1] Yes, and

[1] Which does not prevent Heine from elsewhere reviling the Puritans as if they were the worst foes of humanity and truth. —*Translator.*

even higher, since they were regarded as the revealed reason of God himself. There it stood legibly written, that men are of equal birth, that the pride which exalts itself must be damned, that wealth is a sin, and that the poor also are summoned to enjoyment in the beautiful garden of God, the common Father of all.

With the Bible in one hand and with the sword in the other the peasants swept over South Germany, and announced to the proud and wealthy burgherhood of high-towered Nuremberg that in future no house should be left standing which seemed other than a peasant's house. So truly and so deeply had they comprehended the truth. Even at the present day in Franconia and in Suabia we see traces of this doctrine of equality, and a shuddering reverence of the Holy Spirit creeps over the wanderer when he sees in the moonshine the dark ruins of castles from the time of the peasants' war. It is well for him who in sober, waking mood sees naught besides; but if one is a "Sunday child"—and every one familiar with history is that—he will also see the high hunt in which the German nobility, the rudest and sternest in the world, pursued their victims. He will see how unarmed men were slaughtered by thousands; how they were racked, speared, and martyred; and from the waving corn-fields he will see the bloody peasants' heads nodding

mysteriously, while above a terrible lark is heard whistling, piping revenge, like the piper of Helfenstein.[1]

The brothers in England and Scotland were more fortunate; their defeat was neither so disgraceful nor so unproductive, and to the present day we see there the results of their rule. But they did not effect a firm foundation of their principles; the dainty cavaliers now rule again as before, and amuse themselves with merry tales of the stiff old Roundheads which a friendly bard has written so prettily to entertain their leisure hours. No social overthrow took place in Great Britain; the framework of civil and political institutions remained undisturbed, the tyranny of castes and of trade-guilds has remained there till the present day, and though penetrated by the light and warmth of modern civilisation, England is still congealed in a mediæval condition, or rather in the condition of a fashionable Middle Age. The concessions which have there been made to liberal ideas have been with difficulty wrested from this mediæval immovability, and all modern improvements have there proceeded, not from a principle but from actual necessity, and they all bear the curse of that half-way system which inevitably makes new exertion and new

[1] Or the piper of Hamelin, so quaintly sung by Browning?

conflicts to the death, with all their attendant dangers, a matter of necessity. The religious reformation in England is consequently but half perfected, and one finds himself much worse off between the four bare prison-walls of the Episcopal Anglican Church than in the large, beautifully painted and softly cushioned prison for the soul of Catholicism. Nor has it succeeded much better with the political reformation; popular representation is in England as faulty as possible, and if ranks are no longer distinguished by their coats, they are at least divided by different courts of justice, patronage, rights of Court presentation, prerogatives, customary privileges, and similar fatalities; and if the rights of person and property of the people depend no longer upon aristocratic caprice, but upon laws, still these laws are nothing but another sort of teeth with which the aristocratic brood seizes its prey, and another sort of daggers wherewith it treacherously murders the people. For in reality no tyrant upon the Continent squeezes, by his own arbitrary will, so many taxes out of his subjects as the English people are obliged to pay by law,[1] and no tyrant was ever so cruel as England's criminal law, which daily

[1] Heine is always consistent in at least one thing—in his utter ignorance that taxes return again to the people who pay them.—*Translator.*

commits murder for the amount of one shilling, and that with the coldest formality. Although many improvements have recently been made in this melancholy state of affairs in England, although limits have been placed to temporal and clerical avarice, and though the great falsehood of a popular representation is, to a certain degree, occasionally modified by transferring the perverted electoral voice of a rotten borough to a great manufacturing town, and although the harshest intolerance is here and there softened by giving certain rights to other sects, still it is all a miserable patching up which cannot last long, and the stupidest tailor in England can foresee that, sooner or later, the old garment of State will be rent asunder into the wretchedest of rags.

. . . . . .

"No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."

The deepest truth blooms only from the deepest love, and hence comes the harmony of the views of the elder Preacher in the Mount, who spoke against the aristocracy of Jerusalem; and those later preachers of the mountain, who from the

summit of the Convention in Paris preached a tri-coloured gospel, according to which not merely the form of the State but all social life should be, not patched, but formed anew, and be not only newly founded, but newly born.

I speak of the French Revolution, that epoch of the world in which the doctrines of freedom and of equality rose so triumphantly from those universal sources of knowledge which we call reason, and which must, as an unceasing revelation which repeats itself in every human head and founds a distinct branch of knowledge, be far preferable to that transmitted revelation which makes itself known only in a few of the elect, and which can only be *believed* in by the multitude. The privileged aristocracy, the caste-system, with their peculiar rights, were never able to combat this last-mentioned sort of revelation (which is itself of an aristocratic nature) so safely and surely as reason, which is democratic by nature, now does. The history of revolution is the military history of this strife, in which we have all taken a greater or lesser part; it is the fight to the death with Egyptianism.

Though the swords of the enemies grow duller day by day, and though we have already conquered the best positions, still we cannot raise the song of victory until the work is perfected. We can only during the night, between battles, when

there are armistices, go forth with the lantern on the field of death to bury the dead. Little avails the short burial-service! Calumny, the vile insolent spectre, sits upon the noblest graves.

Oh that the battle were only with those hereditary foes of truth who so treacherously poison the good name of their enemies, and who even humiliated that first Preacher of the Mount, the purest hero of freedom; since, when they could no longer deny that he was the greatest of men, they made of him the least of gods! He who fights with priests may make up his mind to have his poor good name torn and befouled by the most infamous lies and the most cutting slanders. But as these flags which are most rent, or blackened by powder-smoke in the battle, are more highly prized than the whitest and soundest recruiting banners, and as they are at last laid up as national relics in cathedrals, so at some future day the names of our heroes, the more they are torn and blackened, will be all the more enthusiastically honoured in the holy Saint Genevieve Church of Freedom.

The Revolution itself has been slandered, like its heroes, and represented as a terror to princes, and as a popular scarecrow in libels of every description. All of the so-called "horrors of the Revolution" have been learned by heart by children in the schools, and at one time nothing

was seen in the public fairs but harshly coloured pictures of the guillotine. It cannot be denied that this machine, which was invented by Monsieur Guillotin, a French physician and a great world orthopædist, and with which the stupidest heads are easily separated from evil hearts, this most excellent and wholesome machine has indeed been applied rather frequently, but still only in incurable diseases; in such cases, for example, as treachery, falsehood, and weakness; and the patients were not for a long time tortured, racked, and broken on the wheel, as thousands upon thousands of *vilains*, citizens, and peasants were tortured or racked, and broken as *roturiers*, on the wheel, in the good old time. It is, of course, terrible that the French, with this machine, once even amputated the head of State, and no one knows whether they ought to be accused, on that account, of parricide or of suicide; but, on more moderate and thorough reflection, we find that Louis of France was less a sacrifice to passion than to circumstances, and that those men who forced the people on to such a sacrifice, and who have themselves in every age poured forth princely blood far more abundantly, should not appear solely as accusers. Only two kings, both of them rather kings of the nobility than of the people, were sacrificed by the people, and that not in a time of peace, or to subserve

petty interests, but in the extremest needs of war, when they saw themselves betrayed, and when they least spared their own blood. But certainly more than a thousand princes were treacherously slain, on account of avarice or frivolous interests, by the dagger, by the sword, and by the poison of nobility and priests. It really seems as though these castes regarded regicide as one of their privileges, and therefore bewail the more selfishly the death of Louis XVI. and of Charles I. Oh that kings at last would perceive that they could live more safely as kings of the people, and protected by the law, than under the guard of their noble body-murderers!

. . . . . .

But not only have the heroes of our Revolution and the Revolution itself been slandered, but even our entire age has been parodied with unheard-of wickedness, and if one hears or reads our vile traducers and scorners, then he will learn that the people are the *canaille*—the vile mob—that liberty is license,[1] and with heaven-bent eyes and pious sighs our enemies complain and bewail that we were frivolous, and had, alas! no religion. Hypocritical, dissembling souls, who creep about bent down beneath the burden of their secret vices, dare to vilify an age which is, perhaps,

[1] Dass die Freiheit heisst Frecheit.

holier than any of its predecessors or successors —an age that sacrifices itself for the sins of the past and for the happiness of the future—a Messiah among centuries, which could hardly endure its bloody crown of thorns and heavy cross, did it not now and then trill a merry vaudeville and crack a joke at the modern Pharisees and Sadducees. Its colossal pains would be intolerable without such jesting and persiflage! Seriousness shows itself more majestically when laughter leads the way. And the age in this shows itself exactly like its children among the French, who have written frightfully frivolous books, and yet have been very strong and serious when strength and seriousness were necessary; as, for instance, Laclos, and even Louvet de Couvray, who both, when it came home to them, fought for freedom with the boldness of martyrs and with self-sacrifices, yet who wrote very trivially and lasciviously, and alas! had no religion![1]

As if freedom were not as good a religion as any other! And since it is ours, we may, measuring with the same meter, declare its contemners to be themselves frivolous and irreligious.

Yes, I repeat the words with which I opened

[1] The "Chevalier de Faublas," of Louvet de Couvray, was probably meant for a bitter satire on the age.—*Translator.*

these pages—freedom is a new religion, the religion of our age. If Christ be no longer the God of this religion, he is, nevertheless, one of its high priests, and his name shines consolingly into the hearts of the younger believers. But the French are the chosen race of the new religion; the first gospels and dogmas were penned in their language. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which separates the land of liberty from the country of the *Philistines*.

CONCLUSION.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER 29, 1830.

IT was in depressed times in Germany—times which were under arrest—when I wrote the second volume of the "Pictures of Travel," and had it printed as I wrote. But before it appeared, something relative to it was whispered about; it was said that my book would encourage and awaken the cowed-down spirit of freedom, and that measures were being taken to suppress it. When such rumours were afloat it was advisable to bring out the book as quickly as possible, and to drive it through the press. As it was necessary that it should contain a certain number of

leaves, to escape the requisitions of the eminently estimable censorship, I followed the example of Benvenuto Cellini, who, when he, in founding his "Perseus," found himself short of bronze, to supply the deficiency, and to fill up the mould, threw into the melted metal all the tin plates which he could find. It was, beyond question, easy enough to detect the difference between the tin—especially the tin termination of the book—and the better bronze,[1] but any one who understood the business would not betray the secrets of the workman.

But as everything in this world is liable to turn up again, so it came to pass that, in this very volume, I found myself again in the same scrape, and I have been obliged to again throw some tin into the mould—let me hope that this renewed melting of baser metal will simply be attributed to the pressure of the times.

Ah! the whole book sprang from the pressure of the times, as did the similar tendency of earlier writings. The more intimate friends of the writer, who are acquainted with his private circumstances, know well how little his own vanity forced him to the tribune, and how great were the sacrifices which he was obliged to make

[1] Bronze is not more valuable than tin. What Heine really had in his mind here was the Dusseldorf statue, which was eked out with silver.—*Translator.*

for every independent word which he has spoken since then, and—if God will!—which he still means to speak. Now-a-days a word is a deed whose consequences cannot be measured, and no one knows whether he may not eventually appear as blood-witness for every word.

For years I have waited in vain for the words of those bold orators who once in the meetings of the German Burschenschaft so often claimed a hearing, who so often overwhelmed me with their rhetorical talent, and spoke a language spoken so oft before; they were then so forward in noise—they are now so backward in silence.[1] How they then reviled the French and the Southern Babel, and the un-German frivolous betrayers of the Fatherland who praised Frenchdom. That praise verified itself in the great week!

Ah, the great week of Paris! The spirit of freedom, which was wafted thence over Germany, upset, of course, here and there, some night-lamps, so that the red curtains of sundry thrones took fire, and golden crowns grew hot under blazing night-caps; but the old catch-polls, in whom the royal police trusted, are already bringing out the fire-buckets, and now scent around all the more suspiciously and forge all the more

[1] Sie waren sonst so vorlaut, und sind jetzt so nachstill.

firmly their secret chains, and I mark well that a far more impenetrable prison vault is being arched over the German people.

Poor imprisoned people! be not cast down in your need. Oh that I could speak catapults! Oh that I could shoot falaricas from my heart!

The aristocratic icy coat of reserve melts from my heart, a strange sorrow steals over me—is it love, and naught save love for the German race? Or is it sickness?—my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is an unfortunate occurrence for a writer, who should command his material and remain nicely objective, as the schools of art require, and as Goethe himself did—he grew to be eighty years old in so doing, and a minister, and opulent at that—poor German race! that is thy greatest man!

I still have a few octavo pages to fill, and will do so with a story—it has been floating in my head since yesterday—a story from the life of Charles the Fifth.[1] But it is now a long time since I heard it, and I no longer remember its details with accuracy. Such things are easily forgotten, if one does not receive a regular salary for reading them every half-year from his lecture books. But what does it matter if the names of places and historical dates are for-

[1] This is more correctly given in the French version as "from the life of the Emperor Maximilian."—*German Editor.*

gotten, so long as their inner significance or their moral remains in a man's memory? This it is which really stirs in my soul and mournfully moves me even to tears. I fear lest sickness should overpower me.

The poor Emperor was captive to his enemies, and lay in stern imprisonment. I believe that it was in Tyrol. There he sat in solitary sorrow, abandoned by all his knights and courtiers, and no one came to his aid. I know not if he already had in those days that pale complexion, like cheese, with which Holbein portrays him. But the misanthropically scornful under-lip protruded, beyond question, even more markedly then than in his pictures. He must have despised the beings who fawned and wagged around him in the sunshine of prosperity, and who left him now in dark and bitter need. Suddenly the prison door opened, and there entered a man wrapped in a cloak, and when it was cast aside the Emperor recognised in the visitor his trusty Kunz von der Rosen, the court-fool. This one brought him consolation and counsel—and it was the court-fool.

O German Fatherland! dear German race! I am thy Kunz von der Rosen. The man whose real office was pastime, and who only made thee merry in better days, forces his way into thy prison in time of need; here, beneath my

mantle, I bring thee thy strong sceptre and the beautiful crown; dost thou not remember me, my emperor? If I cannot free thee, I will at least console thee, and thou shouldst have some one by thee who will talk with thee about thy all too pressing oppressions, and will wake up thy courage, and who loves thee, and whose best jokes and best blood are ever at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true emperor, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign and far more legitimate than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, who grounds his claim upon a divine right, without any better guarantee than the quackery of shaved and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the only righteous source of all power. Yea, even though thou liest down there is fetters, thine own good right must prevail at last, the day of freedom draws near, a new time begins—my emperor, the night is over, and the red light of morning gleams without.

"Kunz von der Rosen, my poor fool, thou errest. Thou hast mistaken the shining axe of the executioner for the sun, and the morning-red is nothing but blood."

"No, no, my emperor, it is the sun, though it rises in the West—since six thousand years, we have always seen it rise in the East—it is high time that it for once made a change in its course."

"Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast

lost the bells from thy red cap, and it now has such a strange look, that red cap!"

"Ah, my emperor, in your distress I have shaken my head in such mad earnest that the fool's bell fell from my cap; but it is none the worse for that!"

"Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, what is it breaking and cracking without there?"

"Hush—silence! it is the saw and the carpenter's axe, and the doors of your prison will soon be broken in, and you will be free, my emperor!"

"Am I then really emperor? Ah, it is only the fool who tells me so!"

"Oh! do not sigh so, my dear, dear lord; it is the air of the dungeon which so dispirits you; when you shall have regained your power, you will once more feel the bold imperial blood in your veins, and you will be proud as an emperor, and arrogant, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful, as princes are."

"Kunz von der Rosen, my fool, when I am again free what wilt thou be doing?"

"I will sew new bells on my cap."

"And how shall I reward thy fidelity?"

"Ah! dear master—do not suffer me to be put to death!"

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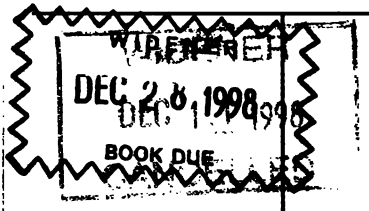
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